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MEMOIRS OF MILES BYRNE

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EDITED BY
HIS WIDOW

A NEW EDITION WITH AN
INTRODUCTION BY STEPHEN GWYNN

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NOTES OF AN IRISH EXILE OF 1798.

VOL. II.

CHAPTER I.

THE Irish patriots, disappointed by General Hoche not landing in December, 1796, as they expected, were driven into partial insurrection by the persecution of the English Government, which was irritated at their attempt to throw off its yoke, and at their calling in the aid of France.

The general rising that was intended in 1798, after the system of the United Irishmen had been organized, failed in consequence of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and several other leading men being betrayed and arrested. However, three or four counties made great efforts, viz.: Kildare, Wicklow, Carlow and Wexford. The latter county alone occupied the English forces, and was successful in many engagements. Had General Humbert landed with his eleven hundred men in the month of June, 1798, whilst the people of Wexford were in full force, instead of August, 1798, when they were dispersed and discouraged, every county in Ireland would have taken up arms, as they only wanted a rallying point, and their independence would have been immediately proclaimed, and consequently, everything like an English faction, or vestige of government, would have been obliged to surrender.

Though General Humbert arrived too late and only when the spirits of the Irish patriots were much broken, still as he advanced into the country, he found the people everywhere ready to join him—but they were unarmed, and he had not brought the arms that were promised. He capitulated to Lord Cornwallis, who was at the head of a force of more than thirty thousand men, leaving the unfortunate Irish to their fate, who were butchered by the soldiery for several days throughout the country.

In 1803, as soon as hostilities commenced between France and England, and after the short Peace of Amiens, the patriotic Irish, who wished for the independence of their country, began to hope for assistance from France, as General Buonaparte, on whose aid they could reckon, was at the head of the government as First Consul.

Many of those exiled Irish were at this time in different parts of France, and particularly at Paris. They chose Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet as their agent or representative to the First Consul, who consulted with him and Mr. Arthur O'Connor on the matter. They informed him that the Irish patriots in France were ready to go as volunteers in any expedition which had for its object the emancipation of their country.

Although Robert Emmet's plan and preparations for the organization of Ireland became known to the English Government after the explosion of the depot in Patrick-street, Dublin, and the final fate of this ever-to-be-lamented martyr, yet all tended to shew the First Consul the great resources of the Irish patriots, and he eagerly entered into all the details related in the report on the state of Ireland, given to him by Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet on the arrival at Paris of the confidential agent sent from Dublin in August, 1803; and, in consequence, it was stipulated that a French army should be sent to assist the Irish to get rid of the English yoke;

and the First Consul understanding from Mr. Emmet that Augereau was a favourite with the Irish nation, had him appointed general-in-chief to command the expedition; and immediately ordered the formation of an Irish legion in the service of France. He gave to all those gentlemen who volunteered to enter the Irish legion commissions as French officers, so that in the event of their falling into the hands of the English they should be protected; or, should any violence be offered them, he should have the right to retaliate on the English prisoners in France.

The decree of the First Consul for the formation of this Irish legion was dated November, 1803; by it, the officers were all to be Irishmen, or Irishmen's sons born in France. The pay was to be the same as that given to officers and soldiers of the line of the French army. No rank was to be given higher than captain till they should land with the expedition in Ireland.

There were two exceptions. Captain Blackwell, whose long services and campaigns with the French armies entitled him to promotion, received his commission as chef de bataillon to the Irish legion. The second was Arthur O'Connor, whose renown began when he was High Sheriff of the county of Cork, and who, when a member of the Irish House of Commons, made the ablest speech in favour of Catholic Emancipation that ever was pronounced in the Irish Parliament, and who, immediately after this speech, retired from Parliament, accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. He was the friend and companion of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; the delegate to General Hoche; the disinherited nephew of the Tory Lord Longueville; the prisoner tried at Maidstone, a trial which attracted the attention of the nobility; the "long imprisoned" in the jail of Dublin, and at Fort George in Scotland. He received his commission as general-of-division in the service of France,

dated the 24th of February, 1804, with orders to repair to Brest to make part of the General-in-Chief Augereau's staff, composed of many officers of great distinction, such as Lamarque (who had then the rank of chef d'escadron, or lieutenant-colonel, and afterwards was the great General Lamarque who took Capri in 1808 and pacified La Vendée in the Hundred Days of 1815), and General Donzelot, chief of the staff, highly talented. The three generals who had the command of the divisions under Augereau were men of the greatest military experience: Generals Mathieu Dumas, De Jardin, and the enterprising General Bonnet, so much distinguished in Spain.

It was, however, stipulated that, on leaving Brest, a certain number of captains were to get the rank of colonel, and also a certain number of lieutenants that of lieutenant-colonel; which rank was to be confirmed to them even in the event of the expedition failing and their getting back to France. In naming these captains and lieutenants, the preference was to be given to those who had been obliged to expatriate themselves for their exertions in Ireland to effect its independence.

Adjutant-General MacSheehy, an Irishman by birth, but in the French service, was charged with the organization of the legion, and for that purpose was commanded to repair to Morlaix, where the Irish exiles were assembled. He received unlimited powers at Morlaix to propose officers for advancement up to the rank of captain; all he named were confirmed by the Minister of War, General Berthier.

The greatest exertions were made to have the officers splendidly equipped and ready for sailing. They received the same outfit given to French officers entering on campaign; no expense being spared by the French Government. The best French instructors, both for the infantry and artillery, were sent to teach the officers the French military tactics, and when the legion was re-

viewed at Brest by Marshal Augereau, previous to their intended embarkation, he put a French regiment under their orders, and made each officer command in turn. He was much pleased with their knowledge of manœuvring the infantry, and also with the way they exercised the artillery. He found the officers capable of instructing companies of artillery on arriving in Ireland. On this occasion, each officer received 400 francs more in addition to his outfit, or what is called in French, "une gratification extraordinaire d'entrée en campagne." This gratification of 400 francs was given to every officer afterwards who entered the Irish legion—a favour granted to no other regiment.[1]

The legion assembled at Morlaix was marched to Quimper in March, 1804, where all these officers who had been proposed for advancement by Adjutant-General MacSheehy received their brevets. From Quimper the legion was ordered to Carhaix, in Finistère, a small town (the native place of Latour d'Auvergne, "premier grenadier de France"), which from being more inland and less frequented, was better suited for manœuvring, and where the best results were obtained. Two officers,

[1] After Marshal Augereau's review and inspection of the Irish legion at Brest in 1804, we went in the evening to the military coffee house, which was very crowded, with naval officers, as well as those of the army. Our officers wondered much to see a lieutenant of one of the ships of war, coming to the table where we were taking our coffee and shake hands with me. He was the officer who had been ordered by the commodore to escort me up the river to Bordeaux in 1803, when I escaped from Ireland, and who treated me so well during the night I spent on the passage, in his little war-sloop. He had made great progress in speaking English, taking lessons, he said, every day, from my countryman Brown, of Baggot Street, Dublin, who was a sailor on board the commodore's vessel, and who had been so useful to me also. He told me that Brown had got promotion and was then on board one of the admiral's vessels as interpreter, and that he was a well-behaved, sober man, which I was very glad to learn, as sailors in general are too apt to take a hearty glass. I regretted not having more chat with this young officer who had been so kind to me at Bordeaux; but we had to separate; he to return to sleep on board his vessel, I to go to my lodgings and prepare to march back to Carhaix in the morning.

Captain Tennant and Captain William Corbet, were deputed from thence by the legion to go to Paris to be present at the coronation of the Emperor (May, 1804), who on that occasion presented it, as well as the French regiments, with colours and an eagle. On one side of the colours was written "Napoleon I, empereur des Français, à la legion irlandaise," and on the reverse was, a harp (without a crown), with the inscription: "L'indépendance d'Irlande."

The Irish legion was the only foreign corps in the French service to whom Napoleon ever entrusted an eagle.

Rejoicings took place at Carhaix, as in the other towns of France, in honour of the coronation, by order of the authorities; and an unhappy dispute[1] took place there between two officers of the legion, Captain Sweeny and Captain Thomas Corbet, which disagreement ended in a duel after the legion marched to Lesneven. They fought with pistols; both were wounded, but Captain Corbet died of his wounds the same night. When Marshal Augereau, who commanded the army at Brest, heard of the dispute, he ordered the chief of his staff, General Donzelot, with Lieutenant-General O'Connor, to repair to Carhaix to inspect the Irish legion; and in consequence of their report, it was ordered in August, 1804, to Lesneven, where the command of the legion was taken from Adjutant-General MacSheehy. Unfortunately for the Irish officers, he proved himself quite unfit to remain at their head. He was capricious, passionate and vindictive; consequently, not impartial as a chief should be. One instance which I shall relate will suffice to show how he used, or abused, the confidence with which the war minister intrusted him.

[1] The cause of this duel was that General MacSheehy told Sweeny that Corbet had accused him (Sweeny) of omitting to raise his hand in assent during the ceremony of swearing allegiance on this occasion.—S. G.

Being at exercise one day at Carhaix, the Adjutant-Major, Caugnan, made use of some expression which displeased Captain O'Malley. The latter, when the exercise finished, asked the Adjutant-Major, who, though a Frenchman, knew English well, if he would apologise to him for the expression, "You are a *bête*, stupid, etc.," which he had used during the manœuvres. He replied he had no apology to offer. Captain O'Malley then told him he was a coward, and unworthy to be admitted amongst gentlemen, etc. Though O'Malley might not be as expert as other officers in the manœuvres, none could surpass him in his knowledge of the etiquette of duelling; his native land of Connaught never produced a cooler, nor a braver, nor a more honourable antagonist than he was; and on the ground, his amiable manners and daring courage were the wonder of the seconds, and furnished a theme of gay conversation. He gloried in the part he had taken with General Humbert in Ireland in 1798; and the great sacrifices his family suffered and went through, in the loss of property of every kind, were his pride.

Adutjant-General MacSheehy, as soon as he heard the Adjutant-Major Caugnan's complaint against O'Meally, told him at once he should challenge him, and he sent for Captain William O'Mara and bid him be second to Caugnan. Captain Ware was O'Malley's second. They fought with pistols; the Adjutant-Major was wounded, and Captain O'Malley was put into the town prison, and next morning he was escorted by gendarmes to the chateau of Brest, to which prison he was condemned for fifteen days, by the chief who ordered the duel!

How far was I from thinking that this duel would retard my military career! Being with several officers in the street when the gendarmes were conducting O'Malley to prison, I said, if he had been wounded, Caugnan would no doubt have been put into prison, but

as they fought honourably, it was strange that there should be any question of imprisonment. Captain Pat MacSheehy, the General's cousin, went and told him that I was speaking against him. On which he took and tore in pieces a proposition he had made to the Minister of War for my commission of captain, and which I should have received in eight days, instead of years, which I had to wait ere I obtained that rank.

But MacSheehy seemed to care very little about the martyrs who had suffered for Ireland. Commandant Blackwell was deprived of his rank for some time, in consequence of MacSheehy's reports against him to the War Office. They both quit the legion at Lesneven in 1804, and were soon afterwards employed in the Grand Army. But they were not soon forgotten by their countrymen, who had to remain in the legion and to suffer from having had chiefs so incapable of commanding even respect for themselves.

Captain Sweeny resigned when his wound got well, and retired to Morlaix, where he married a relation of General Moreau. Captain MacNeven gave in his resignation and went to New York, America. Captain Gallagher resigned and went to reside at Bordeaux.

The legion being at Lesneven, M. Peterzelli, a chef de bataillon of the 16th regiment léger, was appointed provisionally to the command of the Irish legion, under the control of General Harty, who was ordered to Landernau, where a part of the legion was sent from Lesneven to be under his command, waiting for the expedition that was expected to sail for Ireland. He was an Irishman by birth, and had acquired a military reputation for his brave and decided conduct in preventing Berwick's regiment, in garrison at Landau in 1792, from marching across the Rhine to join the enemy's camp at the other side. Harty was captain of the grenadiers' company, and seeing the regiment marching

on the direction of the Rhine, he asked his Lieutenant-Colonel, O'Mahony, where he intended going to? The answer was, "To join our princes on the other side." Captain Harty said he would not desert the country he had adopted. He harangued the regiment and returned with it to Landau, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel O'Mahony and three officers who followed him to go away and cross the Rhine to the enemy's camp. Harty received the grateful thanks of the governor and the inhabitants of Landau, when he returned there triumphantly at the head of Berwick's regiment, which he had saved from the foul crime of desertion to the enemy with arms and baggage. These antecedents, and what I knew of General Harty's patriotism and great desire to see Ireland independent, his private and public character as a man of honour and a brave soldier, made me glad to be of the detachment of Landernau, where he commanded; besides, several of the officers who composed it were my best friends and comrades, such as Captains Ware, Barker, Fitzhenry, Masterson, Saint-Leger, Murray, MacMahon, etc. We were happy and united, and rejoiced much to be under General Harty's orders; nearer to Brest than we were at Lesneven. From a little hill just over Landernau, we could see the masts of the ships in the bay of Brest, from whence we expected soon to sail with an army to liberate our beloved country; this view caused sensations that exiles alone can feel and appreciate.

General Harty being himself an infantry officer, kept us busily employed at exercise and studying the evolutions and tactics of that arm. He had some officers to dine with him every day, and did the honours of his rank and command in the most agreeable manner to them.

Eight Irishmen, soldiers in an English regiment at Jersey, escaped in a boat to the French coast, and were

sent to the legion. They told General Harty that they had heard of the Irish legion in the French service, and that all their countrymen in the English regiments were disposed to do as they had done, whenever an opportunity was offered, etc. They were very well-behaved men for English soldiers. One of them being from the county of Kilkenny, gave General Harty news about many of his friends there. The Generals Fontaine and Sarazan, who had been with Humbert in Ireland, were attached to Marshal Augereau's staff, waiting to accompany the expedition. General Sarazan was not liked by the generals. It was said of him that he had written reports against them to the Emperor. It would appear he was capable of doing bad things; for, in 1813, he had a command at Boulogne-sur-Mer, when he deserted to an English frigate off the coast, and it was suspected that he had been in the pay of England from the time of General Humbert's capitulation in 1798. At the passage of the prisoners through Dublin he was allowed to walk about the city on *parole*, whilst Humbert and the other French officers were in prison. After the restoration of the Bourbons, General Sarazan came back to France, and, some time after, he was tried and condemned to the galleys for bigamy.

In the spring of 1805, the detachment at Landernau was ordered to rejoin the legion at Lesneven, and although this latter town had a choice society, in which the officers were well received, we who were of the detachment regretted leaving Landernau, where we had spent our time so profitably and agreeably. However, we were well received and on the most friendly terms with the inhabitants of Lesneven; concerts were organized by the officers, who played on different instruments, with the young men of the town who were musicians. Captain Lawless and the two Saint-Legers arranged those musical meetings. At a ball given by

the officers of the legion, I was appointed one of the stewards, and I had the mission of being bearer of the invitations to the society of Landernau, which flattered me very much. Captain Markey accompanied me, and we spent a pleasant day amongst our acquaintances there; indeed our time passed cheerfully enough at Lesneven. We used sometimes to hire horses and ride to Brest, to visit our friend Captain Murphy, who was on board the admiral's vessel, as head pilot of the fleet, with the rank of captain of a frigate. From him we learned that all the preparations were completed, and on a vast scale, for the expedition: twenty-one ships of the line, with frigates and transport vessels sufficient to carry twenty-five thousand troops, artillery, arms, etc. We always returned in high spirits and full of hope to our garrison after our visit to Captain Murphy at Brest. He was much respected there by the officers of the fleet: his reputation as the bearer of General Humbert's despatches to the French Government in 1798 was well known, and he had been presented with pistols of honour by the Directory for his brilliant conduct on the occasion.

Captain Pat MacSheehy had a dispute with the mayor's son of Lesneven, young Carranda; after firing their pistols the mayor's son wanted to fight with swords; the seconds prevailed and settled the matter. Unfortunately, the mayor's son, on returning to town, said to some of his friends, whom he met, "Those Irish officers won't fight but with pistols." Lieutenant Osmond happening to be present, said to him, "I am one of those Irish officers, and I am ready to prove to you the contrary." They went to the field and fought with small swords. The mayor's son received a desperate wound, and was carried, in what appeared a dying state to his father's house. This caused a painful sensation. An order came in the night from the general-

in-chief at Brest, for the legion to quit Lesneven forthwith and march to Quimper. Thus, by the folly of a half crazy fellow, like Pat MacSheehy, were the officers obliged to take leave of a charming society, in which they had spent more than a year most agreeably. To be sure, they were not likely to lose by a change of garrison. Quimper being the chief town of the department, greater advantages in every way were to be had there; a very choice society, composed of many elegant and handsome ladies of the ancient families in that country, frequented the balls and evening entertainments given by the prefet of Finistère, M. Miolis, brother to the general who acquired such notoriety afterwards at Rome, by the arrest of Pope Pius VII.

In the beginning of the summer of 1805, General Harty was named inspector-general, and ordered to Quimper, to inspect the Irish legion. This inspection cheered the spirits of the officers and made them still hope that the expedition would soon sail, to free their country from the foreign yoke.

Jerome Buonaparte, on his way to Brest, passed by Quimper. He stopped at the prefet's hotel a short time. Lieutenant Saint-Leger and thirty men were on guard there: he sent them away, saying, that a captain of a vessel was not entitled to a guard of honour; he thanked Saint-Leger, and begged him to leave one of his serjeants as platoon or orderly at his disposition while he remained.

A few days after, we learned that Jerome Buonaparte and a part of the French fleet had sailed from Brest, which omened badly for poor Ireland; indeed from that moment we could see plainly that there were little hopes of anything being done, till the fleet was again re-united.

Captain Derry resigned, to go to America; those officers who were determined to remain in the French service, to learn their profession, regretted much seeing

Derry quit them; he was a kind, good friend and comrade, and highly honourable in every respect. The morning he set off from Quimper, we escorted him some distance on the road, when we met an Irishman of the name of Mullen, who had just escaped from Ireland, to join the legion; he said that he feared the expedition would have sailed before he arrived. We could learn from him how earnestly the Irish were still looking to France for relief. Mr. Derry observed to him: "I am quitting the legion and my dear friends here, because I see no chance of an expedition for Ireland." Mr. Mullen was from the county of Down, Mr. Derry's native county, and he had time to get a great deal of news about their common friends, before the coach started, and particularly about his brother, the Catholic bishop, whose diocese was in the county. Mr. Mullen was the nephew of our worthy friend MacCanna, who saved the Irish College in the days of terror.[1]

Mr. Mullen at once had himself enrolled on the books of the Irish legion, determined to stick by it in any rank he could fill. He was not like one of his countrymen, Mr. MacGurken, brother to the Catholic attorney or solicitor, of Belfast, who had been so actively employed in the years 1797 and 1798 defending the United Irishmen then charged with treason. MacGurken thought that the great sacrifices made by his brother at that period entitled him to the rank of officer, and was resolved to accept nothing less. His appearance was greatly against him; he was deeply marked with the small-pox, very ugly in consequence, and along with his disagreeable looks, he was impudent and presumptuous to a degree. He had been a month at Quimper, waiting, as he said, for an answer to an application that had been made in his favour. The non-commissioned officers of

[1] See *infra*, p. 275.

the legion were delighted when he went away; they only feared that he might change his mind, and be one day enrolled amongst them.

When Marshal Augereau's corps marched from Brest in 1805, to join the Grand Army, General Arthur O'Connor, who was attached to its staff, came to Paris and married the daughter and only child of the celebrated and unfortunate Condorcet; this union was his great ambition, and indeed it proved a happy one. Mademoiselle Condorcet had the advantage of being brought up by her high-minded and accomplished mother the Marquise de Condorcet, whose courage and fortitude during the cruel terror and persecution of 1793 acquired for her the greatest consideration from the true patriots of every country; she knew well how to appreciate the sacrifices and sufferings, and imprisonments which Arthur O'Connor had undergone, endeavouring to obtain the freedom of his native country; and her brother, General Grouchy, highly approved of his niece's marriage with his friend General O'Connor. They were considered a very handsome pair; Mademoiselle Condorcet was a fine, sprightly, animated young girl, scarcely twenty; General O'Connor nearly forty, with very distinguished manners. He soon purchased the estate and chateau de Bignon, in the department of the Loiret, where he spent the greater part of his time, waiting the minister's orders to be actively employed. As nothing was done or attempted by the French Government to better the situation of poor Ireland, during that long war with England, General O'Connor was allowed the full appointments of a general of division, though not in command, till the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, when he got a retiring pension of six thousand francs per annum.

Several officers of the Irish legion at Quimper, in 1805, were ordered to command detachments to conduct

conscripts to Strasbourg: these were Captain Tennant, Captain William Corbet, Lieutenants O'Reilly, Allen, Burgess, O'Morin, etc. At Strasbourg the men were all armed and organized into brigades and columns, to march with all the military preparations and precautions through the country of the Tyrol, to the city of Venice, where the men were drafted into their respective regiments, and the Irish officers got separate "feuilles de route" to return by "étapes," or regular day's marches, to rejoin the legion at Quimper; besides their pay, they received a marching indemnity, which quite sufficed for them to take the coach occasionally and to visit many places in Italy. This pleasure compensated in a great measure for the painful marches they had to make through the Tyrol mountains. Allen wrote to me frequently during the three months he spent travelling.

In the spring of 1806, during the stay of the legion at Quimper, the English having landed some troops near Concarneau in the night time, Commandant Peterzelli marched with a detachment against them. As he took none of the officers who were Irishmen by birth, and whose turn it was to march, they felt highly indignant at the insult of not being sent against the common enemy; on his return next day, after the English had re-embarked, they went all, without exception, but individually, and deposited their swords with him, declaring they would not resume them till they got satisfaction. They remained eight days for this under forced arrest, when the Emperor, hearing of their conduct, and highly approving it, ordered them back their swords, and assured them of his resolution to do them justice.

It was on this occasion we could see that Captain William Lawless possessed great powers of extemporary speaking. He recapitulated in the strongest terms that whether Peterzelli's neglect was intentional or otherwise mattered little; that as officers and men of honour, born

in Ireland, we should forthwith seek redress, and surrender our swords till we obtained it. Being under forced arrest, we feared difficulties might occur to prevent our sending off our despatches to the Emperor and the Minister of War; but Mrs. Barker soon surmounted them; this excellent woman went, by her husband Captain Barker's orders, and got the document signed by all the Irish officers, and then went three leagues from Quimper and had it put into the post office of a small town on the road to Paris. This precaution was thought advisable.

During the stay of the legion at Quimper, in the spring of 1806, two officers were married there; Captain Masterson to the daughter of the Marquis de Castratt, and Captain Lacy to Mademoiselle Amélie de Guilmar, of a noble family. These marriages created a good deal of amusement, which we needed at the time. Captain Masterson invited several of his comrades to his wedding; and as the Marquis de Castratt had spent some time in the county of Wexford, during his stay in Ireland, at the time of the emigration, we received the kindest hospitality from this elderly nobleman and his daughter, Madame la Comtesse de Beauvoir, a widow lady of great talents and vivacity. When they had spent the money they brought with them to Ireland, not having the means of getting more from France, Madame de Beauvoir, to support her father, went at once to be governess to the children of Doctor and Mrs. Purcell, of Dublin—parents of the well-known Peter Purcell, who took an active part in the Catholic Association and Precursor society.

Madame de Beauvoir had only been a short time married, when she and her father's family were forced to emigrate; the day they left the chateau to escape to the coast, her husband, the Count de Beauvoir, after going a few hundred yards, returned to the chateau for some-

thing he had forgotten; when coming away the second time, he was met by the gendarmes in the court, arrested and, shortly after, tried and executed.

The Marquis de Castratt had, besides Madame de Beauvoir, four daughters and a son. Fortunately for those young people, in their father's absence, their uncle, the Marquis de Grégoire, had his daughter married to the first aide-de-camp of General Hoche, Colonel Bonté, after the treaty of peace had been concluded with the chiefs of the army of La Vendée. Those chiefs having chosen Mademoiselle de Grégoire to be their *négociatrice* at the headquarters of the French army, the General-in-Chief Hoche was much taken with her highly accomplished manners, and his aide-de-camp, Colonel Bonté, with her person and great beauty. Her name will never be forgotten in Lower Brittany, for the service she rendered, in having the courage to accept this mission in the midst of the cruel civil war then raging there. Colonel Bonté, after his marriage, was soon raised to the rank of general, and got a command in Italy.

Lieutenant O'Reilly, on his way back from Venice, waited on General Bonté, to whose lady he brought a letter from her cousin and former companion, Mademoiselle de Castratt, now Madame Masterson. General Bonté finding O'Reilly speaking French so fluently, told him he would ask the Emperor to have him appointed his aide-de-camp, with the rank of captain. But O'Reilly could not be persuaded that an expedition would not be sent, sooner or later, to Ireland, therefore he declined the General's friendly offer, which no doubt must afterwards have vexed him, when he was fighting against the English at Flushing, in 1809, still a lieutenant.

Captain Masterson's brother, Mr. John Masterson, who served in the Irish brigades before 1792, and was married to a West India lady, by whom he acquired property in Antigua, was residing at Brussels with his wife and

family in 1806. Knowing the Marquis de Castratt in the county of Wexford as a French emigrant, he highly approved his brother's alliance with that nobleman, and settle sixty pounds a year on his sister-in-law, which annuity was paid to her after his death by his daughter, Miss Sally Masterson, who inherited her father's estate in Antigua.

We spent six delightful days with the Marquis de Castratt and his amiable family. In the evenings there was music and dancing on the lawn before the chateau for the country people of the neighbourhood. After supper, little plays were got up, of various kinds, by Madame de Beauvoir and her uncle the Marquis de Grégoire, who had great taste for all such amusements, having learned them when a page to Louis XV; indeed, he possessed much of the polished manners of the old French noblesse. What struck us much the day of the wedding, returning from the church through the great hall of the chateau, was to see a number of peasants waiting there to offer presents to the new married pair as they passed. These presents consisted of lambs, kids, calves, rabbits, pigeons, poultry, butter made up in the form of saints, etc. All being voluntary, the peasantry being no longer serfs, this told well for the Marquis de Castratt. When he returned home from the emigration, he had no power over these peasants, his former tenants or serfs, they had become "proprietors" of the national lands or property. He got back, however, his chateau and gardens, which happened not to have been sold, though plundered and empty. The family had a mansion on the land of their birth, where they were much respected by the country people.

Captain Lacy's marriage with Mademoiselle de Guilmar could not afford us as many amusements, for her uncle, M. de Malesherbes, refused his consent. She had to quit his residence in the country and come to a

relation's house at Quimper, who handed her to the altar. When the brave Lacy took her for better, for worse, he never enquired whether she had any fortune or not; she was young, and handsome and sweet-tempered, that was all he required. He gave a splendid supper on the occasion to his comrades and friends. He was born in Spain, and was a real soldier. No Irishman lamented more than he did that the expedition to Ireland did not take place.

A few days after the wedding, we heard that Jerome Buonaparte had returned from America, not accompanied by the ships of the line that sailed from Brest with him, but in a frigate, closely pursued by several English warships. From these he narrowly escaped into the bay of Concarneau, four leagues from Quimper. This little town gave a ball and splendid entertainments to him and the officers of the frigate, whilst he had to wait for orders from the Minister of Marine at Paris. A battalion of infantry was placed on board his frigate to reinforce the crew, lest the English should cut the cable in the night and take her off.

Though we had made no demand collectively to the War Office, yet we heard from our friends at Paris that we might soon expect to change our garrison; and in June, 1806, the legion received orders to march from Quimper to Alençon, there to wait another destination. Before setting out, we heard of poor Lieutenant MacHenry's death at the hospital of Landernau, where he had stopped to be treated for a swelled knee. The surgeon opened it and he died during the operation. He was an honest Presbyterian from the North of Ireland, and a true patriot. He and I were one day, in March, 1804, taking a walk at Quimper, down the river. Thinking we might meet wolves, we charged our muskets with ball cartridges. Returning, he saw a wild duck dive in the river, and when it put its head up over the water, he

fired and killed it; when we examined the duck, we found the ball had split the head in two. So enchanted was he with this musket, that he determined at once to lay out two or three guineas in getting it newly stocked and polished, in the best style. I told him he should try it again before going to any expense, so we went next day to the ruins of an old windmill, a league from the town, and we placed a sheet of paper on the wall. He said he would go about the same distance from the mill that he was from the duck. After firing three rounds, without once hitting the target, he flung the musket on the ground, swearing at it. He was very good-humoured, and made the officers of the mess laugh at his failure, saying by it he had saved a hundred francs.

Our march from Quimper could not be agreeable, turning our backs to the coast, and relinquishing, at least for the present, all hopes of Ireland. The married officers were allowed to take the coach as far as Rennes, except Captain Lacy, who was doing the functions of adjutant-major. He had to walk and make the regular day's march. His lady, on horseback, accompanied him. We had a "séjour," or resting day, at the little town of Pontivy, and another at Rennes, where the legion was reviewed by General Delaborde, who commanded there, and who on this occasion took the privilege to admonish the Irish officers on their too great susceptibility at Quimper with Commandant Peterzelli—who meant nothing, and only, being in great haste to march against the English invaders, took with him the first officers he met belonging to the legion, never thinking of the place of their birth. This formidable invasion consisted of an English midshipman and ten marine soldiers, who landed in the night and carried off with them two peasants, whom they obliged to dress in their Sunday clothes. These, after sitting all day on board the English frigate as models for the young artists and officers to take their

portraits, were landed the night after on the coast, having been well treated during the twenty-four hours of captivity, as prisoners of war should be. These details, though satirical, served to reconcile the officers with Commandant Peterzelli.

General Humbert was residing at Rennes at the time of our passing there, not in favour since his unfortunate failure in Ireland in 1798. Captain Barker, and other officers who knew him at Paris after he returned from prison, waited on him, and found him looking well; he assured them that whenever the French Government was serious about an expedition to Ireland, he would be employed in it.

Admiral Villeneuve, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Trafalgar, where Nelson fell, in October, 1805, being exchanged and on his way to Paris, stopped at Rennes, and shot himself in the hotel, a few days before the legion arrived there

Our march from Rennes to Alençon was agreeable enough, and as we expected on arriving there to have further orders, we were in great spirits; however, being told that we might hire lodgings, as it was probable that the legion would stop some time, it was thought advisable to send a memorial to the Emperor, signed by the officers, praying to be employed on active service; to which the Minister of War answered that his Imperial Majesty would take our demand into consideration. So we made up our minds to be satisfied with the garrison of Alençon.

I can never forget that it was at this town I received the first letter and news from my dear half-brother, Edward Kennedy, who had suffered three years' imprisonment, and only got liberated under Mr. Fox's administration. He was arrested in August, 1803, a few days after I escaped from Dublin, and the same day, he

told me, a general and a minute search was made for me at my mother's residence in the county of Wexford, and at every house in the neighbourhood, where the Orangemen thought I might get shelter.

My brother's letter contained the principal occurrences which took place during his imprisonment, and from the day we separated till his liberation, he never could learn whether or not I had got safe to France, to execute my mission there. Such were the privations the State prisoners had to suffer in the Dublin jails, and no friend was allowed to see them. His melancholy account of poor Robert Emmet's execution made me sad indeed: the body, with the head severed from it, was brought and left for some time in the court of the prison, where the prisoners might view it from their cells. My brother's greatest comfort was to meet his fellow-prisoners, when they were allowed to walk in the yard, particularly the worthy Philip Long, who proved himself to the last his kind friend: they were liberated the same day; Messrs. Cloney, Hughes, Gray, and Hickson got out some time before. He spoke to me of William Parrott in the highest terms, which I was very glad of, as his brother Joseph was one of our distinguished officers, and the cousin of my friend and comrade, Hugh Ware; in short, this letter was a complete journal of that sad time: it was brought by some friend of Philip Long's to the Continent, and put into the post office at Amsterdam. I never paid money with such pleasure as I did the four francs postage of this letter, which, with my brother's large seal unbroken, and coming to me through an enemy's country, in the time of war, no doubt caused an emotion which can readily be accounted for by the exiles of Erin.

General Bonnet, who commanded the first division of Marshal Augereau's army at Brest, which had been destined for Ireland, was at Alençon on leave of absence

when we arrived there. It was said that his dispute with Admiral Ganteaume, about preventing the grenadiers of his division sweeping the decks, did not serve him with the Emperor. But he was too brave a soldier, and possessed of too much talent, to be left any time in disgrace by Napoleon, who knew so well how to appreciate the worth of such officers. General Bonnet married a young lady of Alençon whilst we were there. His brother was the postmaster-general, and enjoyed great influence in the department de l'Orne. Colonel Cavallier, a very handsome man, commanded the gendarmes of that country; he and the prefet had reception nights, which made the garrison very agreeable. It was at Alençon that the following five officers left the legion in 1806: Captain William Corbet, Captain Bernard MacSheehy, Lieutenant Austin Gibbons, and the sub-Lieutenants Swanton and Manginean.

CHAPTER II.

WE were anxiously following the movements of the French army in that memorable and short campaign of October, 1806, which decided the fate of the Prussian monarchy at the battle of Iena on the 14th of the same month; and on the 28th, Napoleon, after he had made his triumphal entrance into the capital of that monarchy, gave orders that the Irish legion should march forthwith to Berlin, there to be completed with men. We now felt that our memorial had succeeded, and we were enchanted at the prospect of seeing real military service. The order for the march sent to the legion at Alençon mentioned the different towns where it was to halt for the night, as far as Mayence. The married officers, as usual, got permission to take the coach with their families, on condition of being present every fifth day at the general inspection. Captain Barker availed himself of it to place his son Arthur, then nine years of age, in the Irish College at Paris; as the superior required a ministerial order, and it required some days before that could be obtained, the kind Mrs. Tone took charge of little Barker and brought him to her house, to be a playmate for her children, until all the formalities were complied with. I got permission to stop a few days at Paris, to see some of my friends who were still there: Mr. John Sweetman, Lewins, MacCormack, etc. By taking the coach to Chateau-Thierry, I rejoined the legion there at the inspection. Although we did not muster very strong, still we were organized as completely as the French regiments; each company having its captain, lieutenant, sub-lieutenant, serjeant-major, serjeants, corporals and drummers; and, besides the eagle-bearer, who had the

rank of officer, the ensign-bearer with the green colours, on which was "The Independence of Ireland" inscribed in gold letters. And on the other side of the green colours was the "Harp without the Crown." With our eagle uncovered and colours flying, we marched in perfect military order through every town, and excited great interest amongst the inhabitants, who used to exclaim, that, the Irish and the Poles were their faithful allies. The town of Verdun, where we should have halted one night, being the depot of the English prisoners of war, the governor took upon himself to lodge the Irish legion in a suburb, lest its presence might be disagreeable to those prisoners; at daybreak he had the drawbridge let down and the gates opened to let the legion march through, before the English prisoners could have light to see and contemplate our green flag, and its beautiful inscription, so obnoxious to them, "The Independence of Ireland!" Our march, however, through the town at that early hour attracted great notice; as our band played up our national air of "Patrick's Day in the Morning," we could see many windows opened, and gentlemen in their shirts enquiring across the street, in good English, what was meant by this music at such an early hour. "Why, damn it, Burke, you ought to know that air," was answered from one window to another. This caused much conversation.

Although we were not very well lodged in the faubourg of Verdun, we had a capital dinner in one of the little inns there. I sat at table next to Captain O'Heren, who entertained us with many anecdotes of what occurred in 1792, when the place was garrisoned by the Prussian army.

At four leagues from Verdun, on the road to Metz, we halted in a village to breakfast, and it was amusing enough to hear all the news that the officers had learned at their lodgings, the night before, respecting the English

prisoners, and their rambles through the country, every day till sunset, when they had to be in town to answer the roll call.

Captain O'Heren got permission at the village to take the coach as far as Metz, and we were greatly shocked on arriving there next day to learn that he had died suddenly in the night at the hotel where he stopped. O'Heren was studying in France at the time of the Revolution, and took an active part in it: he had talent, and would have filled a diplomatic situation with credit. He and I were lodged in the same house at Lesneven, where he was a great favourite with the family, who received a good deal of company in the evening. O'Heren's society they considered a great acquisition; he spoke French fluently, and had the gay manners of a well-bred Irishman; he was a good patriot, and could not fail to be well received wherever he went.

Our march continued to be agreeable enough, the weather being very fine, though at the end of November. Arriving at Sarrebruck, we halted to breakfast there. The town had been burnt, and suffered much from the disasters of the war. It was in this place that Pitt had established a manufactory of forged assignats, as one of his famous stratagems for ruining and conquering the French nation!

On arriving at Mayence, the legion received orders to halt there, where 1,500 Poles who had been in the Prussian service volunteered to enter into the French service after the battle of Iena. They were incorporated into the Irish legion at Mayence, as were a great number of Irish. These Irish had been engaged in the rebellion, and whilst imprisoned in Ireland were sold by the English Government, in 1798 and 1799, to the King of Prussia, to work in his mines; his agent going through the prisons in Ireland and choosing the best and ablest young men. Previous to the hostilities with France, the

King of Prussia obliged these brave and unfortunate men to enter his army. It may easily be imagined they rejoiced to join the Irish soldiery in the service of France; holding out a hope, as it then did, that they would one day see their country liberated.

Those Irish Prussian prisoners, speaking German, so as to make themselves understood, and at least as well as their comrades the Polish prisoners, rendered vast service to their officers in the beginning. We met amongst them many whom we knew in the insurrection of 1798; Captain Ware met several who had fought beside him in the county of Kildare, viz.: Foster, Gunning, etc., fine young fellows. And Dalton, Cane, Doyle, O'Brien, and many others, were from the counties of Wexford and Wicklow, who knew me from my childhood. Malony, who had been wounded at Castlebar, and condemned to be transported, had the rank of serjeant-major in the Prussian army; he soon obtained that of officer of the Irish legion, and became one of the distinguished captains of the Irish regiment in the campaigns of 1813.

The French pay, the soldiers' rations, and the way of living, with the discipline, was so much superior to that of the Prussian army, that both Poles and Irish were delighted with the French service. Marshal Kellerman, who commanded the army of reserve at Mayence, gave orders that great coats, shirts, shoes, etc., should be furnished forthwith to the captains of the Irish legion for their soldiers, and in a few days after, on passing the review, he was quite pleased to see the legion so well equipped and so formidable. He paid us some handsome compliments on this occasion, saying, that the Irish bravery was proverbial, and their attachment to France well known, etc. He also told us that he had been a cadet in one of the Irish brigades when a boy, for a short time. His manners were simple, and those of a well-

bred gentleman; his military career long and glorious; but he prided himself more on his victory at Valmy than on all the others, because he said, it put an end for ever to the Prussian ambition of making conquests in France.

We found Mayence a delightful garrison, though on account of the continual passage of troops there, and its being the great depot of the Grand Army, we could not expect to remain longer than the time necessary to get our men armed. We used to meet, on the public walk, the Empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense, Queen of Holland, both looking young and handsome.

At a concert given to them, the son of our master tailor, young Flechy, a lad of fourteen years of age, played on the violin, to the surprise and admiration of the other musicians, who considered him quite a prodigy. The Empress, next day, sent him a handsome present.

At the end of December, the legion was ordered to march to Landau; this town being a strong fortress where the service of the place was executed with as much punctuality and rigor as if the enemy were at its gates, was of the greatest service to both officers and men.

On this march to Landau, Captain Ware and I got permission to cross the Rhine and visit the town of Manheim, of which there has been so much said of its beauty and regularity. Having to recross the river early next morning, to join our companies that were lodged in a village on the road, we were not a little surprised to hear volleys of musket-shots in every direction; on enquiring, we were told that it was the custom of the country to celebrate the new year with this kind of rejoicing at daybreak: so our march to Landau, on the first of January, 1807, accompanied by rejoicing and firing, announced that we should see, ere the war terminated, plenty of that kind of amusement.

The Irish legion was well received by the inhabitants

of Landau; they recollected the noble conduct of Captain Harty in 1792, when he, in spite of his Lieutenant-Colonel, O'Mahony, prevented Berwick's regiment from crossing the Rhine to the enemy's camp, and marched back with it in triumph. He received the grateful thanks of the governor, and of the people of the town. Is not this circumstance one of the instances which show how difficult it is to define what is called passive obedience to military chiefs and tyrants? Had Captain Harty obeyed his chief, the French army would have been deprived of the splendid services of the 70th demi-brigade, and the Irish composing it would have been driven to the cruel and dishonourable necessity of soliciting employment from the British Government!

No garrison could be more suitable for the completion of the legion than Landau; provisions there were cheap and abundant, particularly potatoes, which the Polish soldiers relished fully as much as the Irish did. Their manner of preparing this food was excellent. The potatoes were grated, then half boiled into a sort of soup; a quantity of bacon being cut very small and half fried, was put into the potato soup, and boiled until it became quite thick, then it was turned out into the soldiers' dishes or pans. They enjoyed this pudding very much, though it did not contain any currants or raisins. With such substantial diet, our soldiers were able to bear up against fatigue and the cold frosty weather, and accordingly we had exercise and manœuvring every day, though in the depth of winter.

Hearing that there were Prussian prisoners arrived at the town of Spires, and that one of them, a man seven feet high, wished to engage in a French regiment as "drum-major," I was sent there, and my instructions were, not to engage any of them but Poles, except, however, the tambour-major (drum-major), whose birthplace mattered not, provided he could march upright at the

head of the legion. The commander of the town of Spires gave me the best assistance he could; I dined with him, and after dinner he sent for the giant, as he called him, and asked him what was the amount of the Prussian pay he received. We found that the French pay would be double; besides, the officers consented to add forty francs a month to it; so with all this, and the double rations he was entitled to, the tambour-major was enchanted, and he told me he would be ready to march when I pleased. He had got a slight wound, but the surgeon of the hospital who visited him assured me that it would never prevent him from marching and doing his service. Forty of the Poles volunteered; only thirty of them were fit for marching; I engaged these, gave each a day's pay, and ordered them to assemble at eight o'clock next morning, when we started for Landau, and after marching more than three leagues, I halted in a village for an hour to let the men breakfast, and when the drum beat to march again, all were present, but the frost was so intense, twelve degrees under zero, that half of the men were seized with the cold and unable to proceed, in consequence of having quitted the red-hot stoves in the houses where they had breakfasted. By the time I arrived at the gates of Landau, in the evening, only ten of the thirty were present; the other twenty being so weak, they took two days to come to Landau. The chief and all the officers were delighted to see the *superbe* tambour-major and paid me many compliments for the care I had taken of him on the march, keeping him away from the hot stoves, and only allowing him to drink what was necessary to bear up against the desperate cold, otherwise he also would have remained sick on the road. The inhabitants admired the tambour-major, as they did everything that added splendour to the troops of the garrison, on whom depended a good deal of the commerce of Landau, furnishing the orna-

ments, and everything in the way of provisions. The apartments let to the officers insured a small rent to the housekeepers, who were attentive and careful to make everything comfortable in the lodgings. It was edifying to witness the tolerance amongst these good people with regard to religion. In the same church, every Sunday, the Catholics and the Protestants had, at different hours, their respective religious services. We went to the nine o'clock Mass, and, leaving the church, we used to meet at the door the Protestants entering for their worship, which began at ten. This was an agreeable sight to us who were brought up with a horror of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland. We spent the gay time of carnival at Landau, and were very happy there; but we were rejoiced when the order arrived for the legion to march to the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer, as this march to the coast indicated that Napoleon had not relinquished his former great plan of invading England and Ireland, and that he would resume it on a larger scale, when he concluded peace with Russia and Prussia.

The camp at Boulogne was then commanded by one of the illustrious captains of the age, the Colonel-General Gouvion Saint-Cyr, afterwards a marshal of France. The army of reserve under his orders was principally composed of the fourth or fifth battalions of the regiments of the Grand Army, which left their depots at the different camps on the coast to receive the young soldiers, and there to have them instructed and prepared for campaigning. To make part of an army commanded by one of the ablest generals of the time, delighted us, and we were gay and cheerful on the way.

At Metz we had a resting day, where the council of administration ordered two thousand feathers and other ornaments to be made, and forwarded to the camp at Boulogne. On this march the legion was not lodged in the suburbs of Verdun; but the English prisoners there

could behold, from the ramparts, at half a league off, a little army on march, clothed in green, commanded by Irish officers, with the eagle uncovered, and the banners flying, on which was inscribed, in large letters of gold, "Independence of Ireland."

At Arras, though there was a depot of English prisoners there, we were lodged in the town, because the governor had the good sense to make the English sleep one night in the citadel, until we marched out in the morning.

We found everything in perfect order on arriving at our camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer: the soldiers' barracks, as well as those of the officers, were clean and airy. A few hours sufficed for us to be completely installed in our new abode; the inhabitants at Boulogne being so well accustomed to furnish every necessary for the military, we had no trouble, and for the sum of twelve francs a month, an officer's barrack was furnished with bed, table, chairs, etc.

On the third day after our arrival we were reviewed by the general-in-chief, Gouvion Saint-Cyr; it was the first time I had seen him. And now transcribing these notes, I am reminded of a short conversation he honoured me with in 1819, when he was Minister of War to Louis XVIII.

The Inspector-General Claperode had the half-pay officers of the department of the Seine assembled at his house in the Rue Ville-l'Evêque, when he conducted them across the Place de la Concorde to the Minister of War's hotel in the Rue Saint-Dominique to pay their respects to his Excellency; the officers, in the different uniforms of the Empire, formed a motley group, and caused a sensation; mine, being green, attracted notice as well as the others. The minister asked me if I had obtained my letters of naturalization. I said to him I had. Then other questions about my campaigns. He then wished

to know if I possessed any fortune: "None but my sword, monsieur le maréchal," was my reply; on which he bowed to me. Twelve days after, I received my commission for the second battalion of the second legion de l'Ille-et-Vilaine, then forming at Rennes. Unfortunately, before the second battalion had time to be assembled, a re-organization of the French army into regiments took place, by which change I had still to remain on half pay.

To return to Boulogne, our men being mostly soldiers who had served, it only required some drilling and exercise to make them understand the French word of command, to enable us to manœuvre in line with the French regiments. One month busily and well employed at the camp of Boulogne sufficed to accomplish this: and at a grand review passed there by the general-in-chief, Gouvion Saint-Cyr, he testified his satisfaction on the progress which the Irish legion had made in manœuvring; and the brilliancy of its *tenue* pleased him much; indeed it appeared to great advantage at the review, having got in time from Metz the feathers and the other ornaments for the soldiers; altogether their uniform was splendid.

A very disagreeable circumstance occurred this day; the following is a true version of it. A vain Prussian captain, of the name of Delorme, in whom Marshal Kellerman had taken some interest at Mayence, was attached to the legion and followed it to the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer. At a general review passed by General Saint-Cyr, when the legion, in column by companies, was marching to defile before the general-in-chief, Captain Delorme, who had no company in the legion, wishing to show himself by defiling before the General, and perceiving Lieutenant Powell commanding a company in the absence of his captain, who was sick, insisted on taking the command from the lieutenant, who refused, stating he saw no order from the chief to give

up the command of his company at that time, and having passed the review and inspection all day, he wished to have the honour of defiling before the general; but the captain persevering, the lieutenant pushed him rudely from before the company, and continued to defile. As soon as the review was over, Captain Delorme complained to Commandant Peterzelli, who had Lieutenant Powell sent to the town prison, where he was to remain till he was tried by a courtmartial. Upon this, all the other lieutenants of the legion resolved to force Captain Delorme to fight them, and drew lots. Lieutenant Allen, who spoke to him first on the subject, and whom he refused to fight, was immediately sent to the town prison. Lieutenant O'Reilly meeting Delorme in the fields, coming from the chief's lodgings, after having had Lieutenant Allen sent to prison, told him he must fight on the spot, or give him his word of honour that he would fight as soon as he could procure a second. He complied with the latter demand, and went to Boulogne to get a captain of a Swiss regiment to be his second. They fought with swords, and Lieutenant O'Reilly might have easily killed or wounded him, as he asked several times to repose himself, and finally said he would fight no more.

Lieutenant Powell was tried by the courtmartial at the camp at Ambleteuse. The court was presided by General Dufour, who had been in the expedition to Ireland, and who felt for the persecuted Irish. Mr. Mac Canna, a worthy Irish patriot established at Boulogne, got a worthy friend of his, a major in one of the regiments, to defend Lieutenant Powell, and never was a defence more ably conducted. The comparison between the Irish and the Prussians, and the devotion of the former to the French cause, was so forcibly stated, that it appeared a shame to have let the trial take place. Lieut. Powell was accordingly acquitted with great éclat.

Lieutenant Allen, on coming out of prison, sent a challenge by Captain Dowdall to Captain Delorme, who, however, preferred signing a paper, saying, that if he could not obtain an exchange into some other regiment in the course of six months, he would give in his resignation. After this, he lived on good terms with the officers.

During the stay of the legion at the camp, the six following officers were ordered to Brest, where still hopes were held out of an expedition to Ireland: Captains Lawless, Markey, and Brangan, and Lieutenants Murray, O'Reilly, and Devereux.

In June, 1807, the legion was ordered to march from Boulogne to Antwerp. This town being declared in a state of siege, the garrison duty was severe, and strictly executed, much to the advantage of the young officers. General Harty had the command of the brigade, of which the legion made a part. The senator Lefebvre was the governor-general of Antwerp.

Many ships of the line were launched at this time at Antwerp.

Charles Ryan, who came from Dublin, joined the legion at Antwerp, but not being personally known to any of the officers, and having no papers with him to prove his identity, he found some difficulty on arriving, especially as the governor had no instructions from the Minister of War respecting him. Captain Ware knowing his father in Dublin, volunteered to be responsible for him, and he was accordingly allowed to follow the legion till he received his commission as sub-lieutenant from the Minister of War in July, 1808.

Putting Antwerp in a state of siege was necessary, no doubt, and where there were such vast naval stores, the military service required to be rigorously executed, in order to be always guarded against an enemy so powerful at sea as the English were at that period. Napoleon's great victories, and the peace he concluded at Tilsit in

July, 1807, with the Prussian and Russian monarchs, did not save the poor King of Denmark, who was in profound peace with all the world, from having his capital, Copenhagen, bombarded; his fleet, consisting of twenty-eight sail of the line, sixteen frigates, nine brigs, and a number of small vessels being seized, and all his naval and military stores being taken or destroyed, a month after that peace of Tilsit, by the English robbers, who felt no shame at so foul a deed.

At Antwerp, four officers of the Irish legion mounted guard every day, besides those making the rounds at night. My post was generally at the arsenal every eight or ten days, where I did not find the twenty-four hours of guard dull, having so much to see and admire in the construction of those ships of the line, so rapidly completed, three being launched whilst we were in garrison at Antwerp—the *Austerlitz*, *Iena*, and *Friedland*.

General Chamberlac, who commanded the military division at Brussels, was appointed to inspect the troops comprising the garrison and forts of Antwerp. His inspection lasted eight days, during which time we were busily occupied with the theory, exercise and evolutions. His report on the state of the instruction and discipline of the Irish legion was very favourable, and highly flattering to the officers; so much so, that the brave General Harty, who commanded our brigade, promised us, that he would have no manœuvres for some time, in order that we might have a little recreation after our fatigues. We eagerly availed ourselves of his politeness, and organized country excursions to offer amusements to the married officers' ladies of the regiment. Captain Masterson's niece, Miss Sally Masterson, was on a visit with him and his wife at the time, and she being very handsome, highly educated, sprightly and amiable in her manners, attracted much attention. She soon became the delight of all who knew her.

Captain Dowdall and other officers decided on spending a day at the fort of Lillo, four leagues down the river, and they hired a large sloop to bring the guests, with the band of the legion, wines, and everything necessary for a splendid dinner, to which the governor of the fort was invited, along with the mayor of the village of Lillo. The weather was bright and warm, and the table was laid out in a shady garden belonging to the hotel. After seeing all that was curious in the fort, we sat down to dinner. The ladies being placed at table between the French gentlemen, gave great assistance in doing the honours. The conversation turning on the beautiful effect of the music, as we sailed into Lillo, Captain Ware asked Captain Dowdall "if Commandant Peterzelli appeared displeased at not being invited to be of the party, when he called on him to ask permission to bring the band of the regiment on board?" Poor Dowdall exclaimed, "I entirely forgot to get it, I had so many other things to think of." On which there was a general laugh, and he blushed still more deeply, when someone said: "A man in love cannot have all his wits about him!" The fact was, Dowdall took charge of all, and he even had the precaution to bring several of our soldiers who were first rate seamen also, to aid the sailors of the vessel; unfortunately, he forgot the precaution of limiting the quantity they were to drink, so that, although Regan, Gallagher, Harrison, etc., were well-behaved, sober soldiers, they were this day, like the rest of the company, half seas over on leaving Lillo, and could neither steer nor row a boat to tow on our sloop; so that, before we had got half way up the river to Antwerp, some of the ladies became alarmed, and screamed out begging to be put on shore. It being also the wish of Father Cowan, who had charge of Miss Sally Masterson, we had the vessel brought as near to the banks as possible, when

almost all the company landed. Captain and Mrs. Barker, Captain Ware, and a few others, preferred remaining on board all night. But, luckily for them, the wind changed, and they reached Antwerp before the gates were shut; whilst all of us who had landed, passed a wretched enough night in a farmhouse half a league from the river, and early in the morning made the best of our way to Antwerp on foot; we, however, procured a large waggon for the ladies before we started. We officers, not having had permission to be absent for a night from a town in a state of siege, were put under arrest for four days, when we arrived at Antwerp. Miss Sally Masterson hearing this, went at once to General Harty, and brought him with her to the governor, whom she prayed to raise our arrests, declaring that she was the cause of our not returning before night to Antwerp, as she had become so alarmed in the ship. Of course the governor could not refuse the petition of so fair a lady, and so our arrests were immediately raised.

Miss Sally Masterson did not return home till she had the pleasure herself of visiting and announcing to the various officers her success with the governor. She said to the governor, when asking him to raise our arrests, that she was emboldened to do so, from being the daughter of an officer who had served in France, and the niece of a Captain of the Irish legion, and particularly as she had been the cause of the vessel being delayed in sailing up the river, for, from her delicate health, she was easily alarmed, etc. Indeed, Miss Masterson did look very delicate, and the more so from being in deep mourning for her father, who had died a short time before at Brussels. Her mother and her younger sister came to join her at Antwerp, where they took an "appartement" on the Place Verte, and where they gave very agreeable evening tea parties. We met there sometimes Mrs. Masterson of Bruges, and her two daughters,

Miss Mary and Miss Martha. In marching through Bruges I had the pleasure of dining with them, on our way to Antwerp, and they introduced us to a very worthy Scotch gentleman, a friend of theirs, a Mr. Johnstone, who was the Austrian consul at Antwerp. Mrs. Masterson and her two daughters were at this time on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone. They were English, and no relation to the other Masterson family. Miss Martha Masterson little thought then that, two years later, she would have it in her power to succour and save the life of an Irish exile. In 1808 she married an eminent physician at Flushing, a Dr. Moke, and on the 15th of August while the French general, Monet, was negotiating to obtain good terms from Lord Chatham, but before the capitulation was signed, Commandant William Lawless was brought desperately wounded to Madame Moke's house. She had him immediately carefully placed in her cellar on a mattrass, when she gave him refreshments herself, until her husband returned at night, and had time to examine and dress his wound. Nothing could exceed their kind attention to Lawless, and to Lieutenant O'Reilly, his fellow sufferer, until they procured them the means of escaping from the isle of Walcheren to Antwerp, nearly three months after.[1]

When Miss Sally Masterson and her mother and sister were going to return to Brussels, we agreed to conduct them as far as Malines, which is half-way, and there to have a farewell dinner. Mrs. and Miss Masterson of Bruges were going at the same time to spend some time at Brussels, so we had the pleasure of their company also at the parting dinner at Malines. Captain Dowdall had an elegant char-à-banc of his own, with a very fine horse; this carriage was quite adapted for little country parties in fine weather; it had

[1] These men were liable to be hanged as rebels by the English if captured.—S. G.

three seats which held three persons each, and one on the coach box drove. This time Mr. Allen drove the char-à-banc. Nothing could be more agreeable than our dinner party at Malines, till the doleful moment of parting arrived; then Dowdall, on taking leave, made a great harangue or speech, which he concluded by saying, "May God forget us, if we ever forget you!" This, of course, was addressed to Miss Sally.

After seeing the two families of Masterson into their carriages, and set off for Brussels, Captains Dowdall and Allen, with seven or eight ladies (of the Irish legion), got up into the char-à-banc. Allen volunteered again to drive, got up on the box, and fearing that the gates of Antwerp might be shut before they could get there, they drove off at a prodigiously rapid rate. Lieutenant Gillmor and I had a carriage for ourselves, and he having taken the precaution to get a permission in the morning before leaving town, to have the gates opened for us till 12 o'clock, we were in no hurry, and were the last on the road. After making three leagues, we perceived three of our party, who had been thrown from the char-à-banc on the highway; Captain Masterson's wife was endeavouring to carry one of the wheels another lady something else. The horse had escaped into a field, and Allen and Dowdall were in pursuit of him. As to the char-à-banc, it was smashed in pieces, and they were only trying to save the horse. No one was hurt, and Gillmor and I hastened to stow all the ladies into our carriage, and followed them close on foot to have the gates opened.

After conducting them to their houses, we repaired to our homes; we were very wet, as it had rained the whole way. This party concluded the fêtes got up for Miss Sally Masterson while she was on the visit to her uncle and aunt. However, on hearing of our misadventures, and fearing that some of her friends might have been

injured when the char-à-banc broke down, she came back to Antwerp to ascertain the particulars. She was accompanied this time by a Miss Stanhope, a friend of hers, a very handsome young lady, whose family resided at Brussels. After visiting all her friends, Miss Sally Masterson returned the next day to Brussels; it was the last time that any of us had the pleasure of seeing her.

Although in time of war, many found means of getting away from Ireland and came to France through Holland, or by Hamburgh. Mr. Putnam MacCabe, whom we left at Paris in 1803, when we were hurrying off to the coast to embark, as we thought, in an expedition to liberate our country from a foreign yoke, arrived one morning at Antwerp, in the month of August, 1807, from Amsterdam. He was accompanied by two ladies whom he had taken charge of in London, Mrs. Berthemy and her daughter; they were the sister and the niece of the celebrated Irish orator, Henry Flood, the contemporary of Grattan. MacCabe being well known to many of the officers, we invited him and the two ladies, his fellow travellers, to dine at our mess at the Lion-d'Or; they accepted our invitation, and we spent a very pleasant evening. MacCabe showed us a beautiful case of duelling pistols, which he was taking to offer as a present to his friend General Arthur O'Connor, then at Paris.

A few days after, an officer of the former Irish brigade, Captain Wall, arrived at Antwerp, with his wife, two sons and three daughters; they had passed the time of the emigration at Wexford, where he carried on some kind of business in the salt trade. Arriving at Paris, he got his sons into the Irish College to finish their studies, and he himself got placed as a captain at the depot of the Irish legion. His wife was a Miss Walsh, born in France, and cousin to the Count de Leran Walsh, senator.

In September, 1807, the Irish legion was ordered to the isle of Walcheren, and encamped at West Capelle, two leagues from Flushing. The legion at this time was considerably augmented by Polish and Irish recruits arriving daily; but it suffered dreadfully from the effects of the climate, General Harty, who commanded the brigade, with half the officers and men, being sick at one time. In consequence of which, the camp was raised and the legion was ordered to Ter Verre and Middleburg, in November, as being more healthy quarters; the hospitals in those towns were soon crowded with officers as well as men.

A battalion of eight hundred men being ordered to Spain, Captain Lacy got the command, being the senior officer of those who were not sick. This battalion made part of the army that went into Spain with Prince Murat. They followed him to Madrid, and encamped in its vicinity in the winter of 1807 and 1808, remaining there till the revolt of May 2, 1808, when it was ordered into Madrid to make part of the garrison of that capital. From thence it retreated back behind the Ebro with King Joseph in the summer of 1808, and, being continually employed at the advanced posts, suffered much. Before the battalion received orders to march from Madrid, Captain Lacy disappeared. Being a Spaniard by birth, he had numerous acquaintances in Madrid, and it was thought at first that he had fallen a victim to some jealous rival, particularly as his horse, money and effects of every kind were found at his lodgings, and his servant could give no clue where he might be found. It was only at the battle of Ocano, the year after, that it was rightly known what had become of him: there he commanded a brigade of Spanish cavalry against the French, and escaped amongst the last from the field of battle. He was afterwards named Captain-General of Catalonia by the Cortes of Cadiz, and

was one of their devoted supporters; but after the return of King Ferdinand from imprisonment in France, Lacy, being considered too liberal, soon fell into disgrace with his Majesty, who suspected him to be at the head of a conspiracy in favour of the Constitution of 1812. He was tried by a courtmartial, condemned to death, and sent to the island of Majorca, where his guards shot him as soon as he landed.

The remainder of the Irish legion that was left in Holland returned from Ter Verre and Middleburg to Flushing in December, 1807, to be under the orders of General Monet, governor-general of the isle of Walcheren.

Flushing was at this time, by a decree of the Emperor, separated from Holland and annexed to France. It was inundated in 1808, from the dykes giving way in a great storm, when numbers lost their lives. The Irish officers received great praise for their active exertions on this melancholy occasion, by which many lives were saved; and, as on all such, where the lives of human beings were in danger, Allen was one of those officers sure to be found ready to risk his own life to save that of others. He and I were lodged at a hotel on the most elevated part of Flushing. The evening before this disastrous inundation took place, we went to call on Captain Barker and his wife; they had just arrived from Middleburg, and were lodged on a ground floor of a private house, by billet. They promised to come and breakfast with us early the next morning, and we were to assist them in looking out for comfortable lodgings. In the morning, Allen remained at our hotel to see that the breakfast was properly prepared, whilst I went to conduct the Barkers to our hotel, as they did not know the town. I had hardly gone fifty steps from the hall-door, when I saw the sea rolling mountains high, and the quays covered with eight feet of water. The floods had risen,

and were more than fifteen feet deep in the street, where the Barkers were lodged. Boats were getting ready, and Allen and I hired one, and pointed to the sailors to row to the street where Captain Barker was lodged. Seeing that the water had reached the first storey of his house, where Captains Ware and Parrot were both lying sick in bed of the Flushing fever, we, of course, thought they were drowned. However, on sailing under the windows of the house, we saw Captain Barker at one of them on the third floor; he told us their escape was a mere chance, and owing to their little child, Alice, sleeping in a cradle bed beside them. She was awoke by the water flowing upon her, and called out loudly, "Mamma, mamma, salt water, salt water!" They had just time to rush to the stairs, carrying the child. One minute more, and it would have been too late, as the sea soon invaded the first storey, where Ware and his cousin were. They had time to get out of bed, carry up their clothes and get to the garret to dress themselves.

We soon brought them a small basket of provisions, enough for the day, and which they pulled up by a rope. We then went to one of the lowest streets of the town, where the magazine of the legion was stowed. There we found the front of the house thrown down by the flood, and the master tailor, Flecher, and several men holding by the rafters of the third storey. We procured a ladder, and got them safe into our boat. But all the cloth and arms, and everything in the house, was carried away into the sea, by the flood and returning tide. Allen and I continued going from street to street enquiring about the officers who were blockaded by the inundation. Arthur MacMahon's account of the way his landlady and her family perished was lamentable indeed. He lodged on the first floor, and the family under him on the ground one. The unfortunate woman's cries awakened him, and he ran downstairs to try to get her

out of the water, when he himself narrowly escaped being drowned. A mountain of water flowed in, and the cries ceased! Never, to his last moments, could MacMahon forget these cries.

I had, unfortunately, to quit Allen suddenly, and repair to bed, there to pass five or six hours in cold and hot fits, knocked down with a terrible fever, whilst he remained at the great guard-house all night, giving orders, or going with relief to the unfortunate inhabitants, many of whom were saved by his timely exertions at that perilous moment; a report of which was published next day, and a complimentary letter, signed by the civil authorities of Flushing, was addressed to him. I must add, he prized this letter as equal to any brevet he ever obtained afterwards in campaign.

In all kind of danger, even in sickness, Allen was lucky. I recollect when he, Ware, Parrot, Eager, Gillmor, O'Reilly and I were in the officer's ward in the military hospital at Middleburg, that he got rid of his fever in eight days, and had scarcely ever any relapse; whereas we had it returning continually until we left the island.

Although the inhabitants of Flushing at the time of the disastrous inundation were no longer the subjects of the King of Holland, Louis Buonaparte, yet his human compassion was no way wanting towards them in their misfortunes. He sent large sums of money to be distributed amongst the people who had lost their all. Few monarchs at that period, 1808, could boast of being so beloved as he was by his Dutch subjects.

This fearful inundation took place in the month of January, 1808.

The French troops in garrison at Flushing always received the same pay and rations as the Dutch army; and this was equal to double that of the French pay, until the annexation of the town to the French Empire

took place, when they were paid only according to the French tariff, which was a great privation in that bad climate, and where everything was so dear. The soldiers, however, continued to receive rations of wine.

Captain Ware never could have recovered, had he remained at Flushing, he was so reduced by the fever; but, fortunately for him, he got an order to join the battalion of the legion then encamped at Madrid, with Prince Murat, a captain's place being vacant in it.

Our surgeon-major, Saint-Leger, being in a dying state, I had to call on Dr. Moke, one of the first physicians in Flushing. Seeing the worst symptoms, my feet greatly swelled, and that the great quantity of bark that I had taken did not stop the fever, he advised me of all things to get a change of air. Having obtained in consequence of his certificate a leave of absence for a month, I took my passage in a vessel going up to Antwerp, and engaged two of the sailors to come to my hotel, to help me to get on board in time, as the vessel sailed at break of day. We reached Antwerp that same evening, time enough for me to take the coach for Brussels. I stopped at the Hotel de Flandre in that town, and next day had a visit of a worthy Irish patriot, Mr. Corr, who had been established a considerable time in business in Brussels; he told me that, hearing that one of the officers of the Irish legion in garrison at Flushing had arrived sick at the hotel, he called to offer his services, and to see if there was anything he could do for him. He wished to know if I found the hotel to my liking; I answered that it was everything I could desire, and the charges very reasonable; the only thing I could object to was, the dinner hour, half-past one o'clock, which was too soon for me. On this he said, that he and Mrs. Corr dined always at half-past four, or five o'clock at the latest, and that he was sure the hour and their dinner would suit my taste, and that I could

pay them the same price I was to give at the Hotel de Flandre. Not knowing Mr. Corr's circumstances, and thinking that it might be of use to him, I consented, and, the same day, I began to dine with him and his amiable wife. He hired a lodging for me two doors from his own house, with very obliging people, who prepared my breakfast for me, quite to my mind; so I was most comfortably settled. Every day I felt improving, and the fever nearly subsided. It being carnival time, Brussels, as usual, kept up its renown for all kinds of merriment during that period; there were plays, masked balls, etc. I think these amusements, with the good fare I had at Mr. Corr's, roused me after the irksome, desponding life I had led at Middleburg and Flushing. The former place is a most beautiful town: its cleanliness and neatness beyond all description, but to spend a Sunday there would suffice to throw one into the lowest spirits. Such are the religious habits of the Puritans who inhabit that pretty town, that they scruple even to open their doors on a Sunday to give directions to a stranger how to find his way. I have experienced this inconvenience; meeting no one in the street, I had to ring at two or three houses before anyone would condescend to open the door and speak to me, yet at every house there were people at the windows.

To add to my comfort during the three weeks and four days which I was allowed to remain at Brussels, the worthy Father Cowan, whom I had had the pleasure of knowing at Antwerp the year before, was there; he used to call on me to take me out to walk with him in the park, and as he belonged to the cathedral, he knew the town well. We used to stop at a cake shop, eat some cakes and take a glass of good sherry wine before separating. I told him on what conditions I had accepted Mr. Corr's table. He laughed and said, "I see you don't know Corr; but don't mind him, there is

a way of being up to him. His hospitality is well known to his countrymen; as to his wife, she is a woman of the greatest merit, and a lady in every sense of the word; they are both much respected, and deservedly so."

Father Cowan used to dine occasionally on Sundays at Mr. Corr's, and he was most agreeable and full of amusing anecdotes. He had travelled much and studied and passed many years at Prague; he spoke German, Italian, and French as well as English. No "Pat" ever regretted more than he did not to be able to speak his native tongue, Irish.

My leave of absence being expired, I had to quit in haste and take leave of my good friends, whom I can never forget; for it to was their kind attention in a great measure that I owed my recovery at Brussels in so short a time. I had to stop a day at Antwerp for a vessel going to Flushing, and next evening I rejoined my comrades in that town. I need not say they were agreeably surprised to see me so well recovered.

I returned very *apropos*, as one of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, General Bertrand, came shortly after to inspect the troops of the garrison, and to give instructions to General Monet, governor of the island, respecting the fortifications, defence to be made, etc., etc. We had, for several days, reviews, inspections, and manœuvres, and as I belonged to the grenadiers' company, it was lucky for me that I had got rid of my fever, at least for some time; and I resolved for the future to remain at my post, at all hazards, until an order to send troops to reinforce the battalion in Spain should arrive, and not to be absent, either at the hospital, or on leave of absence. The year before, had I only been sick in my room, instead of being at the hospital, I should have marched with the battalion commanded by Captain Lacy to Madrid.

At Flushing an excellent table-d'hôte was kept by an

Englishman of the name of Holder, where several of our officers dined at five o'clock. I went to dine there for some time; we had very agreeable company. General Clement lodged in the hotel, and his aides-de-camp dined with us, and occasionally the naval officers of the men-of-war ships lying in the roads. From the too frequent night service, making rounds in the damp air and fogs, I felt I should have a relapse of the horrid fever and ague. I had to quit the good table and begin again to take the Jesuit's bark, the only remedy Dr. Moke could prescribe. He was good enough to give me some he had in reserve for himself of a superior quality, and which could not be had at the chemist's; taking this red bark with strong port wine, I used to keep off the fever for a few days.

The newly-appointed French captain of the port of Flushing lodged in the same hotel with me, and as the smugglers were sure to bring English newspapers, he had orders to send them forthwith to Paris. He frequently asked me to look over these newspapers, as he did not know English, before he prepared his parcel for the post. He used to ask me: "What does Fox's paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, say of our Emperor?" The last time I had to translate news for this officer from the English newspapers was about the beginning of July, 1808, a period when the attention of all Europe was attracted to the transactions taking place at Bayonne. I told him, not literally, but the simple facts, that General Savary had orders to bring Ferdinand VII, then the King of Spain, to Bayonne, there to be reprimanded by Napoleon in the presence of his father, King Charles the Fourth, for having usurped and robbed his parent, this venerable monarch, of his crown. He was ordered by Napoleon to restore it forthwith—"or else." No sooner said than done. Charles got back his crown, and feeling himself to feeble to bear the burden, he

immediately abdicated in favour of the King of Naples; not the Bourbon branch, but the King Joseph Buonaparte. The newspaper I was translating added, Spain has now three kings, all absent; but the real sovereign of the country is reigning either at Seville or Cadiz, meaning the Junta chosen by the people. Those papers contained also articles about the Queen of Spain and Godoy, the Prince of the Peace.

It may be fairly asserted, that with the mutations of those kings, and the transfer of their realms, began Napoleon's worst difficulties. Soon after could be seen his Grand Army on its march to Spain, scarcely reposed from its fatigues and great victories in Germany and the Peace of Tilsit, to keep his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain, in spite of a nation composed of heroes and a determined people.

We were a long time without having any account of the Irish battalion at Madrid, when a sous-lieutenant O'Moran, belonging to it, arrived at Flushing; he was threatened with insanity, and was ordered to the depot to repose himself. From him we learned a great deal that did not transpire before. Captain Fitzhenry was now the senior officer, to have a command when a detachment of troops from the legion should be ordered to Spain, which was hourly expected. We resolved, if possible, not to be sick when it came, at least not to be absent, either on leave or at the hospital. Captains O'Meally, Allen, Parrott and I agreed with Fitzhenry to hold ourselves ready to march at a minute's notice, we were all so desirous to get away from the bad climate of the isle of Walcheren, and to see more active service.

CHAPTER III.

In July, 1808, another battalion of the Irish legion, consisting of 600 men, left Flushing for Spain. Captain Fitzhenry, being the senior officer present, had the command, and joined at Pampeluna in September, 1808, the battalion which had retreated from Madrid with King Joseph. The latter being much reduced, the two battalions were incorporated into one under Fitzhenry, who was extremely active on this occasion, being recommended by Marshal Moncey and other generals, knowing well how to command, riding well—indeed, few could equal him in horsemanship, and he had two beautiful chargers. He was named chef de bataillon by a decree of the Emperor dated 16th December, 1808. Several other promotions were obtained at the same time: Edmond Saint-Leger, Miles Byrne (the author), John Allen, got their brevets as captains; Armand Parrott, Sheridan, Dolan, Malony, as lieutenants; Perry, Mac Egan, Keller, and Russell, as sous-lieutenants These nominations completed the battalion in officers, which soon gained great praise for its instruction and discipline from Lieutenant-General Count de Buisson, Governor of Pampeluna. Prince Berthier, who had been minister of war, was then with the Emperor at Madrid, as chief of the staff, hearing the battalion so highly noted, and knowing the officers to be Irish exiled patriots, he ordered the battalion to make part of the army which marched against the English, then advancing into Spain, under the orders of General Sir John Moore; but after the defeat and death of this gallant general at Corunna, the battalion got orders to stop at Burgos, January, 1809, under the command of General

Darmignac. The officers of that Irish battalion were much disappointed at not having been brought in contact with General Moore's army; many of them had fought against him in 1798, in the counties of Wexford and Wicklow in Ireland, when they were risking everything dear to them on earth to get rid of the cruel foreign yoke, by which the Irish were murdered and tortured beyond anything that ever took place in the most barbarous states of the world.

Yet General Moore had acquired a far higher reputation for humanity than different other generals of the English—Lake, for instance, who was commander-in-chief of the English at the Battle of Vinegar Hill. When Garrett Byrne of Ballymanus, on General Moore's word of honour, surrendered on condition to be allowed to expatriate himself for ever, this contract was faithfully executed, though Byrne was one of the principal leaders and chiefs throughout the insurrection; whilst his younger brother William, against whom no charge could be made, save that of using his influence to protect the English prisoners from bad treatment, was hanged and executed at Wicklow. Yet he had a written protection from General Lake, given to him by order of Lord Cornwallis.

Napoleon seeing that General Moore's rapid retreat on Corunna would deprive him of an opportunity of defeating an English army, resolved to leave the further pacification to his brother King Joseph and the French marshals; he hastened back to Valladolid, and from thence to Burgos, where he arrived about eleven or twelve in the morning on the 17th of January, 1809, after making all the way on horseback, twenty-five leagues. The Irish battalion doing garrison duty at Burgos was apprized of the Emperor's passage there, and was under arms at an early hour on the bridge to

escort him to the bishop's palace, where he reposed himself for an hour and a half, and during his stay the Irish battalion mounted guard over him. Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who commanded the town of Burgos at the time under General Darmignac, was highly delighted that Napoleon had the Irish troops as his guard of honour; yet Colonel O'Meara was then unconnected with the Irish legion.

The Emperor gave an audience and a good reception to the Spanish civil authorities at Burgos, whilst he refused to receive the ecclesiastical corps, which was very numerous, because they had no chief at their head to present them, their bishop being absent, and thought to be with the Junta.

The Emperor started from Burgos in an open calèche, with General Savary, for Bayonne, where he arrived the same night: he was looking extremely well. It was the first time I had seen him since 1803, when he was First Consul, and he appeared to have become much stouter. We were gratified to have been the only troops on guard during his short stay, and being conspicuously placed, and our uniforms tolerably good, we appeared to advantage. It was the first time that Napoleon had seen any part of that legion, which he so anxiously had organized in 1803, for the destined expedition to obtain the independence of Ireland, and to which he entrusted the honour of bearing his eagles, as he did to the French regiments of his guards. His subsequent decree to have the first Irish regiment of the legion organized into four war battalions and a depot is a proof of the good impression made on him by the battalion at Burgos, commanded by Fitzhenry.

A small advanced post on the road to Valladolid was commanded that day by an Irishman, Serjeant Mooney. The Emperor, attracted by the green uniform of the soldiers, pulled up his horse to speak to the serjeant to

enquire what regiment he belonged to, etc. Serjeant Mooney and his twelve men and a corporal were exceedingly vain of this interview, and used to boast of having been inspected by Napoleon himself in person.

General Darmignac was replaced in the command at Burgos, soon after the Emperor's passage there, by Baron Thiébault, general of division, who was appointed also to be Governor of Old Castile. We were very glad to be under his orders, because he expressed himself on every occasion to be the friend of the exiled Irish, and he would often say to us: "If I am a general to-day, I owe, in a great measure, that rank and my rapid advancement to an Irishman, the unfortunate General O'Moran, who took me from the ranks of the volunteers in 1792, and had me named captain."

General Thiébault was highly educated and very well mannered, which was a great advantage to the troops under his command. He was the chief of the staff of that undaunted general, Junot, in Portugal, in 1808, and acquired great renown in his difficult situation; particularly at Lisbon, where he caused such improvements, in a very short space of time, by the sanitary changes which he obliged the inhabitants to make in their unclean city. At Burgos he took care to have the hospitals well provided with every necessary requisite for the convalescent. He took pleasure also in adding to the embellishment of a public walk, by the erection of a monument to the Cid. He had orders to commence the fort at Burgos, which became so famous in 1812, resisting all the assaults of the English army commanded by Wellington. Our soldiers were employed at the construction of that fort for a short time, in January, 1809, but the guerilla war soon gave them other occupation, and the service became quite different to that we had to perform at Pampeluna, where we had to escort prisoners to Bayonne and to visit hospitals containing

thousands of young soldiers sick with the "maladie du pays." Here at Burgos we had to escort the mail, or courrier, coming from France to Madrid and returning, continually fighting with guerillas, besides frequent disagreeable expeditions through the interior of the country. I shall mention a few of those that fell to my lot; and as every officer marched in his turn, it will show the busy service the battalion had to perform.

One night I was ordered to march, with a hundred and fifty men and two officers, Osmond and Malony, under the orders of the colonel of the 118th regiment, Duclos, who had an equal number of his own men. Just as we were setting out, Lieutenant Osmond was told that he was named to do the functions of aide-de-camp to the Prince of Isenberg, lately made general of brigade in the French army, and arrived at Burgos to get a command. I was sorry not to have Osmond with us, but I was glad he got a more agreeable situation; he was a good comrade and a distinguished officer. Our sudden march was in consequence of a detachment of soldiers, who were sent to escort a number of cars loaded with bullets and ammunition from Valladolid to Aguilar-del-Campo, not arriving in this town in due time. Having no news whatever of them, Colonel Duclos was ordered to go in that direction to discover the reason. The serjeant who commanded the detachment, seeing the oxen not able to go further, went to a small village off the road, to lodge his men, and stop for the night. When he came to that village, there was not a living being to be found to give any information; all had fled. We, however, soon discovered, by the traces of blood through a field, where the eighteen bodies of the unfortunate French soldiers were buried, and in another field, a little distance off, where the cannon balls were sunk in a kind of marshy ground. Colonel Duclos gave me an order to stop in a village near the one where the

murders were perpetrated, till he could procure me cars to transport the bullets to the fort at Burgos. The second day I had sufficient, and I escorted the bullets and ammunition to Burgos, when General Thiébault told me that Colonel Duclos was called back to the command of of his regiment, and the Adjutant-General Fontaine, who had been in Ireland with General Humbert, and whom I knew at Landernau in 1804, was appointed to replace him; that he wished me to command the troops of this moving column, as I had already a knowledge of the country.

After ten days' marching and counter-marching under the orders of Adjutant-General Fontaine, I was relieved by other troops, and I returned to Burgos to rejoin my battalion, and a few days after it was my turn to escort the mail to Lerma on the road to Madrid. A Mr. Murphy, of the house of Gordon & Murphy, of Madrid, availed himself of the escort to return to his home there; he was coming from France, where he had been detained as a prisoner of war, and he had an officer of gendarmes travelling in his coach with him to Madrid, where his presence was required to settle commercial business of the firm. After King Joseph retreated from his capital in 1808, Mr. Murphy raised a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, and, when colonel at the head of it, fighting gallantly against Napoleon, he was taken prisoner and sent to France. Mr. Murphy was a very splendid looking man, very handsome, and a good Spanish patriot. Some of our officers experienced great kindness from him in 1807 at their camp in Madrid.

During our stay in Burgos we had occasion to see several of the distinguished generals of the Republic and the Empire. One night I got an order to mount guard with my company over Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzic, who was returning to France. And after the siege of Saragossa, in February, 1809, the Duke of

Montebello, Marshal Lannes, arrived with his staff, and his first aide-de-camp was Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who who had been a captain and our comrade in the Irish legion in 1804, when we were on the coast near Brest, expecting to be sent to Ireland. William O'Meara met there his twin brother, Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who was the commander of the town of Burgos at the time. The meeting of the brothers in a foreign land is another instance of the misfortunes of poor Ireland; had she been allowed to govern herself, those brave officers would have been an ornament to her commonwealth, in place of wandering abroad to seek their fortunes. Colonel William O'Meara was wounded beside Marshal Lannes, the day that hero was killed at the Battle of Essling, 1809. O'Meara was named baron of the Empire and general of brigade some time after.

The Irish abroad, and particularly the exiles banished from their homes, were often more enthusiastic about celebrating St. Patrick's Day, than if they had been living quietly in the Green Island. This was the case with the officers of the Irish battalion at Burgos on the 17th March, 1809. We had a dinner party, to which we invited the commander of the place, Colonel Daniel O'Meara, and Colonel O'Neill, then a captain in the 47th regiment, formerly Walsh's, which had been commanded by his father, General O'Neill; his battalion had still several officers who had served in the brigades. A Prussian regiment, newly formed, in the service of France, arrived in Burgos; one of the officers of it, a Mr. Plunkett, a very nice man, told us that his father was the son of an Irishman born in the Austrian States. We had also the sons of Irishmen who had served in the Irish regiments in the Spanish army: Dalton, MacNalty, Cantan, etc. Thus the exiles of 1798 had the honour of entertaining at the festival of their patron saint, Patrick, the descendants of those exiles of the different

epochs of Ireland's sad history. What a picture an able hand might have drawn of Ireland's misfortunes, inspired by the varied and woful histories of the ancestors of our guests! What a pity that the author of the "Exile of Erin" was not present at our dinner on St. Patrick's Day!

The guerillas at this time (1809), though far from being organized as they were afterwards, gave great occupation to the French troops in the province of Old Castille. It became a very disagreeable service to be continually, night and day, marching to disperse those bands, and quite repugnant to our feelings, and we wished much to be brought to fight against a regular army; and I must say that Commandant Fitzhenry exerted himself greatly in this instance. And as soon as General Kellerman (son of Marshal Kellerman, the hero of Marengo), was given the command of an army corps, to co-operate with Marshal Soult and Marshal Ney against Sir Arthur Wellesley and the English, then thought to be about landing again in Portugal, and against the Spanish army under the command of the Marquis de Romana, Fitzhenry's demand to have the honour for the Irish battalion of making part of the army was accorded.

The battalion was marched to Leon to make part of the army assembling then under General Kellerman for the expedition against the Marquis de Romana in the Asturias, and formed the advanced guard of the first brigade under General Charlot. On the 18th of May, 1809, the army left Leon, and had for several days to fight and force the passages in the mountains to Oviedo, until Romana's army was thought completely beaten and dispersed.

The battalion was then ordered to Gijon, a small seaport town, where we expected to stop for some time; but in consequence of Marshal Soult's retreat from

Oporto, and Marshal Ney's from Galicia, General Kellerman had to evacuate the Asturias.[1] He ordered the Irish battalion on its way back to Burgos to pursue the division of the Marquis de Romana's army that had escaped into the mountains, and for several days the battalion, not more than six hundred strong, was attacking the rearguard of a division of several thousand. At length the Spanish general, seeing but a small force following him, intended to attack in his turn and to draw the Irish battalion into an ambuscade; he was, however, soon put to flight again when General Chovel and his brigade, that had left Leon a few days before, came in sight. This general kept the Irish battalion with him in the mountains for some time, and then it returned to Leon, where the paymaster and the convalescents had remained. There they met General Kellerman, who ordered them on another expedition through the mountains to Santandero, passing by Aguilar del Campo. Finally, the battalion returned to Burgos after a long absence, to be again under the orders of General Thiébault, who informed the officers that the Emperor was so well pleased with the conduct of the

[1] We were delighted at the prospect of reposing ourselves a few days in the neat little town of Gijon. I was lodged at the house of a rich merchant on the quay, and I only found there one servant, a very old woman, who showed me my room. Her mistress, hearing that the strictest discipline was observed, sent me a message to say that she wished me to go to where she was hiding, at her gardener's house in the suburbs. I conducted this lady and her three children to their home. Captain Maguire called on me, and she politely invited him to come to dinner, which he accepted with pleasure, and we spent an agreeable evening with this amiable lady. The next morning she told me that her husband, who was at their country place, a league or two from the town, wished her to bring a small escort for him, as he feared if he returned alone he might fall into the hands of the patriots and be badly treated. She asked me to accompany her. Commandant Fitzhenry thought I could not refuse her, and bid me take a few men to serve as an escort. This lady had her horse and mule both saddled, and we were ready to start, when the drums beat to arms, fortunately for me, and in half an hour after the town was evacuated, and was only reoccupied the second day by a French battalion. I must say that this incident was a warning to me in all my future campaigns never to quit my battalion on any account.

Irish legion, that he decreed it should take the title of First Irish Regiment of the legion in the service of France, and ordered the Duke of Feltre, who was then minister of war, to have it organised with four war battalions, and a fifth with a depot which was placed the same year, June, 1809, at Landau, near the Rhine.

General Thiébault read at parade the new organization, which was as follows:

DANIEL O'MEARA, COLONEL.

Peterzelli, chef-de-bataillon.	1st battalion at Flushing.
J. Fitzhenry, do.	2nd ,, in Spain.
J. F. Mahony, do.	
	4th ,, not yet formed.

Colonel O'Meara was ordered to remain at Landau to see the 3rd battalion completed and ready to march to Spain. Captain Lawless and the other five officers who were sent from the camp at Boulogne-sur-Mer to Brest in 1807 were ordered to Landau and placed in Commandant Mahony's battalion, Lawless as captain of grenadiers, but he soon received his brevet as "chef" of the first battalion, then at Flushing, with orders to repair there to replace Commandant Peterzelli (who was placed on General Monet's staff) in the command of that battalion. But before Lawless's arrival, the town was completely surrounded, by sea and land, by the English. He gallantly made his way through the enemy's fleet, in a small open boat, and got safe into the town and took the command of the battalion. There he distinguished himself in every sortie made against the enemy, till he received a dangerous wound, and most of his men were killed or wounded.

General Monet having capitulated at Flushing without any stipulation for the Irish officers, Commandant Lawless thought it necessary to confide in the medical

man of the place, Dr. Moke, in whose house he was, and who dressed his wounds and kept him in concealment till he was well enough, and found an opportunity of making his escape to Antwerp, where he brought the Eagle of the regiment and was received by Marshal Bernadotte (afterwards King of Sweden) with the highest marks of esteem and consideration for his brilliant conduct in the defence of Flushing. He was mentioned in the order of the army at Antwerp. The Marshal having apprized the Emperor of Commandant Lawless's escape, he ordered him to repair to Paris, where he conferred on him the decoration of the Legion of Honour and the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Some of the officers of the Irish regiment being made prisoners at Flushing, and being taken to England, were there treated in every respect as French officers, no doubt from the fear of reprisals on the part of the French Government, had any violence been offered them.

Amongst the officers of the regiment who escaped to France and who were mentioned in the reports of the siege as having distinguished themselves, were Captains Barker, McCann, and Dowdall; the two latter died of their wounds at Ghent. Lieutenant Martin died of his wounds in some other town. Lieutenant O'Reilly, who escaped with Commandant Lawless, received the decoration of the Legion of Honour on arriving in France, for his brilliant conduct during the siege, and was soon named a captain in the first battalion, re-organized at Landau. Captain Tennant was named commandant in the room of Colonel Lawless.

The Duke of Feltre, receiving daily applications from Irishmen detained in the different depots of English prisoners in France to serve in the Irish regiment, thought proper to send an intelligent officer to these depots to ascertain that none but Irish should be

allowed to take service. Captain Markey, who had been sent to Brest in 1807, was chosen for this purpose; he executed his mission with so much skill and activity, that after sending a great body of recruits to the Irish regiment, the Duke of Feltre took him for one of his aides-de-camp; in which situation he remained until he obtained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The third battalion being completely organized in 1809 at Landau, was ordered to Spain under the command of Commandant Mahony; but in consequence of the disturbed state of Germany in the rear of the Grand Army, the battalion had to make several marches down the right bank of the Rhine before setting out for Spain, and only arrived at Burgos in the month of January, 1810, when it was united to the second battalion.

Commandant Fitzhenry rose much in the estimation of the Governor of Old Castille after he returned with his battalion to Burgos, when all the details of our campaign in the Asturias under the command of General Kellerman were known. The latter ordered a gratification of one hundred francs to be given to each officer of his division; this money was the produce of a prize made at Gijon of an English ship laden with coffee and spices, and which was seized there and sold for the benefit of the hospitals. General Thiébault was not pleased to learn that the troops which were sent from his government of Old Castille, to make part of General Kellerman's division, did not participate in the gratification accorded to the officers. He asked Commandant Fitzhenry the cause of this omission, to which the latter mentioned his conversation on the subject with General Kellerman, which was simply this: "Commandant, I have not comprised your officers for the gratification, knowing that they must have indemnified themselves in their long marches after the Marquis de Romana in in the interior of the Asturias." Commandant Fitzhenry

replied: "General, the officers of the Irish battalion are men of high honour and principle, and I challenge and defy any Spaniard to come forward and prove that a single article or object was ever taken, save the regular rations ordered to be furnished to troops in campaign, by the officers of my battalion, etc."

It is true that General Kellerman did not pass for being the most agreeable chief to serve under. We were quitting his command and returning to Burgos. He wished to employ us on our way back there to disperse a part of Romana's army again rallying in the mountains. He could not have known the real force of the enemy we had to fight against, or he would have ordered more troops. We, however, manœuvred in this critical situation much better than could have been expected. One night that we had to stop in a poor village to give some repose to our men, Commandant Fitzhenry being lodged at the priest's house, got a great deal of important information from the venerable old clergyman of this parish all of which we found to be quite accurate and of infinite service to us next morning, and in consequence we avoided the ambuscade prepared for us by the Marquis de Romana; we turned his position and soon put his troops to flight. This short campaign in the Asturias gave us an opportunity of judging the character of its inhabitants, and I must say, that though in time of war, we were generally on friendly terms with them.

I was one day ordered by General Chovel to command a detachment of troops to escort a Spanish agent who was going to a village six leagues off, to procure provisions for headquarters. We arrived there in the night. The agent took his billet at the Alcade's house, and I was lodged at the parish priest's. This clergyman was middle aged, and very well looking. The next morning, whilst the Spanish agent, acting in the name

of King Joseph, was regulating with the senor Alcade about the quantity and nature of the provisions to be got ready, I had a long and interesting conversation with my host. This worthy patriotic ecclesiastic told me he had studied at Salamanca, and had been acquainted there with many of my countrymen, both students of the Irish College, and officers of the Irish regiment in the Spanish service; he added, that he thought there was a great similitude in many respects between the people of our respective countries, their sufferings, etc. I answered there could be no comparison, as in his country, at that moment, the inhabitants were not persecuted and deprived of their civil rights on account of the religion they professed. I allowed, however, that the Spaniards had suffered in their disastrous wars on account of the monarchs imposed on them: one time from an Austrian branch, another from the house of the Bourbons of France, and then from the Buonaparte family: whilst in poor Ireland the millions of unemancipated Catholic serfs were kept in bondage by a Protestant ascendancy of a few hundred thousand individuals, acting there the part of the cruel taskmasters for England. That in changing the Spanish dynasties, no religious persecutions took place in Spain. I perfectly agreed with him that the Spaniards had a right to govern themselves and to choose the form of government they wished; whilst, on the other hand, I maintained that no matter who the chief of the French government was, he became responsible to the nation to take the best means to secure the friendship of the neighbouring states, and their perfect neutrality in time of war; that it could never be forgotten, that after the revolution of 1789, when hostilities began, Protestant Prussia and Catholic Spain were the first Powers to attack and invade France. To be sure, other Powers soon followed the example, as Protestant England and Catholic

Austria; the latter on the Rhine and on the Alps; the former got possession of Toulon by treachery, and made a bold attempt to take Dunkirk, but that town was commanded by an Irishman, O'Meara, and the Duke of York and the English army under his orders were forced to make a shameful retreat. "Again, in 1806, had the battle of Iena been lost by France, your King Charles the Fourth was prepared to declare war against her. Now, under all those circumstances, a sure guarantee was required by the French Government from the Spanish nation: I am far from pretending that the right means were taken to secure it." In the most animated tone did this Spanish priest reply, not as I expected indeed, to my observations. He said, "Sir, don't think that it is because we want Ferdinand more than Joseph, that the war is carried on against you; it is because we want to remain a Spanish nation independent of foreigners, and we hope it will never cease until the last French soldier is driven from our country. You are here in a province, the Asturias, which the Moors could not conquer, and, with God's help, you shall fail also."

I could not help admiring the patriotism of this enthusiastic ecclesiastic: he reminded me of the virtuous clergymen who suffered torture and death as martyrs, both in the field and on the scaffold, in Ireland in 1798, endeavouring to set their country free from the cruel foreign yoke. Historians writing on the wars of that period seem to disapprove the part some Irish clergymen took in them, whilst they admire the Spaniards fighting against Catholic France. Be that as it may, the names of the priests and monks who were buried under the ruins of Saragossa, in the month of February, 1809, will be revered and remembered in that country to the end of time; as sure as that the names of Father Roche, Father Redmond, the two Fathers Murphy, and

Father Kearns will never be forgotten in the county of Wexford as long as the Slaney runs into the sea!

One of the Fathers Murphy was killed at the Battle of Arklow, on the 9th of June, 1798. The other four were hanged and quartered in the most disgusting and cruel manner, and died martyrs to their country's cause. With three of them I was on the most intimate terms, all through the insurrection, viz.: Fathers John Murphy, Kearns and Roche. As to poor Father Redmond, he was the curate of our parish, and it was he who attended my dear father in his last moments in 1797. Father Frank Kavanagh was the parish priest, and they had three chapels in the parish, Clough, Crane and Monaseed, to attend on Sundays. Father Redmond took no part whatever in the war; he resided quite retired, with his family, in the neighbourhood of Earl Mountnorris' mansion. One day a detachment from our camp being sent there to procure some provisions, Father Redmond presented himself to them, and in the most humble manner beseeched them not to burn or plunder the concerns of the Earl, who was one of the best of men. He succeeded in his request and retired again to his home, where he remained till the war was over, when Lord Mountnorris had him arrested and escorted to the English camp at Gorey Hill with a rope about his neck. There he had him hanged from the bough of a tree; and whilst he was suspended, the noble Earl had the courage to discharge his case of pistols through the body of this innocent priest, whose only crime was that of having contributed to save the premises of that cowardly Earl, who wanted to redeem his lost reputation by this cruel murder. He knew he was censured for not being at the head of his corps of yeoman cavalry, when they fought and were defeated on the 26th of May, 1798. His lieutenants, Busky and Swan, were killed, and almost all the men.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Emperor Napoleon, after the Battle of Wagram and his other victories in Germany, heard the unpleasant news of the capitulation of the French garrison at Flushing to the English on the 15th of August, 1809; and knowing that the first battalion of the Irish regiment, commanded by William Lawless, made part of that garrison, he gave orders to have another first battalion forthwith organized at Landau, the depot where the men and officers were assembled for its formation. Captain John Tennant was promoted to the command of it, with the rank of chef de bataillon, in the room of Commandant Lawless, who was reported killed during the siege of Flushing. (It was in November he escaped to Antwerp.) Lieutenant Osmond, who had been employed as aide-de-camp for a short time in Spain, to the Prince Isenberg, received his commission as captain adjutant-major to Commandant Tennant's battalion; and, indeed, a better choice could not have been made. MacCarthy, a volunteer in a French regiment at the camp of Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1804, got rapid promotion: he was a lieutenant at the Battle of Wagram, where he distinguished himself, and for this he was named knight of the Legion of Honour and captain of grenadiers to the first battalion of the Irish regiment at Landau, commanded by Tennant. MacCarthy was a fine officer, highly instructed, and the best of comrades. Besides the Captains O'Quin, Markey, Magrath, de Meyers, etc., the first battalion was composed of lieutenants and sub-lieutenants of worth, and all were animated with a military spirit that could not be surpassed in any regiment; such were, the youngest Saint-Leger, O'Brien, Berthemy,

Lynch, Magrath, junior; young Osmond, nephew to the captain; Swanton, Wall, junior, Glashan, senior, MacAuley, Markey's nephew, etc., etc.

How disagreeable and discouraging it must have been to these young officers to witness the injudicious manner the Minister of War, Feltre, behaved towards them. They at least expected that when the place of captain became vacant in the regiment, it would be filled by the senior lieutenant or by one chosen by the chiefs, as is the case in the French regiments. One instance will suffice to prove the contrary was the case in the Irish regiment. General Clark, when he was Governor of Berlin in 1806, became acquainted there with a Mr. Ferguson, a Scotch gentleman. In 1809, General Clark, then Duke of Feltre, and Minister of War at Paris, was waited on and solicited by his former acquaintance, Mr. Ferguson, for some situation under the French Government. The minister immediately granted him the commission of captain in the Irish regiment, to the prejudice of all those brave lieutenants before mentioned. No doubt, Mr. Ferguson was a well-bred gentleman, but he was more than fifty years of age, and he had not the least idea of the military profession, as he candidly owned himself to Marshal Massena in Spain, who took compassion on him, and gave him permission to go and stop at Valladolid until an opportunity to return to the depot of the Irish regiment at Landau should occur. Many other instances occurred of old captains (who should have been retired) being put at the head of companies in the Irish regiment by the Duke of Feltre, who did not seem to feel for the military spirit and emulation, which is the life and soul of an army. His depriving those brave young officers of the advancement they were so well entitled to, and appointing men to situations who had no claims as Irish patriots, showed that the Duke of Feltre cared little about the independence of Ireland;

and, indeed, he could not have given a better proof than that of having named John Francis Mahony chef de bataillon over the heads of such captains as Lawless, Tennant, Markey, Brangan, O'Malley, Saint-Leger, Allen, Ware, etc.

Mahony had nothing to recommend him to hold a rank in an Irish regiment in the French service: he emigrated as a sub-lieutenant in 1792, took service in England and served in Egypt against the French in 1799; after the Peace of Amiens in 1802 he sold out his commission in the English army and returned to France. He never asked to be employed so long as any hopes of an expedition to Ireland was entertained. In 1809 he was named to command the 3rd battalion of the Irish regiment, which was ordered to Spain, to join the 2nd battalion at Burgos. But what was still worse, was, not to have promoted the senior superior officer of the regiment to the rank of colonel of it. Had Commandant Fitzhenry got the situation, Captain Ware would have replaced him, and the first lieutenant would have been named captain in his place; and promotion would thus have been obtained down to the soldiers in the ranks.

Colonel Daniel O'Meara, whom we knew in 1809 as commander of the place at Burgos, was named colonel of the first Irish regiment the same year, and ordered to the depot at Landau, to have the war battalions organized and equipped, ready to march against the enemies of France. Unfortunately, though a brave and an honourable man, he was quite unfit for the task of commanding a regiment; having been mostly employed on the staff, he knew little of the evolutions or manœuvres of infantry, and he was getting too old to learn, and being addicted to drinking, he was rendered not only useless but unsafe at the head of his regiment. He remained at the depot, waiting till the 3rd battalion, arrived in

Spain, should be united with the 2nd, to go and take the command of both. But, as is mentioned in the third chapter, Commandant Mahony had to march with his battalion for some time down the Rhine, to disperse guerillas that were attempting to make a diversion in the rear of the French Grand Army, and interrupting all small detachments, which might have become formidable and dangerous had the Germans possessed the same kind of spirit and talents for a guerilla war that the Spaniards had. In consequence of this short excursion on the Rhine, the 3rd battalion only reached Burgos in January, 1810, after its long march in winter.

I was truly glad to see it arrive, as I met amongst the officers composing it several of my former friends and comrades: first of all, Captain Paul Murray, whose acquaintance I made in the mountains of the county of Wicklow in 1798, at a memorable period of Ireland's sad history; next, Captain Brangan, who was destined to have taken an active part in poor Robert Emmet's unsuccessful undertaking in 1803. My acquaintance with Jackson, Bourke, Delany, Nugent, Cabour de la Haye (the nephew of the illustrious General Foy), only commenced at Burgos in 1810, and I must say, for the latter, I never knew a more upright, better, or braver man than he was all the time he remained in the Irish regiment; and to his last moment, when he was colonel of the staff, and enjoying influence, his great pleasure was to ascertain how he could be useful to his former comrades. All his acts were in perfect harmony with those of his uncle, General Foy.

As to Jackson and Bourke, they were young men of ability, for whom I had the sincerest friendship till death and banishment separated us. Captain Bourke was killed on the 29th of August, 1813, at Lowenberg on the Bober. Captain Jackson was banished from France on a ministerial order of the war minister, the Duke of

Feltre, in 1815, as a Buonapartist, without any trial or proof. He went to South America, where he soon obtained the rank of colonel, fighting for the independence of his newly-adopted country.

Young Delany was brother to the gentleman I met at Mr. Emmet's in 1803, and was the friend of poor Thomas Russell and of his nephew by marriage, William Hamilton.

Captain Ferguson looked rather conspicuous, being well mounted on a white pony, and riding every day on the march beside his company, the command of which he left to his lieutenant, as he had not yet had time to learn the words of command before setting out from the depot at Landau. At table, however, in the evening, he was a perfect gentleman, and Commandant Mahony seemed to appreciate that military quality in one of his captains, being an excellent judge himself of the étiquette to be observed on such occasions, from his experience at the mess tables of the English officers whilst he remained in that service.

Commandant Mahony would have been rather well looking but for a squint which he had, and which gave him at times a mean air; particularly so on account of the impediment he had in his speech: his stammer would often prevent him uttering a word for half a minute, and then his face was distorted to a most extraordinary degree. He, however, could command without stammering and sing also with ease.

I need not say that we received Commandant Mahony and his officers of the 3rd battalion at dinner, and entertained them in the best way we could the day they arrived, and that we spent a very pleasant evening together, talking over old times.

The two battalions being united, the sous-intendant militaire inspected them and classed the officers. Captain O'Malley passed to the 3rd battalion in the first class.

Captain Murray replaced him in the second battalion. Joseph Parrott was named adjutant-major to the third battalion with Commandant Mahony. At this review, in the absence of Colonel O'Meara, Commandant Fitzhenry, as senior superior officer, took the command of the Irish regiment then at Burgos.

The general of division, Solignac, replaced General Thiébault as Governor of Old Castille. He employed the 2nd battalion in all his expeditions against the Marquis Ceto Porlier and the other Spanish chiefs, which made a great name for Fitzhenry and the officers who composed that battalion. Captain Allen, with his company of voltigeurs, surprised, near Najara, in the night, a squadron of Spanish cavalry, consisting of four officers and forty men. After taking horses that were fit for service, General Solignac had the rest sold and the money distributed amongst Captain Allen's voltigeurs, to reward them for their activity. This had an excellent effect on the men of the regiment.

The Irish regiment was relieved in Old Castille, where it had been constantly engaged in expeditions against the guerillas, by the Young Imperial Guards arriving from France in February, 1810. At this time orders were given for the formation of the eighth corps, under General Junot, Duke of Abrantes. It was composed of three divisions, commanded by Lieutenants-Generals Clausel, Solignac, and Lagrange.

The Irish regiment made a part of the 2nd division, General Solignac's, in the 2nd brigade, commanded by General Thomier. On the first of March, 1810, it left Burgos for Rio Seco, and here Colonel O'Meara arrived from the depot at Landau, with a detachment, and took the command of the regiment. At Rio Seco the division was united and formed the headquarters of Generals Solignac and Thomier for some days.

The Duke of Abrantes had his headquarters with the division Lagrange at Valladolid.

The division of Clausel blockaded Astorga and began to make a regular siege; but his division was relieved in the trenches by General Solignac's, and he marched to the advanced posts before the English to prevent them raising the siege. The 2nd division encamped near the town, and the Irish regiment was employed day and night in the trenches during this memorable siege, which lasted three weeks.

On the 19th of April, 1810, the general-in-chief, the Duke of Abrantes, arrived, and as the Spanish garrison would not surrender, he ordered the breach to be made, which with great difficulty was effected on the 21st of April, 1810. A battalion of chosen troops was organized to mount the breach, and Captain Allen's company of voltigeurs, consisting of 150 men of the 2nd battalion of the first Irish regiment, marched at its head. After Captain Allen received his instructions as he passed the Duke of Abrantes in the trenches, he divided his company into two sections, and at the head of the first he marched on to the breach. At 5 o'clock p.m., when the signal was given, he had to pass more than 200 yards uncovered before he got to the bottom of the breach, under the fire of above two thousand men; he, however, mounted it with such bravery and decision, that when he arrived at the top, he turned round and saluted the general and the army of above 30,000 men; then pointing to his men to fire on the enemy that was on his flank, and to follow him into the town, he took possession of a house near the rampart, according to the instructions of the Duke of Abrantes, in order to keep up the communication between the breach and the trenches; and this he defended the whole night. In order to facilitate the mounting of the breach to the rest of the battalion, he made a temporary rampart of the men's sacks on his left flank, from behind which he kept up a continual fire on the enemy that approached the breach from the rampart,

who he feared might cut off his communication with the trenches. All the officers senior to Allen of the battalion being killed or wounded, all orders were given by him during the night till the arrival of Captain Legrave, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Abrantes, who had been designed to command the battalion, but who did not join it till one in the morning.

A drummer of Captain Allen's, in mounting the breach, had both his legs broken, but he kept his drum, sat down and beat the charge as long as he was able, and indeed until all the battalion got up: for this he received the cross of the Legion of Honour. The rest of Commandant Fitzhenry's battalion remained all night near the breach, ready to mount the first in the morning, and suffered much. Every company had men killed and wounded, carrying ladders to the breach, which was scarcely practicable. His adjutant-major Perry, and his adjutant Gougie were both wounded, the latter lost his arm. The battalion received on this occasion great praise from the Duke of Abrantes and the other generals. Captain Allen's conduct was so remarkable as to excite general admiration throughout the army assembled there: indeed, it exceeded all praise that could be given him. The Duke of Abrantes, who was so brave himself and such an admirer of heroic actions, was heard to exclaim: "Good heavens! I would give two thousand Napoleons to see that brave man alive in the morning; but it is impossible for him to escape under such a tremendous fire." The garrison seeing no chance of retaking the breach, which was steadily defended by Captain Allen during the night, sent a flag of truce at daylight to the general-in-chief and surrendered at discretion. Five thousand fine troops marched out and laid down their arms on the glacis, and the Irish regiment was ordered to escort them to Valladolid, which was considered a very hard service after all the fatigue they had

endured day and night in the trenches during the siege.

After the town surrendered, Captain Allen was ordered to return by the breach, as an honour, with the remains of the battalion, which was reduced to about 150 men out of 900, the rest being all killed or wounded. The general-in-chief, Junot, Duke of Abrantes, accompanied by all the generals present, Solignac, Lagrange, Thomier, Sainte-Croix, etc., came to review those brave men who remained of the battalion that had mounted the breach. Nothing could equal the expressions of admiration and praise. Each embraced Captain Allen, the only captain who had escaped. Captain Allen and the remains of his company was sent into Astorga after it had surrendered, to wait the return of the rest of the Irish regiment sent to escort the prisoners to Valladolid. Colonel O'Meara of the Irish regiment was named to command the place, and the greatest order and discipline was kept up, no sort of plunder being allowed.

The Irish regiment returned to Astorga after having escorted the prisoners to Valladolid, and in the beginning of May, being relieved by a Swiss regiment at Astorga, they joined the division of General Solignac and marched to Toro.

It was during this march that the general-in-chief the Duke of Abrantes placed Colonel O'Meara on the staff of General Solignac, and gave the command of the Irish regiment to Commandant Fitzhenry. At the same time Generals Solignac and Thomier having assembled the officers of the 3rd battalion of the Irish regiment in the presence of Commandant Mahony, and hearing their complaints against him, he was attached to the duke's staff, and the command of the 3rd battalion given to Captain Allen in his stead.

Captain Allen felt on this occasion that he could not command a battalion in which there were two captains

senior to him; but General Thomier told him it was the wish of the Duke of Abrantes, and that he ought to comply, as the duke expected by every courier his brevet as chef de bataillon.

The regiment was ordered from Toro to Salamanca in the beginning of June, 1810, in which town Prince Massena had just arrived to take the command of the three corps of army destined to invade Portugal. The 2nd corps was commanded by General Regnier, the 6th by Marshal Ney, and the 8th by Junot, Duke of Abrantes. The latter assembled the Irish officers on their arriving at Salamanca, to announce to them the promotions and decorations that were just arrived from Paris for the regiment. He expressed great regret that Captain Allen's brevet as chef de bataillon was not amongst them, but promised him he would never cease his endeavours till he obtained his brevet from the Duke of Feltre, then Minister of War. Captain Allen resumed the command of his company of voltigeurs in the 2nd battalion, and Captain O'Malley, the senior captain of the 3rd battalion, took the command of it.

The 6th corps commanded by Marshal Ney was employed to make the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and the 8th corps commanded by Junot, Duke of Abrantes, marched in the beginning of June, 1810, from Salamanca to the advanced posts before the English, and occupied the line between Almeida and Ciudad Rodrigo.

A battalion d'élite, or chosen troops of the Irish regiment, was assembled to act at the advanced posts during the siege, and Captain Ware of the grenadiers of the 2nd battalion of the Irish was named by the Duke of Abrantes to command it. In an attack made on a division of advanced posts by General Sainte-Croix and his brigade of cavalry, seconded by Captain Ware, the English were driven back under the walls of Almeida and the Fort of Conception. Captain Ware was highly com-

plimented by all the generals for the brilliant conduct of his battalion during this action. He received at this time his brevet of chef de bataillon for the 4th battalion of the Irish regiment, then forming at Landau in France, to which town he was ordered to repair without delay. He was ordered to give up the command of his company of grenadiers to Captain Byrne of the 2nd battalion.[1]

At the end of July, 1810, as soon as Ciudad Rodrigo surrendered, the Irish regiment went with the Duke of Abrantes to his headquarters at Ledesma, in which place it remained until the camp was formed at Saint-Félix-le-Grand. From this camp it went to be employed at the siege of Almeida until the town was blown up and surrendered in the end of August the same year. After this siege, Massena, with the three army corps, marched into Portugal, and the Irish regiment, being considered as light troops, always marched at the head of General Thomier's brigade. This brave general seemed happy to have them under his command in entering Portugal, and in an energetic and eloquent speech which he made to the officers of the Irish regiment the morning of the Battle of Busaco, at the moment he expected the order for attacking the English, he reminded them of all the wrongs of unfortunate Ireland, and called also to their recollection Fontenoy, where the Irish Brigade in the service of France decided the battle.

The day after the Battle of Busaco, the 8th corps marched on Coimbra and completely turned the left wing of the English army, then in full retreat on Lisbon. The Irish regiment shared in the honour of this day, and indeed in every place where the English attempted to resist, until they were driven behind their intrenchments at Torres Vedras, near Lisbon.

The Irish regiment encamped at the most advanced

[1] The author.

posts, within cannon shot of the enemy's line, and remained in this position until the army was ordered to fall back on Santarem and Torres Novas in December, 1810. It was detached with General Thomier in a small village called Praseras, where the companies d'élite were continually employed endeavouring to find provisions, which now became very difficult to procure. It became necessary to go out into the enemy's line and there to fight and run the greatest dangers; but the privations of this memorable campaign are too generally known for it to be necessary to say more than that the Irish regiment bore them with as much fortitude as any other regiment in the army. They were for nearly eight months without pay or rations, except at Torres Vedras, where the regiment came on the first of January, 1811, to be on service with the general-in-chief, Prince Massena. In this place, goat's flesh was distributed once a week; an ounce to each man, with some maize or indian corn; but even this scanty allowance ceased.

About the end of February, 1811, several regiments were ordered to send into France the officers, serjeants and corporals of their 3rd battalions, and to leave the private men to be incorporated in the 1st and 2nd battalions, or war battalions. Captain Parrott conducted the officers and serjeants and corporals of the 3rd battalion of the Irish regiment to Landau.

On the 1st of March, previous to the retreat, the Duke of Abrantes marched forward to attack the English, or rather to manœuvre on their line. The Irish regiment left Torres Novas and accompanied him on this expedition, during which he was wounded. The regiment returned from the advanced posts to Torres Novas on the 6th of March; on which day the retreat began on the whole line. General Solignac's division, in which was the Irish regiment, covered the retreat for several days, until the army was concentrated at Pombal, at

which place Marshal Ney got the command of the rear-guard of the army; and as every regiment furnished a battalion for the extreme rear guard, the Irish battalion had this honour frequently during the retreat, which lasted nearly a month before the army reached the Spanish frontier; never making more than three or four leagues a day, and continually fighting.

The Irish battalion was reviewed at Celerico, near the frontiers of Spain, by the general, who was highly pleased to see still so many men present. At this town Marshal Ney left the army and returned to France.

By an order of the Division, an officer from each regiment was sent into Spain to provide shoes and other articles to be ready for the men by the time they should get to their cantonments in Spain. Captain Allen, who was sent from the Irish regiment on this mission, left Ciudad Rodrigo on the 26th of March, 1811, accompanied by the colonel of the 22nd regiment and several other officers. They were attacked by the guerillas, and the adjutant of the 22nd was taken prisoner, as was Captain Allen, after receiving two wounds on his head. After enduring the most cruel treatment, they were escorted to Cadiz, where they remained as prisoners for eighteen months. The Duke of Abrantes was quite enraged when he heard of Captain Allen's misfortune, and expressed the greatest sorrow on the occasion.

After Marshal Ney left the army at Celerico, General Loiseau took the command of the 6th corps. The army manœuvred to the left by Guarda Bellemonte. On the 1st of April it heard of the birth of the King of Rome. The 2nd corps, commanded by General Regnier, had to sustain a desperate attack on the 3rd of April from the English and Portuguese. On the 5th of April the army arrived on the Spanish frontier, passing Alfaetas, and on the 6th and 7th encamped near Rodrigo. On the 8th the army passed by the town, took biscuit for four days

to bring them to the neighbourhood of Toro and Salamanca and other cantonments, to recover the fatigues and privations of the campaign.

The Irish battalion marched with the army for about two leagues from Ciudad Rodrigo, on the road to Salamanca, when Commandant Fitzhenry received an order to return with his battalion to make part of the garrison of Rodrigo. He desired the senior captain (O'Malley), to take the command and to return with the battalion, whilst he himself rode on to the head of the column to get permission to go to Salamanca, which was granted him by the general. The battalion returned immediately to Rodrigo, and was inspected on the glacis by the governor, General Rheno, who told the men that he had still plenty of provisions for them, notwithstanding all that had been delivered to the army passing by; and certainly he kept his word, and did everything that depended on him to console the soldiers for their disappointment at not getting to the fine cantonments at Toro. On entering the town, every man got a loaf of fine white bread, the first they had tasted for several months, and a ration of meat and wine. This, with being tolerably well lodged, made both officers and men soon forget the miseries they had suffered in the severe campaign of Portugal.

The service of the place was hard enough, there being only two battalions, one of the 15th regiment and one of the Irish, and the town being nearly blockaded by the enemy as soon as the army had gone to its cantonments. The cattle which was for the provision of the garrison, being sent to graze, was, with a number of the officers' horses, servants, etc., taken by the Spanish cavalry, and marched off so suddenly that the garrison was not able to overtake them. The governor, after firing a few cannon shots, to no purpose, ordered the drawbridges to be raised and the gates to be shut, and at nine o'clock

at night, 300 of the Irish battalion, and 300 of the 15th regiment were marched out and ordered to surround a village about four leagues off, where he suspected the enemy would halt for the night with their booty. At daylight the village was attacked, and the cattle, horses, servants, etc., retaken, with four Spanish officers and the principal part of the detachment under their orders, all of whom were brought to Rodrigo before twelve o'clock the following day. One of these officers was allowed by the governor to write to his chief to say that he and another would be exchanged for Captain Allen; but, unfortunately, the latter was already sent off a prisoner to Cadiz.

The English and Portuguese forces being occupied with the blockade of Almeida, and preparing to besiege that town, which had but a feeble garrison of 1,500 men, commanded by the brave General Brenier, the Governor of Rodrigo was enabled to send different detachments to bring in provisions for the troops of the garrison there. In every excursion of the kind the Irish were employed in their turn, if not sometimes preferred by General Rheno, under whose orders they served with the utmost zeal and fidelity.

On the 18th of April, 1811, Commandant Fitzhenry, who had obtained permission to remain a few days at Salamanca, received orders to return to Rodrigo to join his battalion, and to bring with him all the men of the regiment who were convalescent and able to march. He set out on the 19th with about 70 men; on the 22nd of April, after passing Ledesma, he and his detachment were taken prisoners by Don Julian and his band of above a thousand strong. The wife of a soldier who made part of the detachment escaped and brought the news to the battalion.

At the end of April, the remains of the different corps of Prince Massena's army received orders to get provi-

sions for several days, and on the 30th of April and 1st of May to march to Rodrigo. On the 3rd of May, the 2nd, 6th, 8th and 9th corps, with a part of the Imperial cavalry under the orders of Marshal Bessières, Duke of Istria, were reviewed by the commander-in-chief Massena, on the plain near Ciudad Rodrigo. The Irish battalion passed the review with its brigade.

On the 4th of May the army marched in three columns towards Almeida, and early on the 5th attacked the English and allied army. The battle continued all day with various chances of success, until Massena found means at night to give orders to the Governor of Almeida, General Brenier, to blow up the fortifications; after the execution of which he was to fight his way across the English army. This brave general, with his garrison of 1,500 men, punctually performed his instructions, and fought at their head the whole night through the English lines, and at daylight he arrived in sight of the French line, and was soon supported by the second corps under the command of General Regnier, whose advanced posts were at Saint-Felix.

On the 6th and 7th, the army was ordered to return to their cantonments, and a new organization was ordered to take place. The different corps, then greatly reduced, were to form six divisions, to be called the Army of Portugal, and the command of it to be given to Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who had just come to replace Massena in the command of the army. General Foy commanded the 1st division.

General Brenier, for his brilliant conduct, got his brevet of lieutenant-general and the command of the 6th division of the Army of Portugal. The Irish battalion made part of his division, with the 22nd, 65th and 17th léger regiment and the Hanoverian legion.

FURTHER DETAILS OF CAPTAIN ALLEN'S BRILLIANT SERVICES.

General Solignac being in pursuit of the enemy at the town of Najara in the beginning of February, 1810, desired Commandant Fitzhenry to send him three captains of his battalion; Ware, Allen and I were ordered: the general told us we should have to march in the night with our companies, on three separate roads, to surround a small town four or five leagues off, where a numerous corps of the enemy's cavalry had taken up their quarters. We got three sure guides, and ten o'clock at night marched on this fatiguing expedition. At daylight, Ware and I met, after our men had blockaded the ways leading out of the town. We feared that Allen had met impediments, as he was not arrived in sight of the place. We apprized the authorities of our mission, and the alcade of the town hastened to come and inform us that the corps of cavalry left his town at midnight; he showed us the street by which it took its departure; he could not tell us more, except that it was formidable, to which we paid little attention, knowing that their policy was to exaggerate in such cases. Ware and I hastened to get refreshments for our soldiers, and we then returned by the road which Allen should have come by, had he not met some obstacles by the way; but before we marched two leagues, our anxiety was relieved; we reached the village where he had made the corps of cavalry prisoners, and he was on his way back, escorting them to headquarters, and had arrived there several hours before we did.

In the trenches at the siege of Astorga, previous to the breach being mounted, Captain Ware seeing by the order of the day that his company of grenadiers was not to march at the head of the battalion designed for

the attack, came to claim his right to that post. General Solignac, whom he addressed on the subject, immediately said to the Duke of Abrantes, who was just by: "The captain of grenadiers of the 2nd battalion of the Irish regiment claims as his right to be the first to mount the breach." To which the duke mildly replied, "Captain, have I not the right to order the dispositions for the attack? You will be with your battalion and its chief, Fitzhenry, at the foot of the breach to assure our success. I have given this order knowing well I could count on you." Captain Ware retired, when the duke said, "It is cheering and augurs well to receive reclamations of that nature and at such a moment. I suppose, General Solignac, you know that captain well." "Certainly, Monsieur le Duc, he accompanied me in all my expeditions, night and day, in Old Castille, and I have recommended him in consequence of his brilliant conduct in these affairs and combats to the Minister of War for advancement, to which he is so well entitled, as indeed I must say, all the officers of Fitzhenry's battalion are; unfortunately, these brave men have to wait till vacancies for promotion occur in their own regiment." (As yet the second Irish regiment was not organized.)

Our general of brigade, Thomier, was pleased to speak in the highest terms of the regiment since it made part of his brigade: he alluded to the coolness of the officers in the moments of peril, as well as to their bravery and exactitude in performing and conforming to all military duties, etc.

Three days previous to this conversation with the Duke of Abrantes, Captain Allen, returning to our camp from the trenches, where he had been on guard for twenty-four hours with his company, crossing a field considered quite beyond the reach of the guns of the rampart, had two of his soldiers killed by his side: their heads were cut off by a cannon ball, and Allen's uniform

bespattered with their blood and brains. He instantly gave the command to his voltigeurs to disperse as riflemen through the fields, and in this way he reached the camp without further loss, though several volleys were instantly fired at him and his men. General Thomier, who witnessed Allen's prompt decision on this occasion in dispersing his men, as the best way to save them from the twenty-four pounders on the rampart, mentioned this circumstance to the general-in-chief Junot, which probably was the reason that he appointed Allen to lead and mount the breach, seeing he was a man of character and decision in perilous situations, and indeed he judged him rightly.

I never felt greater pleasure, or was more agreeably surprised than when Allen's confidential soldier came to me in the night at the foot of the breach to say that his captain hoped I would be able to send him something to drink, for there was no water to be had in the house where they were. It was the first news I had that poor Allen had escaped. I brought this brave soldier immediately to General Thomier, who was equally rejoiced; and he went himself to apprize the Duke of Abrantes of Allen's situation, and wonderful good luck in escaping alive after such fighting.

When it was ascertained that Captain Allen had taken possession of a house in the town, near the rampart, which he resolved to defend during the night, and that he was able to preserve his communication open with the breach, a detachment of our regiment was ordered to bring him refreshments for his brave soldiers. Young Delany, a sous-lieutenant, had the command of the men carrying the provisions to Captain Allen's troops. He succeeded in getting over the breach and in delivering carefully all the articles that were entrusted to his charge, and he recrossed the breach at the head of his detachment, to rejoin his battalion; but he had several of his

men killed and wounded, and he himself had a musket ball through his arm. He went to the place in the trenches where our surgeon was busy dressing the wounds by candle-light, and he sat down on a bank of clay, looking on for some time, when Surgeon Prevost happened to turn his head and perceived him. He said, "Lieutenant Delany, I beg your pardon, but my instructions are to oblige all those who come here conducting or carrying the wounded men, to return forthwith to their respective companies, and I am not to allow anyone to remain here but those who want to have their wounds examined and dressed." "Well, I would thank you to examine my wound," replied Delany. "How!" exclaimed the surgeon, "my positive instructions are to dress the officers' wounds first, and you have said nothing to me, though you have been there looking on for more than half an hour." "Oh! I am in no hurry; the poor soldiers, whose wounds you have been dressing, stood in more need of your assistance than I did." As soon as Lieutenant Delany had his arm dressed and tied up, he rejoined his company, and would not avail himself of his wound to retire to the camp.

In Surgeon Prevost's detailed report to the general-in-chief upon the different cases of the wounded he had been dressing during the night, he mentioned the humane forbearance of one of the Irish officers, which circumstance caused pleasure and delight to the brave and intrepid General Junot, who used often to speak of it and to say, "What a pity such men have not a country of their own to fight for!"

A white flag, or flag of truce, was perceived at daybreak on the ramparts, and immediately the firing ceased, and the delegates sent by the Governor of Astorga to treat about the capitulation of the garrison were received in the trenches by the Duke of Abrantes, who required, as a preliminary article, that the French troops should

get possession of the great gate on the Valladolid road. General Thomier, accompanied by one of the Spanish delegates, ordered Captain Ware and me to follow him with our companies through the trenches to the gate above mentioned, and when he saw us properly installed there, and our sentinals placed inside the gate, he retired. Scarcely had he gone away, when Colonel Coutard, of the 65th regiment, came to claim the right of having the gate occupied by his soldiers, as it was his regiment which attacked the town on that side the day before, etc. He ordered Captain Ware to remove his sentinels and to have his placed in their stead. Ware refused, saying he was on guard, and that he would only execute the orders of General Thomier, who placed him there, or those of the generals higher in command, as General Solignac, or Junot, general-in-chief, etc. "I should refuse my own colonel if he were to give me orders, circumstanced as I am; then I trust, colonel, you cannot expect I will execute yours." Some other words ensued between them, when Colonel Coutard said, "I must put you under arrest." Captain Ware replied, "Colonel, I shall keep my arrest when I am off guard, but not till then!" We regretted having had anything disagreeable with the colonel of the 65th, knowing as we did from an officer in his regiment, our countryman, Captain O'Kean, that he had the greatest respect for the Irish in the French service. He obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour for several of his officers after their brilliant defence of Ratisbon in 1809. Captain O'Kean was one of the first he proposed as having well merited to be a knight of the Legion of Honour: a distiontion at that period not granted except for real service. Our altercation with Colonel Coutard soon finished.

The Spanish garrison surrendered at discretion, and the Irish regiment was ordered to assemble and draw up in a line on the glacis of the town, to receive the prisoners

and to escort them to Valladolid. Five thousand brave Spanish soldiers marched out with all the honours of war, and laid down their arms on the glacis, in presence of the 8th corps of the French army. Those prisoners had the satisfaction to witness a specimen of French discipline ere they marched away. The battalion of French troops that entered with the Spanish civil authorities to keep order and to furnish patrols and rounds through the town, arrested a man who contrived to get in before them and was plundering a house; he was brought out to the glacis, and, by order of the Duke of Abrantes, shot forthwith, as a warning to those ambulant speculators and followers of armies, who never have anything to sell but trumpery of the worst sort, their object being to get wealth by other means.

It was consolatory to see the horrors of war mitigated by a brave and humane chief; and indeed on this occasion the Duke of Abrantes was entitled to the greatest praise; he required that the troops lodged in the place should observe the same order and discipline which they would have been forced to maintain in a town in the interior of France. What a striking contrast compared to the conduct of the English at Badajoz in 1812, where Wellington allowed his army, during twenty-four hours, to commit all kinds of horrors on the innocent inhabitants, his allies, after the French garrison had capitulated and were marched off prisoners of war! and again at Saint-Sebastien the crimes perpetrated there make one shudder to hear them described. Though, indeed, I should not have been surprised at the want of English discipline from the knowledge I have had of the cruelties committed by the regiment of Ancient Britons in my own unfortunate country, Ireland, in 1798.

The 47th and 70th regiments of the line, known (until 1792) as Walsh's and Berwick's Irish brigades, made part of our army before Astorga; many of the officers of those regiments were Irishmen, some born in

France, and others in Ireland. I was very intimate with two of them, O'Neill of the 47th, and Brennan of the 70th. Those officers had often heard of the Irish patriots of '98, fighting, not for a pretender, but for the independence of their beloved country. Well, they had at Astorga the satisfaction of seeing some of those patriots of '98 distinguish themselves so as to be the admiration of the army, and Captain Brennan told me, that such was the enthusiasm about the bravery of the Irish, that his regiment would boast of having sprung from Berwick's.

Here is an honourable trait of an Irish officer in the Spanish service.

On our march from Astorga to Toro, I got, in the morning before we came to that town, charge of several Spanish officers, prisoners of war, who were on their way to France. General Thomier, in giving me the command of the escort, prayed me, as the march would be rather long, to render it as agreeable as possible to those officers, and at the same time he presented one of them to me, a Major Dorran, whose uncle I knew in Dublin, living in Francis Street. Mr. Dorran told me that his comrades in misfortune were military men of distinction, and that they were glad to be escorted by his countrymen. After we had breakfasted at the half-way halt, I found Major Dorran a little indisposed. I wanted him to mount my horse, but he preferred, if I would allow him, to get up on one of the baggage waggons. I gave him in charge to the serjeant who had care of our luggage. The rear guard and baggage arrived in due time at Toro; Major Dorran was not with them, and the poor serjeant could give me no account of how he escaped. This was a very unpleasant circumstance for me to have to report to the general in the morning. However, just as I was preparing to go to bed, about eleven o'clock at night, Major Dorran came to my room; he wanted to apologize for having remained behind. Seeing he was

distressed lest I should think badly of him, I said: "Major, you were not on *parole*, you had not pledged your word of honour." "No," he replied, "but could anything be more dishonourable than to have availed myself of my countryman's kindness to me to escape, and to have him censured and injured on my account? Oh, no!" he repeated, "a thousand deaths before dishonour." The feelings of this brave man must have been painful indeed, separated from his wife and two young children, whom he left in Galicia, near Corunna, in the care of her family. I had a bed prepared for him, and in the morning I conducted him to rejoin his comrades, who had spent the night in prison, and they were marched off under a French officer's command. We heard some days after that two of these prisoners effected their escape on the road to Burgos, and that Major Dorran was one of them.

The day our vanguard, commanded by General Sainte-Croix, attacked the English General Stewart's advanced posts, and beat them back under the walls of the Fort of Conception and Almeida, whilst we were waiting to let our men repose themselves, General Sainte-Croix came and sat down amongst us, and began to praise our men, when Commandant Ware said: "General, they are not contented with you." "What, then, have I done to displease them?" replied the general. "Well, they say that in every instance where they expected to charge the enemy with their bayonets, you got before them with your cavalry, and left them very little share of the victory." We all joined Commandant Ware, and repeated that it was but too true. "Oh! gentlemen, you have a peculiar way of paying compliments." He then shook hands with us.

Two months after, when we were marching along the Tagus, down to Santarem, we were shocked indeed to see General Sainte-Croix killed by a cannon ball from one of the enemy's gunboats on the river. He was a

splendid officer of cavalry, and he had done much to retrieve the reputation of the dragoons in Spain. Napoleon had the highest opinion of his talents and worth, and would have made him one of the marshals of France had he lived. I never heard of a general so universally regretted as he was, so amiable and so brave, that it was a pleasure to speak to him.

Although the 70th regiment, in which Captain William Corbet was, belonged to our army, and had made the campaigns in Spain and Portugal with us, I had never met him after he left the Irish legion at Alençon in 1806, though I frequently heard about him from some of his comrades. Captain Brennan, who was badly wounded beside Captain Corbet on the 3rd of April, stopped a day and a night at Ciudad Rodrigo, where we were in garrison. He told me that their chef de bataillon and their colonel were both killed, and that Captain Corbet, as senior officer, took the command of the battalion, and showed the greatest coolness and bravery during the action. On the 3rd of May, 1811, when Marshal Massena's army was arriving in the plain before the town of Rodrigo, taking a walk through the camp, I came to the bivouac of the 70th regiment, when I saw Captain Corbet very busy endeavouring to get something cooked for his dinner. He had a very poor supply of provisions, and as he could not come into town with me I brought one of his men, and sent him out all I could procure: a loaf of white bread and a few bottles of wine. Though we had many things to say to one another, after a lapse of five years that we had not met, that pleasure was deferred to a more favourable occasion, I being in a hurry to return to town. We, however, met frequently afterwards when he was on Marshal Marmont's staff. I must say that Captain Corbet in his new situation was always obliging and friendly to his former comrades, of which I shall speak in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

THE reorganization of the Army of Portugal into six divisions under the command of Marshal Marmont, on account of the reduced state of the 2nd, 6th and 8th corps of which it was composed, was considered a wise measure; and the young generals put at the head of the divisions, such as Foy, Brenier, Mauguin, etc., and Marshal Clauzel, then general of division commandant, created great emulation in the army; besides, the marshal himself at that time had acquired a high reputation as general-in-chief, and his staff was composed of several distinguished officers. General Fabvier, of such notoriety in Greece, was then a captain, as was Count Denys de Damremont, afterward the general-in-chief who was killed in Africa at the siege of Constantine. General Corbet was another of the staff captains, and from the experience he had acquired as an infantry officer of the 70th regiment of the line, and his perfect knowledge of the French and English languages (writing both equally well), he rendered much service, and he was greatly esteemed by the Duke of Ragusa, Marshal Marmont.

Our general of division was the brave Brenier who made the surprising march through the English army after he had blown up the ramparts of Almeida. The Irish officers were delighted to be in his division; but they regretted not to be still in General Thomier's brigade, who befriended them on all occasions, and who was so much liked by all the soldiers of the regiment. During the retreat out of Portugal he shared in all their dangers and miseries, and constantly bivouacked at the head of the Irish battalion. One instance will show why the soldiers took him into their consideration. When

the army fell back from the line of Torres Vedras, the Irish battalion stopped with General Thomier in the village of Prosseras. He ordered one day that I should make a reconnaissance with my grenadiers on the enemy's line, to return when I perceived them, and to bring the cattle I met on the way, and provisions of any kind. When I returned I had to report him that during my expedition I never saw a human being or living animal of any sort; that I had discovered a quantity of tanned leather in one place, hidden in the mountains; in another a room filled with white wax for making candles; that two of my grenadiers were missing, and that I feared they had been taken prisoners. He invited me to dinner, and just as we were going to sit down to table, at half-past six o'clock in the evening, my serjeant-major came to tell me that the two grenadiers who had remained behind had arrived with two head of horn cattle. General Thomier exclaimed: "Send them here forthwith, they must dine with us." And he ordered his servant to prepare places for them at the table. He was enchanted with these brave men. They told him how they had contrived to procure the cattle; they said they had "extracted" them from the English cattle grazing in fields at a great distance. The expression made all the company laugh, and the general had a bumper filled to drink to their health.

Whenever we were marching near where General Thomier's division was stopping, in the summer and autumn of 1811, I availed myself of the occasion to go and visit him, and have some conversation with him respecting our not being yet known to our new generals, etc. "Never mind," he would reply. "You will be soon advantageously known to them." A few days after, he gave me a certificate of my services to present to these generals if I chose to do so. Although I did not want to make use of that certificate at the time, it was consoling

to me to have a testimonial from a general of worth and of high reputation, in whose brigade the Irish regiment was so actively employed at the sieges of Astorga, Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and in the campaigns of Portugal. Besides, I was in very low spirits on account of Commandant Fitzhenry's sad affair,[1] and from being separated from some of my best friends and comrades—Captain Allen a prisoner of war, Commandant Ware gone to Landau, and Captain Murray, from ill health, obliged to return to France. Although Captains O'Malley and Brangan, who were equally my friends, were remaining, and braver or more honourable men could not be, still they did not possess the resources necessary to take advantage and get the situation left vacant of chef de bataillon. They were senior to me, and I feared that place would be filled by some protégé sent from Paris, who had no claims on the Irish regiment.

General Brenier's division marched back to Salamanca and the neighbourhood of Toro; but on the 1st of June, 1811, the army was united and reviewed by Marshal Marmont, and on the 4th marched from Salamanca and went through the province of Estramadura, passing by Banos and Placentia, crossing the Tagus at Lugar Nueva on a bridge of boats brought there by the army, to Truxillo, Merida, and to Badajos, to attack the English and Portuguese army, then laying siege to that town. By the time the French army arrived there, they had already made two breaches, and only for this rapid march of the French army of Portugal, combined with that of Marshal Soult from Seville, Badajos would have been taken by the English and Portuguese and Spaniards, who were thus obliged to retire behind Elvas into Portugal. This was from the 17th to the 20th of June, 1811.

[1] *Cf. supra* p. 81, *infra*, pp. 99 and 208-219.

After sending provisions of every kind for six months into Badajos, for the garrison, and getting the breaches repaired, the army retired into different cantonments in Estramadura. The Irish battalion remained some time at Truxillo, and from thence marched to Avilar, passing by Naval Maral, the headquarters of Marshal Marmont. They had pleasant quarters in the mountains during the hot summer of the comet of 1811, the soldiers being well fed and well lodged for the months of July and August.

In the beginning of September, the captain of grenadiers, Byrne,[1] of the Irish battalion was ordered with his company and the company of voltigeurs of the Irish regiment to General Brenier's headquarters at Bexar. On the 19th the army marched to form a junction with the army corps of the north, commanded by General Count Dorsenne, for the purpose of relieving Rodrigo, at that time besieged and blockaded by the English, and of throwing provisions into it. The two French armies met on the 24th, and on the 25th marched on Rodrigo. During this expedition the Irish companies, commanded by the captain of grenadiers, Byrne, were in the advance guard, and took part in the different actions that took place in raising the siege, and in driving the English and Portuguese into Portugal on the 27th, 28th and 29th of September, at Fontelgenalgo and Alfitas.

The Irish companies d'élite returned back to Rodrigo on the 1st of October, and from thence marched with General Brenier to Placentia, his headquarters. They were there united with the centre companies to do garrison duty, and with another of the 65th. General Dejean, who had just got his brevet, got the command of the brigade, and replaced General Godar.

On the 13th of October, 1811, the captain of grenadiers, Byrne, of the Irish battalion having his company,

[1] The author.

with the company of voltigeurs of the same regiment assembled to pass an inspection, heard the *générale* beat, and was apprized that the enemy's cavalry, to the number of fifteen hundred, was drawn up in line within gunshot of the town; he immediately marched to attack them with his two companies formed in column by section ready to form a hollow square, and he succeeded in dispersing and driving them a great distance off before the rest of the troops of the garrison had time to be assembled. General Brenier soon joined him with his aides-de-camp and staff officers, all mounted, and when night came on, and the enemy had effected their retreat, he was so delighted with the conduct of the soldiers, that he gave them all the money he had on him to drink when they returned to Placentia; and the morning after, he gave the following order of the division:—

"PLACENTIA, *le* 14 *Octobre*, 1811.

ORDRE DU JOUR DE LA DIVISION.

"Hier, lors de l'appel aux armes des compagnies d'élite de la garnison, Monsieur le général de division a remarqué que celles du bataillon Irlandais se sont distinguées particulièrement par leur bravoure, leur zéle et leur exactitude à se rendre au point indiqué. Il leur en témoigne sa satisfaction.

"Signé:

"Le général de division,

"BRENIER."

Translation of the foregoing Order of the Day:—

"PLACENTIA, 14*th October*, 1811.

ORDER OF THE DAY OF THE DIVISION.

"Yesterday, when the call to arms was made of the companies d'élite of the garrison, the general of division observed that those of the Irish battalion particularly distinguished themselves by their bravery and zeal, and by

their promptitude and exactness in repairing to the point they were ordered to. He testifies to them his satisfaction at their conduct.

"Signed:

"The General of Division,

"BRENIER."

It was whilst the battalion stopped at Placentia that the first news of Captain Allen being a prisoner of war in a fort near Cadiz was received. After the exertions that had been made to have him exchanged in the month of April at Rodrigo failed, as will be seen in the following note made at the time, it was agreeable to know that he was not given up to the English then at Cadiz. As soon as the prisoners were escorted to Rodrigo, Captain Byrne waited on the governor, General Rheno, to pray him to keep one of the officers, a nephew to Don Julian, the chief of the guerilla band which took Captain Allen prisoner, in order to have them exchanged. The General not only consented, but took the most lively interest in having the exchange carried into effect immediately, when he learned from Captain Byrne the cruel fate that awaited poor Allen if he were handed over to the English general.[1] He forthwith got the Spanish prefet to procure a confidential person to carry a letter from the Spanish officer to his uncle Don Julian, supplicating him to give up Captain Allen, and saying that another officer and himself would be exchanged for him. The messenger returned, after four days' absence, with an answer that Captain Allen had been sent to a depot of prisoners of war, without mentioning the name of the place. In

[1] It was feared he might be executed as a rebel.—S. G.

consequence the Spanish officer was sent off to join the other prisoners at Salamanca on their way to France, and Allen's comrades were left to conjecture whether or not he was still in existence.

This took place about the end of April, 1811, and until the end of September the same year there was no news whatever of Captain Allen, when Captain Byrne, being at Placentia, received a letter from him, dated the prison of Cadiz, and containing all the details of what he had suffered, the manner he had been taken prisoner, etc., etc. The same day Captain Byrne inclosed to General Sémelé, chief of the staff to Marshal Victor, then commanding the French army before Cadiz, a French treasury bill of a thousand francs, which he fortunately happened to have at the time; he begged the general to have it changed into Spanish money and to have it forwarded to Captain Allen in his prison; he also prayed him to have the goodness to use his influence to have Captain Allen exchanged, lest he should be given up to the English. Captain Byrne wrote immediately to Major Lawless at Bois-le-Duc, where he had then the command of the Irish regiment, and inclosed him a copy of Captain Allen's letter, requesting him also to use his influence with the Minister of War to have Captain Allen exchanged before he could fall into the hands of the English.

When Captain Byrne returned in October, 1811, to Placentia, after the expedition to relieve Rodrigo terminated, he waited on Marshal Marmont about Captain Allen's unfortunate situation, gave him a detailed memoir on the subject, which the marshal approved and promised to have it forwarded immediately to Marshal Victor, who commanded before Cadiz, and he added that he would use his own influence, and when any prisoners were made, he should propose an exchange for Captain Allen. Captain Byrne availed himself of being at head-

quarters to endeavour to get Allen exchanged, and neglected no opportunity that could tend to that end: indeed he could not have acted otherwise, for they were always on the most friendly terms, and were the best comrades. Captain Allen's purse was ever at his disposition, therefore Captain Byrne felt the greatest happiness to have had the thousand francs to send to Captain Allen. That sum was paid to Captain Byrne on the 30th of December, 1811, at Talavera de la Reyna by Giraud, the officer paymaster to the 2nd battalion, when all arrears due to the officers were paid up in full, previous to their returning to France; and the appointments and arrears due to Captain Allen were received up to the 26th of March, 1811, the day he was made a prisoner, and deposited in the military chest of the battalion, which was brought to the depot at Bois-le-Duc in Holland, and there given up to Colonel Lawless and the council of administration of the Irish regiment. When Captain Allen arrived at Bois-le-Duc in 1812, after he had the good fortune to be exchanged, he found all his accounts and affairs properly settled to his liking by the quartermaster of the regiment.

Captain Dillon, who had been one of the aides-de-camp to the Duke of Abrantes, got his brevet of chef de bataillon to the 2nd battalion of the Irish regiment, and and joined it at Placentia in November, 1811.

In the beginning of December, 1811, Marshal Marmont ordered a courtmartial to be assembled to try Commandant Fitzhenry by contumacy, accused of desertion to the enemy. It was presided by the colonel of the 17th léger regiment, and composed six other officers, from the 22nd and 65th regiments of the line. It met in a village where the colonel of the 17th commanded, four leagues from Placentia. After hearing all the evidence that had been procured from the 22nd of April, 1811,

the day on which he was taken prisoner, down to the assembling of the courtmartial, four of the members of the court declared that he was guilty, three that he was not. As it is necessary according to the French military code to have five out of the seven members forming a courtmartial to condemn, Fitzhenry was acquitted.[1]

On the 6th of December, 1811, the Irish battalion was ordered to Casa de Cadas, and from thence to Montbeltran, in the mountains, to relieve the 28th regiment, which had been there some time. Lieutenant Malony, with 50 men of the Irish battalion, was ordered to go to a town eight leagues from Montebeltran to escort back a convoy of mules loaded with provisions. After he had passed a mountain four leagues off, he met a French battalion that had been harassed and attacked by the guerillas in the plain through which Malony had to pass. The chief of the French battalion wanted Malony to return with him, saying he surely could not think of advancing with so small a detachment against five hundred men, all well mounted; but Malony, having a written order, thought he could not with honour return before he met the enemy, and was forced to retreat. He accordingly proceeded, and, as the chief of the battalion led him to expect, soon met the enemy, and was obliged to take a position amongst the rocks, on the side of a hill, to defend himself. The guerillas finding they could not bring Malony and his men down into the plain, and night coming on, filed off to a small village just by.

Lieutenant Malony on this left his position and pursued them into the village, where they were scattered in disorder; he beat them out of it, barricaded all the outlets, and defended himself all night and until eight o'clock the next morning, when fortunately he was relieved by a regiment that had marched several leagues,

[1] For full details of this see *infra*, pp. 208-219.

having heard the day before of the fighting. Malony then continued his march and escorted back to Montbeltran his convoy with great *éclat*. This was not the only time he distinguished himself in the like manner. As soon as he returned to France, Colonel Lawless obtained for him his brevet of captain in the 2nd battalion of the Irish regiment. He was one of those unfortunate Irishmen given up to the King of Prussia by the English Government. He had been wounded and taken prisoner in Ireland after General Humbert surrendered, and was in the Prussian army and taken a prisoner by the French at the Battle of Iena, after which he entered the Irish regiment in the service of France, along with those other Irishmen who had been taken prisoners at Iena, and who had been given up in a like manner to the Prussian Government by England.

During the month of December, 1811, Marshal Marmont ordered the different divisions of his army to manœuvre and change cantonments. The 6th division commanded by General Brenier was on march, when at Naval Maral he received orders for all the officers, non-commissioned officers, corporals and drummers of the 2nd Irish battalion to go into France, and to leave behind them all the private soldiers, to be incorporated into the Prussian regiment in the French service, and then in garrison at Lugar Nueva and Almiras on the Tagus. On the 25th of December, 1811, General Brenier, accompanied by the military inspector, performed this very painful duty of separating the men from their officers, under whose orders they had been serving for four years in Spain, and to whom they were much attached. The general declared he never before witnessed so distressing a scene as three or four hundred men in the greatest grief and weeping at taking leave of their officers; he added he thought it cruel and impolitic thus to separate them.

The officers, non-commissioned officers, corporals and drummers, in all about 120, marched for France, and arrived at Talavera de la Reyna on the 27th of December. They stopped there three days to receive all arrears, then set out again and arrived at Toledo on the 1st of January, 1812. From thence they proceeded to Madrid, where they had to wait ten days, being too few in number to march without a large convoy of troops.

A rather unpleasant incident took place at the gates of Madrid in January, 1812, between the sons of two distinguished Irishmen. One was the son of the unfortunate Theobald Dillon, general of division, who was murdered by his own soldiers in the Revolution, near Lille. The other was the son of General O'Neill, who was colonel of Walsh's regiment in 1792, when it took the number of 47 of the French line. These sons of theirs were captains in the Army of Portugal; they had recently been promoted to the superior rank of chef de bataillon: O'Neill to the 47th regiment, and Dillon to the command of the 2nd battalion of the Irish regiment. The latter, marching out of Madrid at the head of the cadre of that battalion, was accosted by Commandant O'Neill, who said to him, "Commandant Dillon, you cannot proceed far, as my company of voltigeurs is placed at half a league on the high road to prevent any one passing until the column of troops forming the convoy is organized by the general, and my battalion is ordered to be the vanguard." "Very well," said Commandant Dillon, still continuing to march till he was stopped by the captain of the voltigeurs of the 47th, to whom he showed his order to return to France. The captain very properly replied, "Such orders, commandant, do not regard me, mine are to let no one pass here till the column is put on march by the general's order, and I am determined to execute my consigne, quoi qu'il en coûte." Commandant Dillon being on horseback, and

about twenty yards ahead, seeing his small column stopped by the men of the 47th, ordered it to advance, and the captain of grenadiers of the Irish had the disagreeable task of pushing the voltigeurs of the 47th aside, to open a passage to march forward, and obey an unwise chief.

Notwithstanding the dangerous state of the country he had to march through, owing to the guerillas being every day in sight, Commandant Dillon made his way to Valladolid with his 120 men, but in this town he had to wait eighteen days.

It was on this march from Madrid that, passing by the town of Segovia, Lieutenant Jackson seized the occasion to show off his wit and turn for bantering. Seeing a group of Spaniards, with their brown cloaks thrown over their shoulders, examining and counting the troops that halted on the place, as was their custom on such occasions, he addressed these solemn gentlemen, saying, pointing to the tower, that he wished to know if it was there that Gil Blas was imprisoned. They replied, it was the town prison. He then very politely begged one of them to accompany him, that he wished to ascertain the precise room which had been occupied by that truly enlightened Spaniard during his confinement in the tower. "Oh! señor," one said, "Gil Blas is a mere romance;" to which Jackson replied, he was sorry to find they did not know the history of their country better: that it was a true narrative, and that only for the Inquisition, Le Sage would have published it in quite a different form and given the real names of the persons alluded to. One of the Spanish gentlemen, seeing Jackson so serious and bent upon visiting the tower, accompanied him through every part of it, whilst Jackson made notes, and he fain would have persuaded his comrades that the Spaniards were delighted with the information he gave them.

This was only one of many instances when Jackson

by his humour and gaiety made his comrades often forget their miseries and privations. One morning, at the bivouac of the Irish regiment at the lines of Torres Vedras, whilst waiting for orders, the officers stood chatting together, when General Thomier beckoned one of them to come to him and tell him what the very animated conversation was about which he observed going on. He was told that it was Lieutenant Jackson holding forth and maintaining that there could be no comparison between roast mutton and roast beef, provided the latter was "under-done" *à l'anglaise.* "Oh! par exemple, c'est un peu trop fort." "What," he asked, "did Captain O'Malley say on the matter?" "Oh, that it was cruel and inhuman to talk of roast meat of any kind to men who were starving, and when none could be had for love or money." "Captain O'Malley is right," said the general. Jackson bore up against adversity in the same gay manner. Captain Hutteau, the Mayor of Malesherbes, who was a prisoner of war in Russia along with Jackson,[1] takes infinite pleasure in talking to us about Jackson and his courage and vivacity in very trying circumstances. Monsieur de Buisson also, a French magistrate, has given some excellent articles to the *Siècle* newspaper on his sufferings whilst a prisoner of war in Russia, when a sous-lieutenant of only nineteen years of age. He speaks of Captain Jackson in every trial and hardship they had to undergo with the greatest admiration and gratitude till they were exchanged in 1814.

During this time, January, 1812, Ciudad Rodrigo was taken by the English before Marshal Marmont had time to arrive with his army to relieve it.

[1] Jackson was captured in the action at Goldberg, in Silesia, August, 1813. See *infra*, p. 134.

Two splendid standards in green, on which was written in gold letters: "Independence of Ireland," and which were sent to the 2nd and 3rd Irish battalions by order of the Emperor, and which had been at Valladolid from the year before, were brought back to the depot by the officers of the 2nd battalion, who, after a long and fatiguing march, arrived on the 11th of April, 1812, at Bois-le-Duc in Holland, then the depot of the Irish regiment instead of Landau.

At the end of February, 1812, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawless got his brevet of colonel, and the command of the regiment, which, by a decree of the Emperor, was now called, "Troisième régiment étranger, Irlandais." By the same decree, the other foreign regiments were numbered:

That of Latour-d'Auvergne, No. 1;

That of Isenberg, No. 2;

The Irish, No. 3;

The Prussian regiment, No. 4.

Commandant Mahony, at the same time, was named gros-major, or lieutenant-colonel to the Irish regiment. Commandant Tennant was with the first battalion of the Irish regiment in the island of Goree, in Holland; Commandant Ware with the 3rd battalion at Williamstadt on the Meuse. The 4th battalion and depot received nearly fifteen hundred Germans and other foreigners who had been in the Dutch army, but who, in consequence of Holland becoming a part of France, were sent to the foreign regiments in the French service. Eight hundred of these brave men were drafted into the 2nd battalion, just arrived from Spain, which completed it, and on the 18th of April it marched to Bergen-op-Zoom, to form the garrison there, and to prepare for joining the Grand Army.

Captain Hayne, who had served in the 20th regiment

of the line in Italy, got his brevet as commandant of the 4th battalion, and joined it at Bois-le-Duc in 1812.

Captain Allen, who had been detained a prisoner at Cadiz, had the good fortune to be exchanged, and arrived at the depot of the regiment at Bois-le-Duc at the end of the year 1812. But there was no chance then of his obtaining the advancement he so well merited by his brilliant conduct at Astorga in Spain. All vacancies that had occurred in the regiment for superior officers were filled up, and many of them by those who, having been born in France, were entitled to advancement in French regiments; which was not just to the Irish officers, whose promotion was confined to their own regiment. Colonel Lawless, however, promised Captain Allen that, in the event of the regiment going into campaign, he should have the command of his company of voltigeurs in the 2nd battalion.

The Duke of Feltre, on the recommendation of Colonel Lawless, recompensed many of the subaltern officers coming out of Spain. Lieutenants Malony, Delany, Dowling, Burke and Jackson received their brevets of captains; and Ensigns MacEgan, Brelevet, etc., theirs of lieutenants. Many non-commissioned officers were also promoted to the rank of ensign.

Ensign Keller, who was taken prisoner in Portugal by the English, escaped from England and joined the depot at Bois-le-Duc. Ensign Ryan, who was taken prisoner at Flushing in August, 1809, also escaped from prison and joined the regiment in 1812. Colonel Lawless obtained advancement for both these officers, and they got their brevets as lieutenants, and were placed in the war battalions.

Colonel Lawless obtained promotion for all the officers of the 2nd battalion that were called into France from Spain in 1812, except Captains O'Malley and Byrne, and the recompense these two officers considered themselves

entitled to after the four or five severe campaigns they had just made was the decoration of the Legion of Honour. On their way through Paris in March, 1812, they waited on the Minister of War, and presented him a demand, backed by several of the generals under whose orders they had been serving. His reception was most favourable: so much so, that they left Paris for the depot in the highest spirits. The minister wrote to Colonel Lawless to know about their merits, conduct, etc.; and whether it was that the demand had not been forwarded by him to the minister as chief of the corps, or that he wished to see his superior officers decorated before the captains. It is probable, nay even certain, that he gave the last reason to the minister, for he could not have given any other; as neither of these captains had ever been under his orders, he could not well judge of their merits to obtain the knighthood in the Legion of Honour. But let that be as it may, it was very unfortunate that poor Captain O'Malley did not obtain it at that epoch, for shortly after he became stone blind, and had to retire on a small pension with a wife and two children; 250 francs a year was thus lost for the last thirty-two years to as brave a man as ever left Ireland.

As to Captain Byrne, he had only to wait to make another campaign, the year after, when he got it; but it is not less true that he felt much disappointed and very sore on the subject, particularly so on account of being on such friendly terms with Colonel Lawless from the first moment he became acquainted with him; and indeed again, at Bergen-op-Zoom, in January, 1813, previous to leaving that town to join the Grand Army, he had to complain of the want of decision in his favour on the part of Colonel Lawless, who was on the point of giving his company of grenadiers to Captain O'Reilly, who claimed it as his right, he having commanded, he said, a grenadiers company longer than Captain Byrne,

though the latter was his senior as a captain for more than a year. The 3rd battalion, to which O'Reilly belonged, remaining in Holland, he very naturally wished to get into one of the war battalions going into campaign. Colonel Lawless submitted Captain O'Reilly's claim to the Minister of War, who decided against him and in favour of Captain Byrne; but this decision of the minister only arrived when the regiment was in presence of the enemy on the Elbe, and kept Captain Byrne in a disagreeable state of suspense whilst waiting for the decision.

At the end of this memorable campaign of 1813, and the beginning of the next, 1814, Captain Byrne being actively employed in Holland and at Antwerp, commanding a battalion at the advanced posts before the enemy, was quite sure of obtaining his brevet of chef de bataillon, as he was proposed on the field of battle at Goldberg the 24th of August, 1813, with three other captains, by General Puthod, and the demand was backed by General Lauriston, commander of the 5th corps of the army.

There seemed no doubt of these commissions being granted, but still Captain Byrne was doomed to be disappointed, for as soon as the communication was opened after the siege of Antwerp, the colonel of the regiment, Mahony, received intelligence that Captains Allen and O'Reilly were promoted, and that Captains Byrne and Saint-Leger might expect their brevets also; but from the change of government, and the vast number of claimants, he entertained little hopes.

Captain Byrne seeing two Prussian captains in the French service of the name of Geitz getting their commissions as chiefs of battalion, in the month of October, asked leave of absence for three months, and came to Paris in December, 1814. He saw Marshal Soult (Minister of War) twice in February, 1815, who received him very well, and promised him the first place vacant

in any of the three foreign regiments as chief of battalion; but he left the ministry, and the Hundred Days came on before Captain Byrne could get his brevet. It is only justice to the memory of General Lawless to say he did everything at this time to assist Captain Byrne to obtain his commission, but unfortunately it was too late, and Captain Byrne had in consequence to live on the miserable half pay as a captain for more than twelve years, until his ever-to-be-lamented friend, Colonel O'Neill, chief of the *personnel* of the War Office, got him employed in 1828 on the staff of General Maison on the expedition to Greece; and on the 4th of September, 1830, being in Greece, he received his brevet as chief of the 2nd battalion of the 56th regiment of the line, then at Grenoble, commanded by Colonel Bugeaud, afterwards Marshal of France.

Colonel Lawless showed the greatest activity and talent for the administration as well as the instruction and discipline of his regiment. He passed the summer months of 1812 visiting and inspecting the different battalions detached in Holland, and holding them ready to march at a moment's notice.

CHAPTER VI.

As soon as the 29th bulletin of the Grand Army, dated November, 1812, appeared in the newspapers, with the account of the disasters of the retreat from Moscow, Colonel Lawless wrote to the Minister of War, the Duke of Feltre, in the name of all the officers of the regiment, soliciting in the most earnest terms to be employed in the Grand Army. The minister answered Colonel Lawless immediately in the most friendly manner and acceded to his demand; he ordered him to complete the 1st and 2nd battalions to a thousand each, and to make every necessary preparation for the ensuing campaign.

By the month of January, 1813, all was ready. On the 30th of January, orders arrived for the regiment to march to Magdeburg, and on the 1st of February, Commandant Tennant, with the 1st battalion, then in the island of Goree, set out, going through Holland to Osnaburg.

The 2nd battalion, under Commandant Ware, began to march also on the 1st of February for Magdeburg, quitting Bergen-op-Zoom and going by Breda, Tilbury, Bois-le-Duc, crossing the Meuse at Grave, the Waal at Nimeguen, and the Rhine at Wesel, to Münster, and then to Osnaburg, where it arrived the same day as the 1st battalion.

This was the first time these two battalions had been together since they separated at Flushing in 1808, the 2nd battalion having been more than four years in Spain. The meeting of the officers of the two battalions which belonged to the former Irish legion, after so long a separation, was very agreeable to them all.

Colonel Lawless, after inspecting the two united battalions, marched at the head of his regiment by Min-

den, where they crossed the Weser, to Hanover, Brunswick, etc., to Magdeburg, where they arrived on the 28th of February, and though in the depth of winter, had but few men in the hospitals, and left none behind, for which the colonel and officers were highly complimented by General Lauriston when he passed the review of the regiment on the 1st of March, 1813, at Magdeburg. He was delighted to see two thousand men so well equipped and having a splendid band of music, and everything else in style and order.

Colonel William O'Mara, who had been a captain in the Irish legion at its formation in 1803, was now Commandant superior of Magdeburg; he had been first aide-de-camp to Marshal Lannes, and was wounded the day the marshal was killed at the Battle of Wagram in 1809; he was twin brother to Daniel O'Mara who commanded the Irish regiment for a short time in Spain, and their elder brother, General O'Mara, had the honour of commanding the town of Dunkirk, and seeing the English army under the Duke of York forced to abandon the siege and fly in disorder before the French citizens armed for its defence and their liberty.

The town of Magdeburg was at this time crowded beyond measure with the cohorts of the first band of the National Guards arriving there to be organized into regiments of the line, and to be comprised in the new corps about to be formed. General Lauriston was named commander-in-chief of the 5th corps, to be composed of four divisions. The 1st division was commanded by General Maison, the 2nd by General Puthod, the 3rd by General Lagrange, the 4th by General Rochambeau. The Irish regiment was to make part of the 3rd division of the 5th corps; but none of these divisions were yet assembled and there were no troops, or scarcely any, to guard the line of the Elbe from Magdeburg to Hamburg; the army which retreated with the viceroy,

Eugène Beauharnais, being employed from Magdeburg to Dresden.

On the 3rd of March, 1813, the Irish regiments left Madgeburg and marched to Stendal, and from this town detached several companies along the Elbe to guard the passages, and then proceeded to Arandsee, Seehausen, etc. The enemy by this time had an army corps on the other side of the Elbe near Werben. Colonel Lawless got orders to call in all his detachments and to fall back on Stendal, where the regiment was again united on the 17th of March. The general of brigade, General Montbrun (brother to the lieutenant-general of the same name), had a brigade of cavalry at Stendal; he gave orders for all the baggage to be sent off to Magdeburg, and even thought that he had not force enough to resist the enemy that had already passed the river. On the 18th and 19th their advanced posts approached Stendal; on the 20th, General Montbrun decided to attack them. He gave the command of the infantry, consisting of two regiments, to Colonel Lawless, who ordered the two companies of voltigeurs commanded by Captains Allen and O'Reilly to flank the column, and the two companies of grenadiers, commanded by Captains Byrne and MacCarthy, to make the vanguard and to begin the attack.

The enemy was beaten back to Werben and driven through the town in great disorder, as the grenadiers, with the French cavalry, entered pell mell with them into the town. Several were lost repassing the river, and a number of horses abandoned; four officers and a great many private soldiers were taken prisoners. Notwithstanding this brilliant success, General Montbrun thought it prudent to return in the night to Stendal, and, on the second day after the regiment marched, returned again with General Russel by Werben.

Commandant Tennant's battalion made a reconnais-

sance on the road to Seehausen, and met the enemy in force. The Prince of Eckmühl, Marshal Davoust, arrived and took the command. The Irish regiment, with the cavalry, made the vanguard of this army. On the 24th he attacked and beat the enemy from Seehausen. The adjutant-major, Captain Osmond, left the regiment to perform the functions of chief of the staff with General Montbrun, and did not again rejoin the regiment.

Whilst Commandant Ware and his battalion were at the chateau of Gartz and Schnakenburg, Captain Malony, who with his company had been the last on duty of the battalion, received orders to march; he flew into a violent passion and remonstrated with the adjutant-major, saying he would not march out of his turn; but when one of his comrades informed him he was chosen by the commandant on account of the importance and danger of the mission, which was to prevent the enemy passing the Elbe in the night, they having a large boat on the other side, a league down the river, Malony instantly exclaimed: "Ware was an excellent chief and showed his discernment and judgment in the orders he gave"; and repaired without delay to the place assigned, just in time to have his men concealed and to allow the enemy to approach in their boat within pistol shot, when he gave orders to fire on them. This unexpected attack made them instantly return to the other side, and obliged them to abandon their plan for that night, thought they were in great force. Captain Malony had thus the honour of defending all the night this passage with his company alone.

The Irish regiment with the cavalry making the vanguard under Marshal Davoust, after beating the enemy from Seehausen on the 24th of March, 1813, marched on the 26th to relieve General Morant, who was attacked by a superior force at Luneburg. They arrived in the

night, after making a forced march of eighteen leagues, but unfortunately too late. The general had been already taken prisoner, and the enemy retreated across the Elbe with him and the other prisoners.

On the 28th of March, Commandant Ware was detached with his battalion to Winsen on the Elbe, and on the 29th, Colonel Lawless and the rest of the regiment marched to Salzwedel and joined General Puthod's division at a chateau that had belonged to the King of England. It bivouacked and remained several days near Salzwedel, and from thence went to Giffhorn in the beginning of April, at which place another bivouac was formed for a few days. Marshal Davoust lodged in an old castle, and had the grenadiers of the Irish regiment to guard him. During his stay at this place, a young Russian officer was taken concealed in the village, who owned that he intended to carry the marshal away, if he could meet him walking out alone, as he was accustomed to do after dinner. The marshal showed, during the continual skirmishes he had with the enemy in this neighbourhood, the greatest activity, being always with the vanguard. When he was replaced by General Sebastiani, he spoke to him of the Irish regiment in the highest terms.

The enemy had taken possession of Uelzen, and were in great force, Russians and Prussians. General Sebastiani decided to attack them. He told the colonels and officers, when he received their visit, his intention to attack the enemy the next day; that they were ten thousand strong, that he had three thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry, which he thought sufficient, and at the same time told Colonel Lawless he should have the honour of making the advance guard. Accordingly, on the 22nd of April, at daylight, the enemy's posts were atacked and all driven back on Uelzen, which town they endeavoured to defend for a short time; but

fearing their retreat might be cut off, they abandoned the place, no doubt with great reluctance, for, it being Easter Sunday (according to the old style observed by the Russians), they had all their preparations made for the feast they have on such occasions; and as they had observed Lent very strictly, it was a great disappointment to them to be forced to leave their fine repast, consisting of meat and other good things.

Colonel Lawless was appointed to command the place, and had Commandant Tennant's battalion in the town to furnish the different guards, which was considered a great honour, as the rest of the army bivouacked outside the town. The greatest order was observed, and no inhabitant had the least complaint to make.

A spy, who had been detected two days before, was condemned by a courtmartial in this town to be shot, but just as the gendarmes had placed him on his knees, and were about to fire, General Sebastiani ordered him to be saved. The unfortunate man ought to have been very grateful, for he had nothing to say in his defence.

After remaining two days at Uelzen, the army marched on Luneburg, where the enemy were again concentrating their forces, instead of re-crossing the Elbe. The Irish grenadiers, with the cavalry, made the vanguard, and when the enemy was beat, Colonel Lawless was ordered by General Sebastiani to take the command of the town, where, as at Uelzen, the best order was observed.

Commandant Ware, who had been detached with his battalion on the 28th of March to Winsen on the Elbe, was ordered to fall back on Celles, to join a French brigade, in which town he had a brilliant combat with the Cossacks. The town being evacuated by order one night, and the enemy allowed to take possession of it, in the morning they were attacked in the town and driven through it in great disorder. They set fire to a wooden bridge over the Aller, to cover their retreat, but Com-

mandant Ware passed it on horseback through the flames with his battalion and beat them a great distance from the town, when he was ordered to return, and had scarcely time to repass the bridge before it was consumed. It was on this occasion that General Aubert took a great liking to the Irish regiment. He was colonel of the 148th regiment, and was present when Ware passed the bridge; and when the general observed that Ware pursued the enemy too far, Colonel Aubert replied, "He would wish to be able to make the same reproach to his officers"—who were mostly Dutch, newly organized at Magdeburg.

On the 28th of April, 1813, Colonel Lawless heard at Luneburg of the Emperor's arrival at the army; no news could have afforded more pleasure than this gave to the troops, as they all well knew that a general action would soon take place, which would put an end to the continual marching and counter-marching they had had during the months of March and April: for the enemy would, in the event of losing the battle, have to recross the Elbe immediately and concentrate their forces to make head against Napoleon and his Grand Army.

On the 1st of May, 1813, Colonel Lawless received orders to march to Brunswick with Commandant Tennant's battalion, to which town Commandant Ware had orders to repair from Celles with his battalion, and from thence the regiment was to proceed to Halberstadt, to wait for further orders from headquarters.

Nothing could be more flattering for the regiment than the praises the officers received from General Sebastiani, when they were presented to him by Colonel Lawless, previous to their departure for the Grand Army. He said that the good result of the different affairs on the Elbe, from the beginning of the campaign, was due to their activity and bravery. The colonel and corps of officers took leave also of General Puthod, as it

was thought the regiment would join General Lagrange's division, to which it belonged, according to the organization of the 5th corps.

On the 5th of May, 1813, the regiment was united at Brunswick, and from thence marched to Halberstadt. It arrived at this town on the 8th, where the news of the Battle of Lutzen was announced to the troops under arms. The joy they expressed was great indeed. Every soldier felt in this victory a recompense for all his fatigues.

Colonel Lawless, fearing that the orders for him might have been intercepted, detached an officer to General Lauriston with a letter and a report of everything concerning the regiment from the time it marched from Magdeburg, on the 3rd of March, down to the present day. He had to mention that the baggage of the officers had been sent from Stendal on the 17th of March by order of General Montbrun, that it never returned, but had been sent back to Münster, and that they were in great need of their effects; the colonel also hoped that the general would have the regiment ordered immediately to join its division at the Grand Army. In a few days after, he received the order so much desired, for the regiment to join the 5th corps in all haste. On the 15th of May the marched to Bernburg, and found the place occupied by Marshal Victor's army corps. On the 17th, they met General Puthod again at Dessau; he had orders also to join the 5th corps; so the Irish regiment took its place again at the head of his division, and marched under his orders. They passed the Elbe at Wittenburg. General Puthod took Perry, the adjutant-major of the regiment, to be his aide-de-camp.

The division took the direction of Bautzen, always bivouacking at night. On the 20th of May they slept

on the field amongst the dead, where General Lauriston had attacked General York the day before, and forced him to retreat. On the 21st of May, after marching several leagues, General Puthod's division, consisting of ten thousand men, arrived on the field of battle between Bautzen and Wurschen. The action had already begun on the whole line, and the 5th corps was completely engaged. General Lauriston was rejoiced to see his second division arrive at so important a moment; indeed the arrival of these fresh troops contributed to decide the battle. The General welcomed Colonel Lawless in the most friendly manner, and was delighted to see the regiment looking so well, after so much fatigue, and the fine band of music enchanted him, which, contrary to custom (at their own request), preceded the regiment until the battle began. But there was no time for compliments, the regiment was soon employed to attack the enemy, and after passing in close column over a part of the field of battle strewed with the dead and wounded, under a tremendous fire, Colonel Lawless deployed it and sent the grenadiers in front and the voltigeurs on the flanks to begin the attack, which proved successful, routing the enemy in every place, and at last, in the evening, taking the village of Wurschen, which gave the name of the battle of one of the two days' fighting.

The grenadiers of the Irish were pursuing the Cossacks through the court of the chateau of the village, when Marshal Ney arrived on horseback, and ordered the captain (Byrne, whom he recognized, having known him in Portugal during the retreat from Torres Novas) to halt there; he told him the battle was won, to remain on guard with him for the night, and to place sentinels to prevent the place being plundered. He brought the captain with him into the chateau, and as soon as he found a bedroom, he took a mattrass, placed it on the

floor, on which he flung himself down. He had his right foot swathed up in a napkin, having received a slight wound in it that day. He desired the captain to give the two sentinels at the door of the bedroom instructions not to allow any of his aides-de-camp, when they arrived, to disturb him if he happened to be asleep.

A colonel aide-de-camp who had followed the marshal, requested the captain of grenadiers to accompany him in examining the chateau, to see if the enemy had left provisions of any kind, and though every part seemed ransacked and destroyed, yet, by measuring and tracing, they found out a secret compartment in the cellar, in which were several hundred bottles of Tokay. The aide-de-camp apprised the marshal as soon as he was awake of what he had found, on which he ordered him to send for the generals that were in the neighbourhood to come and lodge there; he ordered also the captain of grenadiers of the Irish regiment to send to his colonel to come to the chateau to pass the night, and to send for the other company of grenadiers to be on guard, as they would be better there than at the bivouac.

Nothing could surpass his solicitude for the troops on this occasion. Generals Puthod, Vacherau and Pastol brought their provisions and accepted the marshal's kind invitation, as did Colonel Lawless and some other chiefs; but, except the wine, nothing was left in the chateau. As the headquarters of the Prussian and Russian armies had been there for two days, of course everything in the way of provisions was consumed. However, the generals and colonels, etc., spent a pleasant night in conversation on the glorious victory just gained; but all unfortunately were forced to own that the want of cavalry would prevent the great result that otherwise might have ensued; but for this the enemy's army would have been completely destroyed.

The orders for another general attack were given in

the course of the night by the Emperor for the ensuing day. Of course all left the chateau before day, to repair to their respective posts, and Marshal Ney one of the first. He desired the captain commanding the two Irish companies of grenadiers to rejoin his regiment, which had bivouacked on the side of the road leading from Bautzen.

At about four o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of May, 1813, the Emperor, who had passed the night on the field of battle a league off, arrived with all his staff officers, Marshal Mortier, etc. Marshal Ney, who had General Lauriston's corps under his orders, made the vanguard of the centre of the Grand Army, and Napoleon himself marched at the head with it to the attack.

During this day's manœuvring and fighting, the Irish regiment was continually employed, and in the evening routed the enemy out of several villages on the road to Goërlitz, and only halted when night came on, at about a league from the town. This battle is called "Combat de Reichenbach"; in it the enemy had a vast number killed and wounded, and many taken prisoners. But Napoleon lost his friend and favourite, Duroc, Grand Marshal of the Palace. He was killed by his side late in the evening, as were two other generals of distinction, Lieutenant-General Bruyères and the General of Engineers, Kirgemer.

The stable in which Commandant Tennant had his horses took fire in the night, and they were extricated with much difficulty.

On the 23rd of May, the Irish regiment left General Puthod and joined the 3rd division of the 5th corps commanded by General Lagrange, to which it belonged. Having been detached on the Elbe, this was the first time they had joined the division, and they made part of General Suden's brigade.

The 23rd was spent in repairing the bridge over the Neisse, which had been damaged by the enemy, now in full retreat. After the three victories gained over them, they seemed resolved not to risk another battle, but from the want of old cavalry to pursue them, the infantry was continually employed attacking their rearguard.

On the 24th of May the army arrived at Bunzlaw, and had to wait till a bridge was thrown on trestles across the Bober, and then bivouacked on the other side.

On the 25th of May, the four divisions of the 5th corps making the vanguard arrived at Haynau early in the evening. The 1st division, commanded by General Maison, passed through the town and bivouacked at about half a mile on the other side. The three other divisions took a position before they came to the town. The 2nd division, commanded by General Puthod, to the right of the road leading to the town, and about half a mile; the 3rd, commanded by General Lagrange, to the left of the road, and the same distance from the town; the 4th division, commanded by General Rochambeau, at a certain distance behind the others. All the dispositions to pass the night being taken, and several generals and colonels in the town, a sudden attack was made by about twenty thousand of the enemy's cavalry, who returned on General Maison's division, which suffered greatly from this unexpected charge, and would probably have been destroyed but for the 2nd and 3rd divisions, commanded by Generals Puthod and Lagrange, who marched immediately to their assistance. The Irish regiment, fortunately, had nearly all its men present, as it only arrived the moment before the attack was made. Half an hour later, the men might have been all dispersed looking for provisions. The regiment formed a close column on the great road and marched on the enemy, and bivouacked on the field where General Maison's division had been attacked, or rather remained

there all night under arms. The artillery of the 2nd and 3rd divisions soon stopped the enemy's progress. A cossack officer being killed by the side of Colonel Lawless, he took the horse by the bridle and gave it to one of the officers (Captain Byrne) to carry his baggage.

When the Emperor Napoleon heard of the attack, and that the King of Prussia was with the army, he hastened to the advanced guard, and on the 26th, at daylight, after a very wet night, arrived at the bivouac of the Irish regiment, and ordered Colonel Lawless to form the hollow square, and designed the regiment to make the vanguard in this order with flying artillery on each flank. He sat on horseback at the head of the regiment for more than half an hour, viewing the plain, covered with the enemy's cavalry, and giving orders for the general attack.

General Lauriston, who expected to find the Emperor greatly displeased with him, as well as with General Maison, on account of the disasters of the day before, told Colonel Lawless, with admiration, how Marshal Ney had, the moment he met the Emperor, taken the whole blame on himself, by stating that every disposition was made after his orders and punctually executed. Of course the Emperor knew well how to appreciate this generous conduct; he replied, "Well, marshal, we must give them (the enemy) another lesson this day," and immediately the whole line marched forward to the attack, the Irish regiment in front, passing over hedges and ditches, and, as soon as they had crossed, forming again a hollow square, to be ready to receive the enemy should they venture to return to renew the charge. The voltigeurs of the Irish, as riflemen, were continually engaged driving the enemy's cavalry before them.

The Emperor, during the whole day, was as much exposed as any of his generals, and several times they prayed him to remain behind, seeing the cannon balls

passing over him like hail-stones. All were vieing at the same time who should be foremost in the danger. Marshal Ney and Generals Lauriston, Puthod and Lagrange showed the greatest activity with the advanced guards, giving orders everywhere that the enemy attempted to resist. It was a glorious day for the Irish regiment to have the honour of making the vanguard of such an army and under the eyes of Napoleon.

The enemy retreated through the town of Lignitz in great disorder. Captain Allen, at the head of his voltigeurs, entered the first into the town pursuing them. He was hailed by the Emperor, who asked him to what regiment he belonged, and then ordered him to place sentinels at his lodgings, and to remain in town until he should be relieved by the Imperial Guards, who were following. The army bivouacked before Lignitz, and each division formed a hollow square, and passed the night in this order of battle.

During the day, an Irish serjeant of the name of Costello being reprimanded by Marshal Ney for not falling back immediately to the rallying place when the trumpet sounded, replied "that a Cossack had fired twice at him, and that he wanted to kill the fellow before quitting the field." "And did you kill him?" asked the marshal. "I hope so," said Costello, "for I saw him fall from his horse." "A la bonne heure!" said the marshal.

The enemy fearing to risk another battle, and retreating rapidly, the French army stopped in the same position before Lignitz the 27th and 28th of May, 1813, to repose and to give time to the other corps which were following to arrive. On the 29th of May, the army marched to Neumarkt, and rested there on the 30th; the 5th corps bivouacking near a windmill. It was here that General Lauriston told Colonel Lawless how pleased the Emperor was with the regiment. He asked him if the officers of the battalions in Holland and at the

depot were equally good with those present; if so, he thought they would be ordered to come and join the regiment in campaign.

On the 31st of May, the army marched on Lissa. General Puthod's division attacked the rearguard of the enemy. The General of Brigade Postell was killed in this affair. Lieutenant Osmond of the Irish regiment, who was doing the functions of aide-de-camp with General Vachereau, alighted from his horse, and was the first to march through the river under the enemy's fire, to encourage the men by his example. For this action he was much spoken of in the army, and was proposed in consequence of it for the cross of the Legion of Honour.

On the 1st of June, 1813, the army marched upon Breslau on the Oder. A deputation from the town came out to meet the army at some distance. The 5th corps passed by the town and bivouacked on the banks of the river. The enemy, instead of crossing the river, retreated up the left bank, in the direction of Schweidnitz; this movement made it be thought that they reckoned on the interference of Austria to obtain an armistice, which they eagerly sought.

In the night of the 1st of June, the 5th corps made a move from Breslau, and halted four leagues from it, when, in the morning following, news of the armistice was announced, and Colonel Lawless received orders to return to the camp before Breslau; in which place the regiment remained several days, until everything was finally arranged with the Russian and Prussian armies respecting the armistice, which was signed on the 4th of June, 1813.

The armistice, or cessation of hostilities, was hailed with joy by the army; though they might be recommenced, it was consoling to be sure of having the

prospect of real repose for a month, or perhaps two. I know that for myself, and all those who had made five campaigns in Spain without ever having heard the word armistice mentioned, it sounded like magic in our ears. I can never forget the night when Commandant Ware and I were sleeping at our bivouac, in a corn field four leagues from Breslau, when an aide-de-camp came to tell him that an armistice was concluded, and that the regiment was ordered to return to its camp at Breslau. In the morning, when I was awake, I began to say how sorry I was that my dream about the armistice was not true. Such was my state of exhaustion from want of sleep, that I did not know what to believe on the matter, though I was listening to the aide-de-camp's conversation with Commandant Ware. Next day, returning to Breslau, we found many of our soldiers still asleep on the roadside: this instance, with many others which I have experienced, proved to me that night marches should be avoided as much as possible.

During the stay at Breslau, the Postmaster of the Army arrived, and for the first time from the opening of the campaign the officers and soldiers received letters from their friends in France; but the baggage of the Irish officers was still behind. Many of them being in great need, made purchases at Breslau of linen for shirts, cloth for uniforms, etc. The cantonments being assigned to the different corps of the Grand Army, which they were to occupy as long as the armistice might last, each repaired to his destination. The 5th corps, commanded by General Lauriston, had the neighbourhood of Goldberg; the 3rd division, commanded by General Lagrange, to which the Irish regiment belonged, left Breslau on the 6th of June, passed by Jauer, and arrived in a small village, Holberg, half a league from the town of Goldberg, where a camp for the division was traced, each regiment sending men to cut wood and bring it in

to make huts. In a few days all were well lodged, and the camp of the Irish was much admired. Captains MacCarthy and Magrath left the regiment there, to be employed as aides-de-camp to General Casterolle, cousin of General Lauriston. Captain O'Reilly took the command of MacCarthy's company of grenadiers.

As soon as the four divisions of the 5th corps were properly encamped, General Lauriston reviewed them, and as the baggage of the Irish officers arrived the night before the review, they appeared to full advantage in their uniform and accoutrements, which had not been used during the three months' campaigning.

The six following officers of the Irish regiment were named knights of the Legion of Honour by the Emperor Napoleon on the 18th of June, 1813, and received their brevets at the camp at Goldberg: Commandant Tennant, Commandant Ware, Captain Byrne, Captain Saint-Leger, Captain Parrott, and Lieutenant Osmond.

Colonel Lawless went to headquarters at Dresden in the beginning of July, and obtained advancement for several officers and non-commissioned officers of his regiment. After he returned to the camp, he received cloth to make pantaloons for the soldiers.

The interval of the armistice was employed in exercising and manœuvring the troops twice a day. The formation into hollow squares was particularly recommended to the regiments. From the want of cavalry, this order of battle became more urgent. The soldiers were also employed digging entrenchments and filling them up, to accustom them to this kind of work, and every day something being done to embellish the camp, it soon became quite a nice little town. From being so near Goldberg, it was well supplied by the inhabitants with provisions, etc. The evenings were spent gaily, particularly on Sunday, when there was dancing and

various amusements carried on with the people of the town and country and villages around.

During the month of July, a quantity of ball cartridges were distributed to each regiment that the soldiers might practise firing at the target.

At the end of July, General Lagrange's division being divided amongst the other divisions of the 5th corps, the Irish regiment returned to General Puthod's division and joined it at his camp about two leagues from Goldberg. They were glad to meet again those brave men with whom they had begun the campaign, and with whom they expected to share the dangers and honours of new combats, as the armistice was to cease on the 16th of August.

Napoleon's fête, which fell on the 15th of August, was celebrated by anticipation on the 10th of August, 1813, in order that they might have no chance of being surprised by the enemy in the midst of their festivities. As no expense was spared, and as the preparations began several days before, it proved splendid. General Puthod reviewed his division that morning, and made it perform various evolutions: manœuvring in hollow squares, by échelons, firing blank cartridges, etc. Ten thousand soldiers and four hundred officers dined at the same table, and each man having his glass filled, drank to the health of the Emperor, etc., the general giving the signal. In the evening the camp was illuminated, and many curious allegorical figures of victory, etc., with the Emperor's effigy, were exhibited in transparent paintings. Between the dinner and the illuminations, there were races and other amusements.

Although the rejoicings at our camp, and everything in that way was cheering enough, and that the army had received, during the two months' armistice, reinforcements from France, still it was not encouraging to recommence hostilities with two additional powers

against us; both Austria and Sweden had joined Russia and Prussia in the coalition with England against France. I well recollect the conversation which took place at General Puthod's table on the 14th of August, 1813, previous to the hostilities, on that subject. He said, as no two men ever hated each other as did Marshal Davoust and Marshal Bernadotte, the Prince of Sweden, "the war will be desperate if they are pitched against each other."

CHAPTER VII.

NAPOLEON'S splendid fête and rejoicings continued nearly all the night of the 10th of August. The five intervening days were busily employed, as everyone knew that hostilities were to begin on the 16th of August, and that Austria had joined Russia and Prussia against France. Marshal Macdonald, who commanded the 11th corps, had also the 5th corps commanded by Lauriston under his orders. According to the new dispositions, his army was to be opposed by Blucher and Langeron. The sick men were sent with the heavy baggage back on Torgau. On the 16th of August, General Puthod marched his division to the camp at Goldberg, and remained there on the 17th. On the 18th, before day, he left the camp and fell back on Lowenberg with his division, which was followed by the enemy's light cavalry, though not in great force. There was skirmishing the whole of the way. The division arrived in the evening on the Bober near Lowenberg; the brigade to which the Irish regiment belonged, commanded by General Vachereau, bivouacked on the banks of the river, close by the town. General Puthod and the other brigade, with the artillery of his division, passed on the other side. On the 19th of August, at daylight, General Lauriston came to the bivouac and marched the brigade to an eminence about half a league from the town; he ordered the three regiments, 134th, 143rd, and the Irish, to be placed by échelons and to form the hollow square, with the Irish regiment in front. These dispositions were scarcely effected, when he perceived the enemy's cavalry in great force, which rather sur-

prised him, as he did not know that Blucher (contrary to the treaty of the armistice), had marched his army on the 14th of August to Breslau and Jauer, neutral towns which were not to be occupied until hostilities had recommenced. General Lauriston immediately sent for Rochambeau's division, but before it had time to arrive, the enemy's cavalry charged the three hollow squares in the most furious manner. General Vacherau and his aide-de-camp came into the hollow square formed by the Irish regiment, which resisted the different charges made on it by the cavalry, who finding that they could not break it, brought a battery of artillery to bear on it, with grape shot and cannon balls, which no doubt made great havoc, carrying off whole ranks and files at every discharge; but the openings were instantly closed, and the cavalry, in spite of the aid of the artillery, were never able to break the hollow square, when General Lauriston sent his aide-de-camp to tell Colonel Lawless to endeavour to effect his retreat on a small wood and farmhouse half a mile in the rere. The regiment executed this movement with the greatest coolness and bravery, observing the same order; the hollow square halting and firing every two minutes, until they reached the wood, which served to keep off the cavalry. General Rochambeau's division arrived on the field of battle with artillery and cavalry, and beat the enemy back two leagues.

The Irish regiment suffered much in this day's fighting. Three hundred men were killed and wounded. Four officers were killed, viz.: Commandant Tennant, Captain Evans, and Lieutenants Osmond and MacAuley. Eight officers were wounded, of whom Commandant Ware received three wounds and had his horse wounded under him. The others were Captains Parrott and Eckhart, Lieutenants O'Brien, Elliott, Brown, Wall and Peters. Colonel Lawless had his horse wounded

under him in the hollow square. General Vacherau had his horse killed in the same hollow square, and would have been taken or killed had not Lieutenant Saint-Leger taken him in his arms and flung him over a wall into the farmyard, and had just time to follow him, when the cavalry arrived and sabred Lieutenant Elliott.

Commandant Tennant was cut completely in two; the cannon ball striking a belt in which he carried his money served as a knife to separate the body. The soldiers dug his grave with their bayonets, and when burying him found several pieces of gold that fell out of his entrails, and a part of his gold watch. Serjeant Costello, who was remarked on the 26th of May by Marshal Ney in the attack before Lignitz, lost his arm in this affair. The officers who escaped being wounded in this action had their uniforms bespattered with the blood and brains of the men killed beside them by the grape-shot from the enemy's artillery; poor Tennant was giving orders to have the ranks closed and the gaps filled which had been opened by the artillery when he fell; his horse feeling he had lost his rider, dashed through the ranks and caused a still greater opening in the hollow square.

The Irish regiment returned and bivouacked that night, the 19th of August, 1813, on the same place it had been, on the riverside, on the night of the 18th.

On the morning of the 20th of August, a retrograde movement being ordered, General Puthod kept the Irish regiment in a village with himself about half a league from Lowenberg, the rest of his division bivouacking in the fields.

On the 21st of August, Colonel Lawless was ordered to hold his regiment in readiness to be reviewed by Napoleon, who was expected to arrive in the course of the day. Not meeting the Austrian army at Zittau, on the side of Bohemia, the Emperor made a rapid march

to support Marshal Macdonald's army, and about one o'clock he arrived at Lowenberg. He immediately ordered a general attack; the Irish regiment had to pass through a mill, which stood in the centre of the river, the bridges having been destroyed the day before; the town was bombarded by the enemy's batteries. Under this tremendous fire, Colonel Lawless passed at the head of his regiment, and saluted the Emperor, who was on horseback in the street leading to the river where the regiment had to pass. The Emperor was surrounded by his staff officers, the King of Naples (Murat), etc. Colonel Lawless seeing the grenadiers and the most part of the regiment had got through the mill, immediately rode through the river and placed himself at the head of his regiment to attack the enemy; he had hardly advanced a few steps, when his leg was carried off by a cannon ball from the enemy's battery, which was placed on an eminence to defend the passage of the river. Colonel Lawless was brought into town upon a door by six grenadiers of his regiment. Napoleon saw him again as he returned wounded, and sent his chief surgeon, Baron Larrey, to perform the amputation, and afterwards sent one of his aides-de-camp to visit him, as did the King of Naples.

After Colonel Lawless was rendered unable to command, Commandant Ware had the command of the regiment, and Captains Byrne and Saint-Leger the command of the battalions as senior captains. The regiment continued at the head of the division in every attack on the enemy, till night put an end to the battle; they then remained in a village four leagues from Lowenberg.

General Puthod was so well pleased with it that he desired Commandant Ware, as soon as he should have leisure, to propose several officers for advancement, and to give him the demand, and that he should back it in

such strong terms that the Emperor would grant them immediately. As to Ware himself, he promised him he should be the colonel to replace Colonel Lawless; he saw Ware's wounds, and wanted him to stay in some place quietly until they were healed. Commandant Ware thanked him and said they would not prevent him going on horseback, and that he wished to continue to command the regiment. Of course the general could not help admiring such resolution.

The army that marched with the Emperor took no part in the action: his own presence sufficed, with Marshal Macdonald and Lauriston's two corps, about sixty thousand, to beat Blucher and Langeron, with a hundred thousand infantry and more than twenty thousand cavalry. General Maison was wounded this day.

The Imperial Guards and Marshal Marmont's corps of army bivouacked on the Bober near Lowenberg, and did not proceed further, but had to return on the 22nd in all haste with the Emperor by Bautzen to Dresden, and arrived there on the 26th in time for the battle of that town.

On the 22nd of August, the 5th corps, commanded by General Lauriston, pursued the enemy's army, which, commanded by Blucher, was concentrated at Goldberg and prepared to give battle.

On the 23rd, at daylight, their outposts were attacked, and immediately after a general battle ensued on their whole line. General Puthod's division, with the Irish regiment in front, had orders to take the hill of Goldberg, on which the enemy's left wing was principally supported; this strong position was defended by the Russian infantry in the most brave and determined manner; the hill was twice mounted by the French, and twice were they repulsed; the third time General Puthod sent all his reserve, and the hill was taken after great slaughter, which might have been avoided had

Rochambeau's division marched to turn the hill and left flank of the enemy; but that would have taken too much time, and the moral effect which the taking of this hill so suddenly produced on the whole line contributed considerably to the gaining of the battle, as the right wing and centre of the enemy's army, seeing their left wing forced to retreat, soon followed the example; besides, the French line advanced with such rapidity after the hill was taken, that the enemy could not resist. However, on account of the superiority of their cavalry, they effected their retreat in good order until night, as usual, put an end to it.

The Irish regiment lost some of its bravest soldiers, and had several officers wounded in this action. Captain Jackson in the heat of it was taken prisoner on the top of the hill and stripped nearly naked; his pocket-book, with his brevet and papers were found beside several dead bodies, which were naked and disfigured, with half their faces shot off. It was thought that Jackson was amongst them, and his comrades only knew the contrary a year after when he returned from the Russian prisons.

Commandant Ware had another horse killed under him at this battle. General Vacherau was killed in the beginning of the action, at the head of the Irish regiment, attacking the hill. Colonel Scibie and Colonel Aubert, both of General Puthod's division, received their brevets of generals of brigade on the hill during the battle. Colonel Aubert was wounded when he got his brevet.

General Scibie received the new colonel who was to replace him at the head of his regiment, and was immediately after received himself at the head of his brigade by Lieutenant-General Puthod.

After pursuing the enemy a league from the field of battle, the division bivouacked in the plain. General

Puthod kept the Irish regiment on guard with himself that night, and next day, the 24th of August, he proposed Commandant Ware for the rank of colonel, and Captains Byrne, Saint-Leger, Allen and O'Reilly for that of chiefs of battalion; he asked also eleven decorations of the Legion of Honour for the regiment, and the cross of officer of the Legion for Captain Parrott, who had already the decoration of chevalier of the Legion of Honour. General Lauriston backed these demands in the strongest manner, and assured the regiment that the Emperor would grant them immediately.

The division remained at this bivouac the 24th, where the melancholy ceremony of General Vacherau's funeral took place, a grave having been dug in the morning, and the brigade he commanded under arms, General Puthod made a very affecting speech, recapitulating all he knew respecting the military career of his brave comrade, under whom he had served as an adjutant sub-officer. He was the father of six children.

Marshal Macdonald knowing that Blucher had taken a very strong position at Jauer, took the necessary dispositions to dislodge him and to risk another general battle. On the 25th of August, his army began the movement forward, and on the 26th attacked the enemy's line with great success, until the heavy rains that fell during the action completely prevented the muskets going off, which gave the enemy, from the superiority of their cavalry, great advantage. General Puthod, who had orders to march into the mountains with his division to turn the enemy's left wing, met with the greatest obstacles in bringing up his artillery in consequence of the country being everywhere inundated. On the 27th he heard of the disasters of Marshal Macdonald's army before Jauer and Katzbach. He immediately fell back on Hirschberg, where he found the Bober had overflowed the country for half a mile on

each side, and with difficulty found a place to pass the night. On the 28th he continued his retrograde march towards Lowenberg, in which town he expected to rejoin the 5th corps. He was followed by the enemy's cavalry and often attacked in front by them, but he forced them everywhere to fly before him, and lost very few in this day's skirmishing. Notwithstanding the bad roads and continual rains, the artillery was always up in time to attack whenever the enemy attempted to stop the road; but both horses and men were quite exhausted for want of rest and food. When the general got a favourable position, he bivouacked for the night at about two leagues from Lowenberg, and where he expected to get some news from Marshal Macdonald's army in the course of the night; but the only thing he heard was explosions of ammunition chests blown up, which indicated the distress of Macdonald's troops.

Early in the morning of the 29th of August, General Puthod marched his division to Lowenberg, having the Bober, which was overflowed, on his left. On his right was the enemy in great force. Seeing all the bridges carried away, and no possibility of constructing others, he took the best position he could near the town, to wait till the torrents had ceased rolling down from the mountains, or rather till they had in some measure abated, and there, with his division reduced to six thousand men, with 12 pieces of artillery, they defended themselves from eight o'clock in the morning till half-past four in the afternoon against more than forty thousand Russians and Prussians. The Irish regiment during this action was continually engaged, and Captain Burke, who defended a village on the left flank of the division during the whole day in the most brilliant manner, and who received the highest praise from the general for his bravery, was killed at the close of the action with almost all the men under his orders.

General Puthod showed the greatest coolness and intrepidity in this critical and dangerous situation. The river in his rear increasing instead of diminishing, no prospect of assistance from the town of Lowenberg, where there were Westphalian troops that seemed occupied constructing a bridge; the enemy's army forming a complete half-moon round his division, each of their flanks joining the river, and no retreat possible, the general, in the centre of his division, fought until the last cartridge was fired, and even then, when the fire of his division ceased, the enemy hesitated an instant before venturing to advance. All of a sudden, at last, thirty thousand men ran forward on their prey, of whom none but those who knew how to swim could attempt to escape.

General Scibie, who was mounted on a superb charger, rode into the water, but the moment they got into the current both were drowned.

Commandant Ware's horse plunging and bringing him into the river, he flung himself from the saddle, and saved his life by swimming; the horse was drowned in an instant, as were all the other horses that reached the current.

Great numbers of men were drowned endeavouring to cross the torrent; however, about 150 of the division escaped. Eight officers and thirty men of the Irish regiment, with Commandant Ware and the ensign who saved the Eagle of the regiment, had the good fortune to get out of the bed of the river, but had to walk through a sheet of water which covered the other side for more than half a mile under the fire of the enemy, and many were wounded in this passage; had not the enemy been at this time in such disorder plundering the unfortunate prisoners, it would have been difficult for anyone to have escaped. The brave General Puthod and all his division, except those who escaped

by swimming across the river, were taken prisoners and sent into Russia.

Norvins says (Tome IV, page 103):

D'un autre côté, la division Puthod, abandonnée seule dans les montagnes, après notre revers de la Katzbach, a succombé sous la supériorité du nombre, malgré une résistance héroique ; et les flots du Bober ont enseveli tout ce qui n'a pu se sauver à la nage.

The river Bober at Lowenberg proved indeed a most unlucky place, for a part of the French army at least and the Irish regiment had its share of the disasters on the 19th, 21st and 29th of August, 1813; many were the sad and affecting scenes which occurred on those days. The person who writes these lines was present when the brave General Scibie asked his general of division, Puthod, if he would not endeavour to escape, getting for answer that it was impossible; "Well, I shall try, and risk anything sooner than go to Siberia;" on which he dashed into the water, and in a few minutes was no more. He was a splendid officer and a great loss. Six days only before, he got his brevet of general of brigade, at the Battle of Goldberg, as is mentioned in a former page.

Captain Saint-Leger feared that his brother, Lieutenant Saint-Leger, had been one of the officers who fell at the advanced post, and indeed his fears and his sorrow were shared by all young Saint-Leger's comrades, for he was a great favourite amongst them. Captain Saint-Leger, however, bore up against his painful anxiety with the stoic fortitude worthy of a hero; but he could not bear up with the scene that ensued. He, Commandant Ware, and Captain Byrne, after their escape across the river, came to the street in the suburb leading to Laubau and Gorlitz, to wait to rally the men of the Irish regiment who might have crossed the river, when Lieutenant Lynch was seen coming along the street

from the town. Commandant Ware asked him if there were any more still in the town. "Yes," he replied, "but I could not get Saint-Leger to come with me till he got something to eat." "What!" said poor Captain Saint-Leger, "my brother is not dead?" and, overwhelmed, he flung himself down on the ground, and was only relieved by a flood of tears. Commandant Ware ordered Lynch to return, but Saint-Leger and a few men were soon perceived getting away from the howitzer shells that were falling about them.

This disaster, added to that of Katzbach, obtained for Blucher the title of prince.

Commandant Ware, with the few of the Irish regiment who escaped by swimming, marched to Laubau the same night, and on the 30th arrived at Goerlitz, where they were detained two or three days, to give time for the different divisions of Marshal Macdonald's army, which had been so much harassed for several days, to assemble.

The 3rd of September, the bridges were destroyed and the army retrograded. Commandant Ware, with the Eagle and the few who escaped, arrived at Bautzen on the 4th of September. Napoleon was then in the town with the Imperial Guards; he was on his way coming to the relief of his Silesian army. He heard there of the fate of General Puthod's division, of which the Irish regiment made part. He was glad to see the Irish had once more saved their Eagle.

Commandant Ware waited on Prince Berthier, who ordered him, according to instructions from the Emperor, to return with his detachment to the depot at Bois-le-Duc, and to collect the sick and wounded of the regiment in the hospitals who might be able to march. The Imperial Guards returning to Dresden, Commandant Ware marched along with them. But the town being crowded with troops, he marched two leagues further

with his small detachment and slept in a village, after he had reviewed the field of battle where, on the 26th of August, 1813, so many thousands were slain. This was the Battle of Dresden, where Napoleon, on the first day, the 26th, with sixty thousand men, and on the second day, with eighty thousand, beat Schwartzenberg with two hundred thousand men, and where General Moreau was killed.

Next day, Commandant Ware proceeded to Leipzig, where he intended passing the night with his detachment. Arriving on the place d'armes, he was informed that Colonel Lawless, with a number of the wounded men of the regiment, who had come from Torgau the day before, were on the point of setting out for Erfurth. Colonel Lawless being delighted to meet so many of the regiment alive after all the misfortunes of Silesia, preferred stopping an hour or two longer in town until the men of Commandant Ware's detachment had rested themselves. It was fortunate for him that he met Commandant Ware, for the detachment he was to have marched with was attacked on the road to Erfurth, about two leagues from Leipzig, and were nearly all taken prisoners by the partisans commanded by General Tillman.

Commandant Ware, with his detachment, got out as soon as the men were refreshed, and had made about half a league from Leipzig, when he met several retreating back who had escaped; he was obliged to return, and remained several days in the suburbs of Leipzig before he could venture to march, the roads being at this time nearly all intercepted by Cossacks and partisans. However, having recruited some wounded men of the Irish regiment who were able to march and fight, Commandant Ware proceeded by Mersebourg, Garbin and the Herz mountains, seldom knowing at night the road he should follow the next day, being obliged to

wait to ascertain the direction not occupied by the enemy. Colonel Lawless suffered much in those bad roads, his carriage being often upset, and his wound opened in consequence.

After many days marching and countermarching in those mountains, to avoid the enemy, Commandant Ware and his little detachment arrived safe at Paderborn, in which town he stopped two days to rest his men, and from thence to Münster, where General Harty commanded.

This brave officer entertained his countrymen in the most friendly manner, and thinking the country quite sure to the Rhine, invited Colonel Lawless, who was much exhausted by the journey, to stop with him a few days to recover. Colonel Lawless accepted, and the detachment marched to Wasal, but, the second day after, the Cossacks appeared before the town of Münster. Fortunately, General Harty had troops sufficient to drive them away, and Colonel Lawless escaped once more being made a prisoner. He overtook Commandant Ware and his detachment at Cleves, and proceeded with them by Graves, and arrived at the depot of the Irish regiment at Bois-le-Duc in the beginning of October, 1813, after a campaign of eight months, in which the regiment had been continually employed in the vanguard and in the most dangerous and conspicuous situations, and frequently under the eyes of Napoleon himself; who mentioned to his Minister of War, Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, when he returned to Paris, how well the Irish regiment had served, and the duke told Colonel Lawless all this, and concluded, "This honour is all reflected upon me." ("Tout ce que vous avez fait de bon rejaillit sur moi.")

The officers of the depot, and Major Mahony who commanded it, entertained the small number of their comrades who arrived there after the disasters of this

campaign with a dinner at Bois-le-Duc; but Colonel Lawless was too ill to be present at it: he needed rest to prepare him to undertake another journey. A few days after, he set out to join his wife and children at Paris, and to have his wound properly treated there.

When the Minister of War was apprised that Commandant Ware and the officers who escaped with him at Lowenberg on the Bober were arrived at the depot of their regiment at Bois-le-Duc, he immediately gave orders to have the first and second battalions of the Irish regiment re-organized. Commandant Ware being then the senior chef de bataillon, got the command of the first battalion, which was soon completed with the men who were ready drilled and clothed at the depot.

Captain Byrne, by a decision of the Inspector of Wasal, was named to command the grenadiers of the first battalion, and Captain O'Reilly the grenadiers of the second battalion. The latter obtained permission to go to Paris, and did not rejoin the regiment any more, being named, the following March, chef de bataillon in a French regiment.

Captain Allen was named to command the company of grenadiers in the third battalion, and went to join it at Wilhelmstadt.

On the 2nd of November, 1813, Commandant Ware marched with the first battalion to Grave on the Meuse, to reinforce the garrison and to make head against the enemy then invading Holland under the orders of the Prussian General Bulow.

Some days after, Commandant Hayne and Lieutenants Saint-Leger and Brown were sent to Nimeguen, to be employed by Marshal Macdonald, who arrived there to command the troops on that part of the line. The month of November passed in slight skirmishing, and, at the end of the month, an order arriving for the regiment to be united at Antwerp, the first battalion

returned to Bois-le-Duc, and from thence marched to Antwerp. The depot of the regiment being ordered to Lisle, on the 3rd of December the 3rd battalion, commanded by Commandant Dillon, evacuated Wilhelmstadt and joined the regiment at Antwerp, at which town the Emperor ordered the four war battalions of the Irish regiment to be completed. Their conduct in the last campaign proved to Napoleon how he might count on these expatriated Irish in the hour of danger.

The Duke of Feltre named Major Mahony colonel of the regiment in the room of Colonel Lawless, who was to be named general at the next promotion. Lieutenants Ryan and Brelevet got the rank of captains, and several other promotions were obtained for non-commissioned officers and ensigns of the regiment. An order came at the same time to send away any Germans that might be in the regiment at Lisle, to be drafted into the company of pioneers. This order was no doubt given in consequence of the general disaffection of the various States of Germany to France in the last campaign. Captains Saint-Colomb and Kenlan, with several men belonging to the 2nd foreign regiment (Isenberg), who had escaped from Italy, were sent to Antwerp to be incorporated into the Irish regiment. General Aubert, chief of the staff to General Maison, who commanded the first corps of army, took Captain Saint-Leger to be employed on the staff as one of the officers best suited for such a situation. Commandant Dillon left the regiment at Antwerp to be employed in the staff of General Maison, and did not return to it.

The town of Breda being evacuated on the 12th December, 1813, Captain Byrne was sent with 500 men and six officers to the advanced posts at Braeschot, a small village on the great road to Breda from Antwerp, at which place he arrived on the 14th, late in the night. A company of engineers who were there cutting wood,

and making fascines and gabions for the fortifications, had orders to return to Antwerp. The enemy had not as yet made their appearance, but Captain Byrne hearing that they had several thousand cavalry at their advanced posts, spent the night with his men barricading the village, and throwing great trees across the road where he had his outposts. It was fortunate that he took these precautions and kept his men at bivouac all night round a great fire in the centre of the village, otherwise he could not have resisted, for at daylight the enemy's cavalry in great force attacked his advanced posts, which had orders to allow them to approach as near as possible before they fired; in the meantime he sent some men through a small wood to attack them in the rear, whilst he sallied out with the principal part of his detachment to attack them in front. He had succeeded in beating them back a league from the village when General Aubert, who commanded the 2nd division of the first corps at Merxicum, arrived to his assistance with a part of his division.

The general returned at night to his headquarters at Merxicum, and every morning he sent a reinforcement to Captain Byrne, who was continually engaged fighting the enemy's advanced posts, until he was relieved on the 26th of December by a battalion of the Imperial Young Guards.

Captain Byrne with his detachment made the vanguard of the division to escort a convoy of provisions to Bergen-op-Zoom, then partly blockaded by the English. He returned to Antwerp on the 28th of December, when he received great praise from the generals for his detachment, of which Sub-Lieutenant Esmond and Lieutenant Plunket made a part. Both these officers showed great bravery. On the 1st of January, 1814, Commandant Ware marched with the battalion to escort another large convoy to Bergen-op-Zoom with General

Ambert, and had to skirmish with the enemy before the town until all got in safe. This was the last detachment, the communication being completely intercepted: the English forces united to General Bulow drawing nearer to Antwerp. At this time General Decamp was replaced by the Duke of Plaisance, who commanded as governor. General Fauconet commanded the place. General Maison was commander-in-chief of the 1st corps. General Roguet and the Young Guards attacked the enemy's advanced posts, and had great success for several days.

On the 13th of January, 1814, the English, with a superior force, attacked Merxicum; General Ambert had to return under the cannon of the town. The Irish regiment had many killed and wounded this day. General Avey was killed in this action. The garrison remained under arms all night. Colonel Mahony was named this day to command an intrenched camp between the citadel and the town on the riverside.

On the 14th of January, 1814, at daylight, Commandant Ware, at the head of his battalion, retook Merxicum from the English, who retired on the road to Breda. He bivouacked with his battalion that night and returned next day to Antwerp, where he heard that the vacant place of "gros-major," or lieutenant-colonel, in the Irish regiment had been given by the Duke of Feltre to a Mr. Kenlan, the son of a Spanish general. He felt that he was bound, not only by what he owed to himself, but to the whole corps of Irish officers, to go to Paris to remonstrate with the Minister of War on the injustice of not leaving the advancement in the regiment to those officers who had so well merited it in the last campaign, and who had been so highly recommended to the Emperor by Generals Lauriston and Puthod. Unfortunately these two generals were then prisoners of war. However, Ware, who had permission from the

governor to go to Paris, succeeded with the Duke of Feltre (but not till the March following) in having Mr. Kenlan sent to some other regiment and he himself named instead to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which left a vacancy of chief of battalion in the Irish regiment, to which place Captain Allen was promoted by a decree of the Emperor in March, 1814.

After Commandant Ware's departure for Paris, Captain Byrne, as senior captain of the regiment, commanded the battalion; he was chosen at the same time by the governor to do the functions of superior officer for the visits, rounds, and all the other services of the place, which should come to his turn in that rank during the siege. Colonel Mahony being obliged to sleep in the entrenched camp, Commandant Hayne commanded the regiment in his absence.

General Maison, after leaving a garrison of about fourteen thousand men at Antwerp, retired with the rest of his corps d'armée by Louvain and Brussels.

In the end of January, Bernadotte, the Prince Royal of Sweden, who commanded a large body of Swedish and Prussian troops, marched upon Antwerp to complete the blockade of the town, with General Graham, who commanded the English forces.

Fortunately, General Carnot arrived on the 30th of January in time to complete the defence. A few hours after his arrival all communication between it and France was cut off. He immediately took the command as governor from the Duke of Plaisance. There was no time to be lost, as the English had already opened the trenches and were preparing to begin the bombardment. But Carnot's presence alone was equal to a reinforcement of troops; it both encouraged the soldiery and imposed on the immense population, which could not with safety be entrusted at this critical moment. He soon proved by his genius and firmness that the town

could resist for more than six months, and he accordingly desired that the inhabitants should make provisions for that length of time, or leave the town, whichever they liked best. A great many got the provisions necessary, others chose to leave the town and crossed the river. Several of the latter had sad reason to repent of the step they had taken, as they were plundered by the Cossacks encamped on the other side of the river, and they found no protection from those pretended liberators.

The day after General Carnot's arrival the English commenced bombarding the town. He saw they had attacked the weakest part of the fortifications, but he soon had a battery of 36-pounders and several mortars erected on the rampart. On that part, by the aid of thousands of the inhabitants whom he put in requisition to make small sacks and fill them with clay and carry them to the rampart, the parapets of the battery were all constructed during the night. On the 1st of February, 1814, the English, no doubt, must have been surprised to find from this weak point, as they thought, a battery of 12 pieces of 36-pounders, and four great mortars, playing on their works, which prevented them advancing; but they continued to bombard the town, and particularly the quarter where the French fleet was laid up in the basin, without, however, damaging the ships of war, as the sailors kept the ice which surrounded the ships continually broken, and had the decks covered with several feet of dung and clay to prevent the shells injuring them.

General Carnot seemed quite in his element having so important a place to defend, and he gained new vigour according as the danger increased. Having brought only one aide-de-camp with him from Paris, he took four officers of the Irish regiment to be employed on his staff during the siege: Lieutenant Saint-Leger, who spoke French, German and English perfectly well, was

one of those in whom the governor placed most confidence. It was he who was entrusted to go to the advanced posts and to receive the enemy's flag of truce whenever they had anything to communicate to the governor, and to bring them into the town when required, blindfolded, according to the precautions taken in time of war on such occasions. Lieutenant Saint-Leger evinced the greatest activity and bravery during the siege, for which the governor proposed him to the Minister of War for advancement.

When the communication with France became completely intercepted, General Carnot wished to ascertain if he could raise money from the merchants, bankers and other rich inhabitants of Antwerp to pay the troops. They refused to make any advancement, though he offered them, as a guarantee for the payment, all the copper of the arsenal, to the amount of several millions of francs. He was then obliged to get money made of the copper, which he called "siege money" (*monnaie obsidionale*), with which the soldiers were paid, and as this coin contained more weight than the intrinsic value, it passed readily through the town. But General Carnot intended to try other means to raise money, and not to waste the copper which was so necessary in the construction of the ships. He had an old Dutch ship of the line filled with stones lying in the river, which he intended sending down near Lillo, to have her sunk in the narrow part of the river the moment an English fleet should attempt to sail up. This alarmed the commercial interest; and to add to that, he had three of the principal bankers arrested and put on board this ship, which was to serve as their prison. But the wives of these gentlemen soon waited on the governor to know what was to be done to get their husbands liberated. He showed them a list of a hundred of the richest inhabitants of the town, and asked them if they thought

the gentlemen whose names were there inscribed could afford to lend him three thousand francs each, for that was all he wanted. They exclaimed they could, and ten times as much, and offered to take the list and get it signed, on which he immediately gave orders for their husbands to be put at liberty.

After this transaction, General Carnot became a great favourite at Antwerp. He invited the authorities to assist him in organizing a city guard, or *garde urbaine*, which was immediately executed and composed of the most respectable inhabitants. They rendered the greatest service, as they furnished guards and patrols every night with the troops of the garrison, and by this means the best order was observed during the different sorties which were made against the enemy.

On the 6th of February, the governor took advantage of a sudden thaw to order a sortie to be made on the enemy's entrenchments, which they were forced to abandon in disorder, and they retired in the direction of Bergen-op-Zoom.

Prince Bernadotte wrote to General Carnot inviting him to give up the town and join, what he termed, the good cause. The governor answered him, he thought it ill became a French prince, who owed all his greatness to the valour of the French army, to invite one of its generals, to whom reputation and honour were dearer and of more value than aught beside, to dishonour himself and become a traitor.

Carnot published this correspondence in the daily newspapers of Antwerp, and at the same time ordered a sortie to be made to attack the advanced posts of Bernadotte's army, in order to prove to him how much he despised his offer.

Whilst General Carnot was the terror of the enemy without, he acted with the greatest humanity towards the inhabitants of the town; he preserved an entire

outlet, or village, or suburb, which the commissioner of engineers thought necessary to have razed for the defence of the place. These poor people were so grateful that they gave the name of "rue Carnot" to their principal street, and had the name put up in gold letters.

The English General Grahame, after he had been obliged to suspend his attack on Antwerp, was encouraged by the offer of some of the inhabitants of Bergen-op-Zoom to attempt to surprise the weak garrison of that town. Accordingly, on the night of the 8th of March, 1814, from three to four thousand English troops were conducted by a Dutch retired captain who lived there through a subterraneous passage, and got possession of almost all the batteries on the ramparts before midnight, meeting with hardly any resistance. But General Bighany soon assembled his little garrison of young conscripts, and before twelve the next day (the 9th), and after great slaughter, the English were obliged to lay down their arms, and instead of opening the gates of the town, as they expected, to let in their general, had to surrender themselves prisoners of war. Two officers, one French, the other English, were dispatched to Antwerp to have the capitulation confirmed by the governor, Carnot; General Bighany being under his orders, this formality was necessary. The English prisoners gave their *parole* that they would not serve against France during the war; so they were set at liberty, and sailed for America soon after.

The news of this victory had the best effect on the garrison of Antwerp, which was greatly reduced a few days after—General Maison being obliged to manœuvre and open the communication with Antwerp on the French side, in order to bring General Roguet's division, composed of about six or seven thousand Young Guards, to reinforce his army corps. The Irish regiment saw this brave division quitting the town at

so critical a moment with regret, as the service of the place became harder; but the governor inspired such confidence that everyone knew he would find means to supply the division that marched away with General Maison. He immediately ordered that all the military workmen belonging to the arsenal, and all the French employés, of every description, should be armed and clothed with the uniforms of the different magazines of the hospitals to the number of six or seven thousand; and at the general review on the Sunday following, the inhabitants (who thought that from the garrison being lately so much reduced it could not resist much longer), were quite at a loss to know how so many fine men could be armed and disciplined in so short a time; they were made to know that every Frenchman is a soldier.

By this last measure, General Carnot proved to the people of Antwerp, as well as to the enemy without, that his resources for the defence of the town were far from being exhausted, and the more he learned of the reverses in France, the more he was decided to hold out to the last extremity; for Paris, as an open town, might be taken and retaken without deciding the war one way or another, and he determined in no case to believe anything coming from the enemy's quarter. However, on the 1st of April, he assembled the council of defence, composed of the prefet, the admiral commanding the fleet, the generals, etc., and they agreed that the chiefs of the different regiments composing the garrison should be sent for, to ascertain from them the spirit of the troops, or, in other words, if they could be counted on to defend the town to the last. All these chiefs answered for their soldiers, saying that nothing could exceed the bold, determined spirit which animated them.

In consequence of some correspondence of Colonel Mahony's being intercepted, he was put under forced

arrest on leaving the council, and the command of the Irish regiment given to Commandant Hayne. General Carnot knew well that Mahony was a French emigrant that had served in England.

On the 10th of April, 1814, a courier from Paris was allowed to pass the enemy's line and to enter Antwerp with the intelligence respecting the events which took place in the capital on the 31st of March, and the subsequent abdication of Napoleon.

The governor fearing to be the dupe of any deception, and wishing to have accurate information on so important a subject, despatched an officer to Lisle to ascertain from General Maison the truth, and all the particulars relative to the change of government.

As soon as the officer returned, General Carnot signed an armistice with the English General Grahame. The hostilities ceased, but the service of the outposts was more strictly executed than ever, and the governor took the greatest precautions to preserve to France this important fortress, with its military stores, arsenals, dockyards, immense fleet, etc.

On the 18th of April, another courier from the Minister of War, General Dupont, arrived at Antwerp with positive orders to proclaim Louis XVIII.

The next day, the 19th of April, 1814, the governor and all the troops of the garrison took the white cockade and declared for Louis XVIII.

Colonel Mahony's arrest being raised before this ceremony took place, he resumed the command of the Irish regiment.

Commandant Allen received his brevet as chief of battalion (which had been detained at the depot of the regiment at Lisle by Lieutenant-Colonel Ware, who had been waiting for the communication with Antwerp to be opened).

General Carnot permitted a few English officers to

come into town, but they were obliged to be in coloured clothes, to avoid any disputes with the garrison.

The final instruction to evacuate and surrender Antwerp to the English having arrived, the governor, Carnot, on the 2nd of May passed the Scheldt with the first division, and the brave garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom evacuated that town; immediately after, the English army marched in and took possession of it.

Thus finished the memorable defence of Antwerp,[1] which began in December, 1813, and ended on the 4th of May, 1814, where the governor, General Carnot, displayed the genius of a Vauban, the inventive resources and tenacity of a Hannibal, with the honesty and modesty of a Cincinnatus.

[1] On the melancholy occasion of the death of Mr. Byrne in January, 1862, Mrs. Byrne received a letter from Colonel d'Esmond, who had made his first campaign as a sous lieutenant under Mr. Byrne at the siege of Antwerp in 1814, in which there is the following passage :—

"Madame,—Veuillez agréer l'expressoin de ma reconnaissance pour votre bienveillant souvenir, au moment de vos souffrances et de la perte de monsieur votre mari, mon brave et vaillant compatriote et frére d'armes. En 1814, il dût la vie à la croix de la Legion d'honneur contre laquelle vint s'amortir une balle et je n'oublierai jamais le sangfroid avec lequel, lorsque je ramassai et lui prèsentai le projectile, le héros me donna des ordres ! '

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Irish regiment marched from Antwerp to Dunkirk on the 4th of May, 1814, by Ghent and Bruges. Colonel Mahony left the command with Commandant Hayne and went himself to Paris, to see the Minister of War, General Dupont.

The regiment stopped a few days at Dunkirk, to pay and settle with the Polish soldiers that belonged to it, and then had them sent to Saint-Denis, near Paris, where the Emperor Alexander was assembling all the Poles that were in the French service, in order to send them back to their own country.

The corps of Irish officers paid a visit at Dunkirk to their countryman, General F. O'Meara, who had so bravely defended Dunkirk against the English under the Duke of York in 1793.

The Irish regiment marched from Dunkirk to Lisle to join the depot commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Ware, and arrived there on the 16th of May, 1814. General Gazan, who had just come as inspector-general, told the officers of the regiments born in France that they could choose, if they wished, a French regiment, in which they would be placed to concur in the new organization of the army. A few who were not on good terms with Colonel Mahony availed themselves of this offer, viz., Captain Brelevet, Lieutenants Marshal, Saulard, Tumoral, Lagrange, Kerthin, etc. Colonel Mahony returned from Paris and rejoined the regiment at Lisle. He was then decorated with the Turkish Order of the Crescent, and signed himself "Chevalier de Mahony," in the orders he gave to the regiment.

Captain Nugent, the son of an Irishman, but born in

France, having drawn for money on a house at Paris that did not exist, had to leave the regiment after a decision of all the captains, his comrades, who declared him unworthy to serve with them after such a transaction. In a fit of drunkenness, he committed an act which brought disgrace on his respectable family; and though he had squandered a handsome property left to him by his father, still his pay as a captain ought to have sufficed for him, as it did to his comrades. He was a fine, well-looking man, more than six feet high, brave, and well-informed.

After a lapse of more than sixteen years, Lieutenant-Colonel Ware was agreeably surprised to receive at Lisle a visit from his friend and old comrade, William Aylmer; they had been chiefs of the insurgents during the war of 1798, in the county of Kildare. Their plans not succeeding, they were obliged to separate. Aylmer went to Austria, and got a commission in the army of that country. Hugh Ware was detained in the prison of Kilmainham, at Dublin, till the Peace of Amiens, 1802, in violation of the treaty he had signed to expatriate himself for ever from the British dominions.

Aylmer had the rank of captain of cavalry in the Austrian service, and he was on his way to London, by the orders of the Emperor of Austria, to conduct and present in his name to the Prince Regent a Husard soldier and horse, completely equipped and caparisoned, to serve as models for the English cavalry. Captain Aylmer's mission obtained for him the Prince Regent's pardon, and leave to return to his native country, Ireland, where he remained with his family and friends till he joined General Devereux at Dublin in recruiting and organizing a legion for the Spanish South American independence. As soon as the first battalion was completed, he sailed with it, and rendered much service, both morally and physically, before he received the

wound of which he died. Had he survived, he would have been rewarded by the President Bolivar and the government of that country for which he fought so valiantly. How melancholy it is to think of such brave men not having a country of their own to fight for!

On the 24th of June, 1814, the Irish regiment left Lisle and marched to Avesnes, where it arrived on the 28th of the same month, and where it was expected the re-organization of it would soon take place; but it was still undecided whether the French Government would keep Irish regiments in its service; besides, the officers who had had the misfortune to be taken prisoners in the last campaign were not all yet returned to the depot; several arrived during the month of July from the Russian prisons, and others were on their way back.

On the 3rd of August, the Duke of Berry arrived at Avesnes; he was accompanied by Marshal Mortier. They breakfasted at the sous-prefecture, and after breakfast the Duke received Colonel Mahony, "Chevalier de Saint-Louis." He set off immediately and did not review the troops of the garrison that were waiting under arms on the place. He gave permission to the colonel to allow the officers to wear the fleur-de-lys. On the 4th of August, Lieutenant-General Burke arrived at Avesnes as inspector-general, to re-organize the regiment, but it appeared he had not as yet his final instructions to begin, so everything remained in suspense. The general, however, after inspecting the regiment, encouraged the officers and assured them of his solicitude for their welfare.

On the 25th of August, 1814, the fête of Saint-Louis, the King's birthday, the corps of officers gave a dinner to the general and the authorities at Avesnes, and a ball and supper in the evening at the theatre, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion. Unfortunately, at the opening of the ball, Colonel Mahony insulted

Captain Lawless with the grossest language and then ordered him away under arrest. On Lieutenant-Colonel Ware, however, observing to the colonel that on a day of rejoicing like that they were then celebrating, it would be better if it passed over without having anyone punished, he consented to raise the captain's arrest, and to allow him to remain at the ball, for which Lieutenant-Colonel Ware thanked him; but in less than fifteen minutes after, on Colonel Mahony meeting Captain Lawless, he again insulted him worse than before, and ordered him to quit the room immediately. Lieutenant-Colonel Ware wishing to remonstrate, the moment he spoke, Colonel Mahony ordered him also under arrest. Upon which Lieutenant-Colonel Ware said to him: "I will go home and guard my arrest, but I must tell you, before I go, that your conduct this evening is unworthy of a gentleman, and it is both cowardly and scoundrelly of you to insult an officer like Captain Lawless, whom you know cannot bring you out." Colonel Mahony went to the box where General Burke was looking on at the dance, to inform him no doubt of what had taken place, and that he had put the lieutenant-colonel under arrest, etc. The ball became rather dull in consequence of this unpleasant affair, for almost all the Irish officers went away when they heard of Colonel Mahony's insolent conduct. The general could not approve of it, but he did not wish to say so publicly.

The next morning, the 26th of August, Lieutenant-Colonel Ware received a note, stating that his arrest was raised; he immediately waited on Colonel Mahony to know with what arms he wished to fight, and said, that for his part, sword or pistol were equal. They fought with pistols, and after exchanging shots, Mahony and his second seeming satisfied, left the ground, though Lieutenant-Colonel Ware refused to make any apology for what he had said the night before. Commandant

Allen and Captain Parrott were the seconds to Lieutenant-Colonel Ware. Captain de Tressan and a French colonel, who had married Miss Magrath, a cousin of Mahony's, acted as seconds to him.

The Sunday after this duel, when the corps of officers with Colonel Mahony at their head, waited on General Burke, he railed in the most violent manner against Lieutenant-Colonel Ware for having had the audacity to speak as he did to his colonel the night of the ball, adding he deserved to be tried by a courtmartial. This speech surprised the officers, as they knew well that the general was acquainted with all the circumstances of the duel and of Colonel Mahony's conduct on the occasion, and they thought all had been forgotten.

From that moment the Irish officers could perceive a preference shown to the Prussian officers whose regiment had been disbanded in Holland in 1813 by order of Napoleon. After the Restoration, all these German officers were sent to be incorporated in the Irish regiment, and two captains of them, of the name of Geitz, received their brevets as chiefs of battalion from the Minister of War, Dupont. These, with the great number of German captains ordered to be comprised in the new organization of the regiment, left little or no hopes to the brave Irish officers of obtaining the advancement they had so well merited in the last campaigns of 1813 and 1814 (as well as for their former services), and for which they had been so strongly recommended by Generals Lauriston, Puthod, and Carnot. Many had to serve in the same rank eight or ten years more before they could get promotion; Lieutenants Saint-Leger, O'Brien, Swanton, etc., were of this number.

On the 10th of September, 1814, the depots of the 1st and 2nd foreign regiments, Latour-d'Auvergne and Isenberg, with a great number of officers arrived at Avesnes. General Burke was charged to organize these

two regiments also, but he had still to wait for instructions till the month of December, when the skeletons of the three regiments were ordered to Montreuil-sur-Mer, where they were definitively organized by General Burke, as 1st, 2nd, and 3rd foreign regiments in the French service, leaving out the former appellation of *3rd régiment étranger irlandais.* It was said at the time that Lord Castlereagh required this omission of the word "Irish," and objected to the re-organization of the Irish brigades, which he supposed the government of the Bourbons might wish to see re-established, as they were before the revolution of 1789.

The 1st and 2nd regiments marched to the south and south-east of France as soon as they were re-organized. The 3rd regiment (*ci-devant troisième régiment étranger irlandais*), in which the Irish were comprised, remained at Montreuil-sur-Mer. It was organized into three battalions and a depot, in which all the Irish officers not comprised in it were placed and allowed to follow the regiment until places became vacant in it for them. As these officers could not be sent to their homes, they were to have the same pay, and to do garrison duty with the other officers of the regiment.

The following are the names of the superior officers composing the 3rd foreign regiment *ci-devant irlandais.*

Mahony, Colonel.
Ware, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Braune, Chef-de-Bataillon.
Hayne, do.
Allen, do.
Geitz, do.

The battalions were very weak, but as the regiment was allowed to recruit on the frontiers, it was expected they would soon be completed. Besides, the vast number of discharged soldiers were generally ready to re-enter the service. The non-commissioned officers were

a very good class of men, and much attached to their officers, with whom they had served in the last campaigns; they could not see with satisfaction other officers put to command them.

Captain Parrott, who commanded a company of grenadiers during the siege of Antwerp, and who had distinguished himself in so many campaigns, particularly in that of Silesia, where he was wounded and proposed for the cross of officer of the Legion of Honour on the field of battle, saw his company of grenadiers given to Captain Saint-Colomb, who came from the regiment of Isenberg, and who had never commanded a grenadiers' company. But the latter pleased the colonel and General Burke, who was charged with the organization of the regiment. This was one of the many instances of injustice which the Irish officers had to submit to after the Restoration, and Captain Saint-Colomb felt it himself, for he waited on the general, accompanied by Captain Parrott, to request him to name Captain Parrott to the grenadiers' company in his place, Parrott having the best right to it. The general was enraged to hear of such a proposition, and would not undo what he had done.

Colonel Mahony having got the regiment organized (as he thought) to his liking, obtained permission to go to Paris in February, 1815, where he intended to marry Miss Power, the daughter of one of his comrades in the old Irish brigade; but the marriage articles not being ready when Napoleon landed, Mahony, like every other officer on leave of absence at that time, was obliged to return to his regiment, and the ceremony of the marriage was postponed.

Commandant Hayne, who thought he was advantageously known to the Inspector-General Burke for many years before, got his retreat without being consulted, which was a crying injustice, as he would have

been entitled to the maximum the year after. He was in perfect health and fit for service; but he had the misfortune, as a member of the council of administration, not to agree with Colonel Mahony about the accounts of the regiment. There could be no just reason for treating so worthy a man as Hayne in so brutal a manner as to send him, after 29 years' honourable service and so many campaigns, to live on a pension of fourteen hundred francs a year, and to deprive him obtaining the cross of the Legion of Honour, which he prized above rank or anything.

An Irishman being thus treated, whilst the Prussian officers whose regiment was disbanded by Napoleon in Holland, in 1813, were kept in activity, showed that the Irish had little to expect from the government of the Bourbons, and made them fear subsequently that Lord Castlereagh's influence would become so great as to require that no Irish should be kept in the French service.

Colonel Mahony returned to Montreuil-sur-Mer on the 15th of March, 1815, and retook the command of his regiment, and in the first order of the day that he gave he signed himself "Count O'Mahony." This was the first intelligence the officers had of his being a Count.

As the newspapers from Paris arrived regularly every day at Montreuil-sur-Mer, Napoleon's rapid march on Paris was no secret. Napoleon arrived at Paris on the 20th of March, 1815.

The Irish officers, as men of honour, knew what they owed to themselves, and that as foreigners they should not meddle in the change of government, but serve faithfully the one established until they were absolved from their oath of allegiance. Under this impression, they exerted themselves for several days to keep the non-commissioned officers and soldiers in order, which at such a crisis was no easy matter, as all knew that the Emperor was at Paris. Colonel Tobin, who commanded

the town, and who knew the Irish regiment at Antwerp, asked for Commandant Allen and his battalion to be lodged in the citadel with him. Every precaution was taken to observe the best discipline and order.

On the 25th of March, 1815, Colonel Mahony assembled all the officers of the regiment at his lodgings, apparently to consult with them on the events which had taken place at Paris. He mentioned that the King, Louis XVIII., was on his way to Lisle, and he wished to ascertain what the officers thought on the subject. Lieutenant-Colonel Ware replied:

"Colonel, give your orders, and they will be executed. If the king wants an escort to the frontiers, he may rely on the regiment doing its duty. But we Irish patriots will never go to the enemy's camp to fight against France, our adopted country."

Colonel Mahony rejoined: "For his part, he was decided to follow his king, which he considered 'le chemin de l'honneur.'" Besides, he added, he could not think of ever again serving the Emperor after what had taken place at Antwerp during the siege of 1814, when he was under the orders of General Carnot. He therefore was resolved to go off that same day. He then gave up the command of the regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Ware, sending him the military chest, etc.

After Colonel Mahony's departure, Lieutenant-Colonel Ware and the corps of officers determined to wait for orders from the general commanding the military division at Lisle before they should change the cockade; and in consequence the troops were consigned to their quarters to prevent any collision with the inhabitants of the town, many of whom had already put up the three-coloured cockade.

Early next morning, the 26th of March, the sous-prefect and civil authorities received orders from the prefect of the department to declare for the Emperor;

but the military instructions for the garrison, transmitted by Marshal Mortier, did not arrive till some hours later. On receiving this order, by which all the military were absolved from their oath of allegiance to Louis XVIII, all the troops of the garrison under arms, with the National Guards and civil authorities, repaired to the *place d'armes*, where the Emperor Napoleon was proclaimed with the greatest expressions of satisfaction and joy.

The Irish regiment on this occasion displayed the Eagle which they had so often defended from the enemy, and which had remained in the military chest of the regiment during the eleven months of the Restoration, and which was now brought out.

The greatest harmony and good understanding existed between the inhabitants and the troops on this important ceremony. Lieutenant-Colonel Ware thought proper to tell such of the officers of the regiment who might have any scruple in serving Napoleon, that they were at perfect liberty to retire. Three only availed themselves of this permission and went away, viz.: Captain de Bonan, Captain Ferguson, and Lieutenant Gordon. All the other officers swore allegiance to the Emperor Napoleon, and signed an address expressing their devotion to him and his dynasty.

Colonel Mahony returned next morning, the 27th of March, and told Lieutenant-Colonel Ware that he had come back to resume the command of his regiment, and ordered him to send the Eagle and military chest to his lodgings. To which Lieutenant-Colonel Ware replied: He would never serve under him, nor acknowledge him for his colonel; consequently, he had no orders to receive from him; that he was astonished to see him so mean after his fine declaration on the 25th in presence of the whole corps of officers; or that he could suppose that men of honour could overlook his conduct.

Colonel Mahony then applied to the governor of the town, Colonel Tobin, who immediately sent for Lieutenant-Colonel Ware and ordered him to execute the orders of Colonel Mahony, who, he said, had returned to take the command of his regiment, and to serve the Emperor faithfully. To this Lieutenant-Colonel Ware answered, no power on earth should oblige him to serve under the orders of a traitor. He then deposited his sword with Colonel Tobin and considered himself under arrest. All the officers of the regiment, without one exception, went individually to Colonel Tobin's lodgings, and there deposited their swords, declaring they would never take them back to serve under Mahony. Captain Magrath, Colonel Mahony's first cousin, deposited his sword like the other officers, and seemed to disapprove of Mahony's conduct as much as any of them.

The governor finding he could get no officer to execute his orders, went himself and brought a detachment of grenadiers from the barracks of the Irish regiment and escorted the Eagle and military chest to Colonel Mahony's lodgings, which was considered very unwise of him; it incensed the officers more and more to see their Eagle intrusted to a man they thought unworthy of commanding them. The same evening, the 27th of March, General Pellet, who arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer, assembled all the officers of the Irish regiment; he begged of them to take back their swords and to continue to serve under Colonel Mahony until the Emperor should decide on the question; but to this they all replied, no power on earth would oblige them to serve one instant under his orders.

Finding it useless to persevere further with men so determined as the Irish officers were, the general told Mahony what he had to expect; the latter, therefore, determined a second time to follow "le chemin de

l'honneur," but this last time it was to Paris he went, instead of following his king to Ghent; and it was feared, that through General Burke's influence with Marshal Davoust, then Minister of War for Napoleon, that Colonel Mahony might be sent back to the Irish regiment. But, fortunately for these brave men, General Carnot was also at that time one of Napoleon's ministers, and of course he told him of all Mahony's treasonable conduct at Antwerp, so there was nothing more to be dreaded on that subject.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ware and the other officers, though unarmed, used all their exertions to keep the troops consigned, and as soon as Mahony left the town, the general invited them to retake their swords and to continue to serve as before.

Thus this change of government finished quietly, and to the great satisfaction of the Irish officers, who saw with much joy the influence of England, with that of Lord Castlereagh, cease in France. They now felt assured that their former campaigns and services would be recompensed by the Emperor.

Colonel Tobin, who appeared so anxious to have Mahony reinstated, in spite of the Irish officers, was soon replaced himself in the command of the town. On the 6th of April, 1815, Colonel Peltier took the command as governor, which situation he had before the Restoration, under the Emperor. Residing at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and being there during the late events, he was able to appreciate the conduct of the Irish regiment on that important occasion. He had also the advantage of being known personally to the Emperor of a long date, as one of the representatives of the people who accompanied General Buonaparte in Paris on the 13th vendémiaire (5th October, 1795), when the latter dispersed the sections which were marching to attack the Convention and the Government.

Colonel Peltier had under him, to command the place, Commandant Gallibert; the latter wanted an arm; he had been a long time employed at Genoa, before it was evacuated by the French. The artillery was commanded by the Chef-de-bataillon Pillault, who had been in the service of King Joachim (Murat), and returned to France in 1814. The greatest harmony and friendship existed between all these brave officers and the Irish regiment.

Commandant Hayne, who had been so unjustly treated in the month of March, being in Paris when the Emperor arrived, claimed, and was reinstated in the Irish regiment with his rank as before. He remained in Paris with permission, and did not return to the regiment till after the second Restoration.

Captain Parrott, who had been so unjustly treated by the Inspector-General Burke, got his company of grenadiers, which had been given to Captain Saint-Colomb; the latter, to do him justice, never wished to retain it, and he requested Lieutenant-Colonel Ware to give the company to Captain Parrott, who, he added, had the best right to it.

In the beginning of May, 1815, Lieutenant-Colonel Ware received his brevet from the Emperor as colonel of the Irish regiment, which caused great pleasure to all the Irish, and even the German officers seemed to be as much pleased at his advancement as the Irish officers themselves could be; in short, he was loved and esteemed by every one who served under his orders, and deservedly, for he was brave and ready to promote the interest of all.

By another decree the Emperor allowed the regiment to resume its former number and name of *premier regiment irlandais*, which greatly gratified the Irish officers, as they hoped, by this last act, that Napoleon had once more turned his thoughts towards their oppressed

country, and that the day might not be far distant when they should be sent on an expedition to Ireland, where their military experience would powerfully contribute to throw off the English yoke under which their country had been suffering, and been degraded for centuries.

The Minister of War, Marshal Davoust, wrote by command of Napoleon to Colonel Ware on this occasion a letter which contained the most flattering expressions for the Irish regiment. The Emperor declared that he would hereafter employ it in every circumstance and with the same confidence as he would employ one of the imperial regiments of his Guards. The greatest union and emulation subsisted in the regiment during the month of May, and soldiers were arriving daily to complete the four battalions which composed it on the war establishment. Several officers who were on half pay were sent to be attached to the regiment, and two Spanish officers who were on half pay were allowed to join it, viz.: Captain Garido and Lieutenant Ferarie. Captain Murray had been retired and lived at Dunkirk; he rejoined his old comrades with pleasure.

The commander of the artillery Pillault invited all the officers of the Irish regiment who were not employed in the instruction of the troops to follow with him the exercise of the artillery, which they accepted with much eagerness; and this brave commander saw with pleasure the rapid progress which they were making, passing four hours every day on the ramparts at the manœuvres of the artillery.

In the beginning of June, the Governor of Montreuil-sur-Mer received instructions from the Minister of War, informing him that it was ascertained that the English Government, in the event of hostilities beginning on the frontiers, intended landing five or six thousand men on the coast, to make a diversion in the rear of the French army; that the Emperor thought the Irish regi-

ment, with the national guards of the country, would be quite sufficient to destroy and disperse the expedition as soon as it landed. Napoleon judged well, for though the Irish regiment had not yet had time to have all the battalions completed to the war establishment, the good spirit with which the officers and men were animated, and the good understanding which subsisted between them and the National Guards, was a sure guarantee of success. The prospect of being actively employed in this way against the English consoled the Irish regiment for not making part of the French army in the Low Countries, where they had hoped they might have had another opportunity of proving their attachment to their adopted country, and their devotion and gratitude to Napoleon for the confidence which he honoured them with. One of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, Lieutenant-General Dejean, who arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer at this time, met there several of the Irish officers who served under his orders in Spain, at the advanced posts, when the English army was driven into Portugal in September, 1811, at Fontelgenalgo, Alfitas, etc., and, by meeting these officers, General Dejean was enabled to appreciate the good composition of the Irish regiment, of which he made a most favourable report to Napoleon when he returned to Paris.

Soon after his departure, two emigrant captains of the regiment, Magrath and Saint-Colomb, though they had sworn allegiance to the Emperor, began to correspond with the enemy at Ghent. Captain Saint-Colomb deserted on the 10th of June, 1815, and was followed two days after by Captain Thompson. The latter was born in France and had served in the Prussian regiment before he joined the Irish regiment. Though these officers were Frenchmen, yet the indignation of the Irish was not the less. In consequence, eight captains of the regiment waited on Captain Magrath and reproached

him with his infamous and dishonourable conduct. He could not deny that he corresponded with the Bourbon party at Ghent, nor that he had accompanied Captain Saint-Colomb on the road the day he deserted. The eight captains told Magrath that they were resolved not to serve with traitors, and said he must resign. They also informed Captain de La Roche, another French emigrant, that he was accused of corresponding with the enemy. Fortunately the Irish officers were not answerable for the dishonourable conduct of men who broke that allegiance to which they had sworn voluntarily.

Napoleon having joined the army in Flanders, and news arriving of his having gained the Battle of Fleurus on the 16th of June, in so splendid a manner, the highest hopes were excited in the hearts of the expatriated Irish. Their feelings on this occasion cannot be described. They imagined they were once more on the point of making part of an expedition to liberate their unfortunate country from the cruel tyranny of the English Government. But the loss of the Battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, with the other unhappy circumstances which followed Napoleon's abdication, put an end to their career, and to all further hopes of aid from France to relieve Ireland from her bondage.

The sous-prefect of Montreuil-sur-Mer received instructions from the provisional government of Paris to proclaim Napoleon II, consequently all the civil authorities and the officers of the garrison were assembled at the municipality to swear allegiance to him. The sensation this ceremony created was very great, and gave a temporary hope that the nation might rally once more to drive out the enemy. About the same time an order from the Minister of War arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer for the Irish regiment to march immediately to join the army in the neighbourhood of Paris; but Colonel

Peltier, who commanded the town and district, and who received the order, did not think proper to communicate it to the commander of the regiment, Colonel Ware, wishing, no doubt, to keep the troops in the garrison to be ready to proclaim Louis XVIII, when he should have orders for that purpose from Paris. Accordingly, on the 11th of July, 1815, the order arrived, and Louis XVIII was proclaimed a second time on the 12th of July, 1815. It was on the arrival of this last order that Lieutenant Thulier, being on guard, and going up to the top of the rampart to speak to the courier before admitting him into the town, lost his balance, fell over and was killed on the spot.

The Marquis de Bryas, who had been at Ghent with the King, arrived at Montreuil-sur-Mer and took the command from Colonel Peltier as governor of the district. The same day several of the Irish officers, with Colonel Ware at their head, expressed to him their hesitation at continuing in the service under so many changes. This gentleman very properly observed to them that they should not rashly sacrifice their claims upon France, their adopted country, where they had served with so much distinction, having always done their duty as men of honour, and having executed punctually the orders of their chiefs. They might regret the sudden changes, he said, but they were not answerable for them. If anything could lessen the pain of their position, seeing an English army in possession of Paris, and their own prospects so changed, it was the friendly reception the Irish officers met with from the Marquis de Bryas whilst they remained at Montreuil.

Colonel Ware drew up an address on the 13th of July to be forwarded to the King through the Minister of War. It was left at the quartermaster's to be signed by all the officers of the regiment. Commandant Braune, a Prussian, and several of his countrymen, though they

signed it, assembled immediately afterwards at his house and got Lieutenant Wall, the son of an Irishman, to draw up another address, in stronger terms, in which they styled themselves the "true and real royalists" of the regiment. This second address became, of course, a kind of denunciation against those officers who did not sign it, and a sure recommendation in favour of all those who put their names to it, as they were soon after employed, and even several were placed in the royal guards. Those officers who had complied strictly with their colonel's orders were marked out for persecution. Such was the encouragement given to insubordination at that melancholy period, that the very worst officers were sure of employment and advancement, provided they boasted of their devotion to the Bourbons and spoke against their comrades.

Several disputes took place between the Irish officers and those Prussian officers who had been put into the regiment after the Restoration. Captains Jackson and Town had duels with two of those Prussians, and wounded them dangerously. The Marquis de Bryas fortunately listened to Colonel Ware's advice and put an end to all this by refusing to receive any further denunciations of these Germans against the Irish.

On the 15th of July, the Marquis de Bryas having heard that a battalion of National Guards from Rouen, which had been stationed at Dunkirk, and were returning to Rouen to be disbanded there, were still wearing the tri-coloured cockade, marching across the country, called on the Irish regiment, with two pieces of artillery, to go and meet them. On arriving at Hesdin, the marquis met them coming in by small detachments, having taken out their cockades. About thirty or forty kept with their commander and made their way into Normandy. The next day the Marquis de Bryas returned with the Irish regiment from Hesdin, bringing his wife

with him to Montreuil, she having been staying at their residence at Hesdin. They gave some agreeable entertainments at Montreuil, of which place he gave up the command in September, 1815.

By this time the army of the Loire being completely disbanded, the Irish regiment could not expect to be better treated than those brave and unfortunate men. General Desnoyers was sent in quality of inspector-general; he was assisted by M. le Pautre, sous-inspecteur aux revenus, and on the 28th of September, 1815, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, they finished their painful task of disbanding the Irish regiment that had served in all the campaigns of Germany, Spain, Portugal, etc., from 1803 down to the present date, 1815, for twelve years of continued campaigns, without interruption; often and deservedly receiving the highest encomiums from the different generals-in-chief under whose orders they served during these memorable campaigns.

According to the inspector-general's instructions, the officers were to choose and name the towns where they wished to retire to on half pay: consequently they were soon dispersed all over France. The serjeants, corporals and private soldiers of the regiment who wished to remain in the French service were marched off to be incorporated in the Legion of Prince Hohenlohe, then forming at Toulon. Captain Town took the command of this detachment, and set out on the 29th September, 1815. Colonel Ware, Captains Byrne and O'Vitzky, as members of the council of administration of the regiment, and Lieutenant Wagner, quartermaster, and Lieutenant Montague charged with the clothing, received orders from the Minister of War, Clarke, Duke of Feltre, to remain at Montreuil in order to terminate, sign and give up the different accounts of the regiment, and also to have the military effects remaining in the magazine of the corps forwarded to the Hohenlohe legion.

Particular instructions were given on this occasion to Lieutenant Montague to have the "N." eagles, and all other signs bearing allusion to the Emperor, effaced from the effects before they were sent off.

Two beautiful standards were sent to Spain by the Emperor in 1810 for the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the Irish regiment, but they were left at Valladolid, as those battalions were then in Portugal. These standards were brought to the depot of the regiment and were destroyed by Lieutenant Montague at Montreuil. They were green with a large harp in the centre. On one side in gold letters "Napoleon I. to the 2nd Irish battalion." And on the other "The independence of Ireland." The 3rd the same. The Eagle was carried by the first battalion, which, of course, had its colours like the others.

The officers of the council left at Montreuil received two-thirds of their pay until the February following, and when all was finished they retired on half pay like the other officers, hoping at least to remain unmolested. But soon after the Battle of Waterloo the brave regiment was disbanded by Louis XVIII, and the Irish officers were made to feel that Lord Castlereagh and English influence prevailed in the French councils.

Commandant Allen, who had retired to Melun, was ordered from that town to Rouen, and passing by Paris, was there arrested by order of the Duke of Feltre, and informed he must quit the French territory without delay. Thus, without trial or judgment, one of those officers whose gallant actions had gained such renown for the Irish regiment, both in Spain and Silesia, was to be banished from his adopted country by the orders of General Clarke, the son of an Irishman.

Lieutenant-General Arthur O'Connor waited on the Duke of Feltre and insisted that Commandant Allen should be brought to trial, saying, "It was too bad to

see him worse treated here than he had been when tried and acquitted with him at Maidstone." The duke, knowing well that no charge whatever could be brought against Mr. Allen before a courtmartial, had no idea of having him tried, but seeing that General O'Connor took up the matter so warmly, and fearing no doubt that he might have it published in the English and Irish newspapers, after much hesitation, consented to have Allen set at liberty, and allowed him to retire to Tours on half pay, where he remained a prisoner at large until 1830.

Captain Jackson was also banished by order of the Duke of Feltre, without any trial or charge whatever being brought against him; and yet this brave officer had distinguished himself on every occasion where the regiment had been engaged, either in Spain or Germany. He was wounded and taken prisoner at the Battle of Goldberg in Silesia on the 23rd of August, 1813, and had only returned from the Russian prisons of Siberia a few days before the Emperor's return from Elba. Captain Jackson sailed from Havre in November, 1815, for South America, where he had a further opportunity of showing his military talents fighting for the independence of that country.

Captain Town, a brave and most distinguished officer, full of information and learning, and military genius, was, like Jackson, banished by the order of the Duke of Feltre, without trial or appeal to any military tribunal—a sad recompense for all his gallant services! He being in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, sailed for Italy, where he found great difficulty in being allowed to remain.

Another victim, still more remarkable, of the Duke of Feltre's vindictive feeling towards the Irish regiment was Captain Lawless,[1] who was ordered to quit France

[1] *Cf. infra*, p. 230.

forthwith, although he was personally and advantageously known to him, having been for more than two years attached to his staff in Paris, in 1812 and 1813. Notwithstanding this, and all the influence and exertions of his uncle, General Lawless, he could not obtain the favour of a trial by a courtmartial, which, indeed, would at once have put him at liberty, as no charge whatever could have been brought against him. He was obliged to leave France, and went to New York. General Lawless must have felt this most keenly, when he recollected the many flattering letters he received from the Duke of Feltre respecting the brilliant services rendered by the Irish regiment in Germany, at Flushing, etc., saying "He gloried in them as an Irishman!"

This system of persecution appeared the more extraordinary, from the colonel, Ware, being exempted, who should have been the first to incur blame, if any could be attached to the corps. On this occasion, it is only justice to Colonel Ware to say that he gave in to the Minister of War a very long and detailed report after the regiment was disbanded, specifying every occurrence that took place during the Hundred Days, and for which he himself, as "chef de corps," felt he was alone responsible.

Having related the brutal treatment which Commandant Allen, Captains Lawless, Jackson and Town received from the Duke of Feltre, I ought to mention my own, which was still worse, on account of the time allowed to intervene before it was perpetrated. They received the order to quit France in 1815, and I only received it on the 2nd of January, 1817, the order to quit Tours in twenty-four hours, and France in fifteen days. Whether this postponement was on account of my being one of the members of the council of administration charged with rendering finally the accounts of the regiment, or for other motives, I never could learn;

yet it was well known at the War Office that the ministerial decision was taken against me at the same time as that against Captain Allen and the other officers. As to my sufferings, and the way I obtained justice, they would be too long to insert in a note. I must refer the reader to the biographical article in the third volume, on General Clarke, Duke of Feltre, Minister of War, where all the particulars are given accurately.

CHAPTER IX.

[The rest of this volume contains the matter given in the third volume of the original, slightly rearranged—except for that portion which has been transferred to the end of Vol. I. of this edition. It will be seen at once that these are general reminiscences and not a connected or continuous narrative.—S. G.]

THE exiled Irish whom I met in France, and who had escaped at different periods previous to the insurrection of 1798, were, Edward Lewens, Richard MacCormick, William Lawless, John Tennant, Pat Gallagher, Putenham MacCabe, Thomas Burgess, the two brothers Thomas and William Corbet, Valentine Derry, John MacHenry, Read, Arthur MacMahon, etc.

Those who escaped after the insurrection and after General Humbert's capitulation to Lord Cornwallis, were, William Barker, Jeremy Fitzhenry, Captain Murphy, Paul Murray, Counsellor James Joseph Macdonald, his cousin G. Macdonald, Augustin O'Meally, John Gibbons, his son Ned Gibbons, P. Powel, Father Gannon, Augustin Gibbons, O'Kean, J. MacGuire, etc.—David Baillie Warden, Harrison, O'Malley, and some others, escaped to America, and from thence came to France as American citizens.

The Irish patriots I met with, who had to expatriate themselves in order to get out of prison after many years' confinement were, Hampden Evans, Arthur O'Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, John Sweetman, Matthew Dowling, Hugh Wilson, Thomas Markey, John Sweeny, Hugh Ware, Pat MacCann, etc.

I paid few visits, only to some of Mr. Emmet's friends and fellow prisoners, such as Matt Dowling,

John Sweetman, John Sweeny, Hugh Ware, Hampden Evans. The latter having lost one of his daughters a short time before I arrived, lived retired, in a comfortable house on the Boulevard des Invalides, opposite the Rue Plumet (now Rue Oudinot). Mrs. Tone, and other ladies, such as Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Hamilton, etc., wives of the exiles, were always well received by this excellent family, consisting of the father and mother, young Hampden and his three sisters Mary, Nancy and Sidney. The first was afterwards married to William Lawless when he became colonel of the Irish regiment; the second was married to Mr. George Putland, and the third to her cousin Acton.

The refugees who, with Mr. Emmet and his family, frequented Mr. Hampden Evans' house, were, generally, John Sweetman, Matt Dowling, Dick MacCormick, Doctor MacNeven and William Lawless.

Mr. JOHN SWEETMAN was not only a true Irish patriot, he was learned and highly accomplished. He had a great taste for the fine arts, having visited Italy often, and he was ever ready to accompany a friend to that interesting country. I always felt the greatest pleasure in this worthy gentleman's conversation; and he who entertained in the first style at Dublin, was now living sparingly indeed at Paris.

MATT DOWLING bore up with his misfortunes like a philosopher of the olden times, retaining all his gaiety and amiable manners which used to endear him so much to the citizens of Dublin, who were in the habit of electing him king of the Island of Dalkey. I spent one evening at his lodgings, in company with Paul Murray and Arthur MacMahon, and he made us nearly forget we were far away from our home; he made us proud of being exiles in a good cause.

RICHARD MACCORMICK was much esteemed by his countrymen in Paris. He knew my poor step-brother,

Edward Kennedy, who was then one of the State prisoners in Kilmainham Jail, waiting to be tried by that infamous court, with its packed jury, and presided over by the heartless ruffian, Norbury.

EDWARD LEWENS.

Edward Lewens, having been sent on a mission to the French Government some time after Hoche's expedition to Ireland had failed, met Wolfe Tone in Paris, with whom, he told me, he always consulted on Irish affairs; yet some of the exiles of that period thought that Lewens did not exert himself sufficiently with the Directory, to obtain for them the aid they so much needed. The French Government, continually at war, had her resources much exhausted, and no money to spare. Instead of seeking to raise a loan in France, according to his instructions, Lewens should have been the bearer of thirty or forty thousand pounds, to be offered to the Director Barras, to assist in defraying the expense of preparing an expedition of four or five thousand French troops to be sent in fast sailing frigates to Ireland in June, 1798, when we were in great force in many parts of Leinster and near the capital, in place of General Humbert's eight hundred, which only landed in August, when all was over. The rich Catholic patriots, like Keogh of Mount Jerome, could not see the necessity of proposing money to the French Government, yet it would have been good policy, and probably a surer way to success to have made the offer in time, instead of speaking of loans in a country where money was so scarce, and so much wanted to carry on the war. Lewens having studied in France, knew the language, laws and customs of the country well; he possessed talents and ability to fill the situation of agent to the French Government; though it was a period of vast difficulty—1797,

'98 and '99—still something might have been obtained had the Irish leaders at home been better advised. Under these difficult circumstances, Mr. Lewens found it no easy matter to please his countrymen, either abroad or in Ireland; yet he had his wife's uncle, Mr. Thomas Braughall, residing in Dublin, who enjoyed there the confidence of his fellow citizens, and it was expected that Mr. Braughall would have procured from them more precise instructions for his nephew at Paris.

Be that as it may, I must say for myself, that when I experienced such unjust treatment from the Minister of War, Clarke, the Duke of Feltre,[1] none of my friends were more indignant than Edward Lewens. Being retired on half pay at Tours, I received on the 2nd of January, 1817, an order to quit the town in twenty-four hours, and the kingdom of France in fifteen days. I came at once to Paris to protest against such injustice and to seek redress, which could hardly be expected in that dreadful time of terror. Lewens was one of those to whom I made known my plan of acting to get out of my difficulties. I lodged at the Hôtel de Calais, opposite the diligence office, Rue Montmartre, but as it was not safe for my friends to come and visit me there, as I was watched by the police, I appointed Mrs. Barker's house in the Rue du Vieux-Colombier as a place to meet them in. It is gratifying to me, even now, to think how that worthy woman and her son and daughter felt for my very disagreeable situation, indeed quite as if I had been one of their nearest relations; and I can never forget with what pleasure they used to see Lewens calling, because they thought that his visits would cheer me, and worthy Mrs. Barker had always a cup of good tea for Lewens, which he liked much. After taking leave of Mrs. Barker and her kind-hearted son and daughter, we

[1] *Cf. infra*, p. 246 *sqq.*

used to set out together to go home. I, of course, thought it my duty to accompany Mr. Lewens to his house, but he never would quit me, no matter how late, until he saw me a part of the way to my lodgings; and thus would he wish to pass the night, talking and walking, without ever thinking of going to rest. He delighted in controversy, on every subject, and often would appear in a great passion whilst disputing, yet he had a good temper, and was ever ready to listen to refutation and truth.

Lewens did not enjoy at that time (1817) the influence he had afterwards in the reign of Charles X, when his great friend the Bishop of Hermopolis, Abbé de Frayssinous, was Minister of Public Instruction, and Grand Master of the University of France. His son, Laurence Lewens, called in French de Lewens, who had been professor at the College Stanislaus and private secretary to the Bishop, is now chef de division of the "personnel," the most important situation in the Ministry of Public Instruction, and Lewens himself was one of the inspectors of the University, a place generally obtained by great learning and long services. Though Lewens was a good scholar and a naturalized Frenchman, his nomination caused great jealousy amongst the professors; but when they heard of the services he had rendered to the Abbé de Frayssinous in the time of the Directory, their clamour ceased.

I must say that, on many occasions, I found both Mr. Lewens and his son Laurence most obliging to friends of mine. Mr. David Baillie Warden, one of the true Irish patriots of 1798, escaped to America, and there became a naturalized citizen; he was appointed Consul of the United States at Paris, which situation he filled with distinction for several years. His valuable statistical work on America, published in French and English, created for him amongst literary men of that period a highly

honourable reputation. Mr. Warden desired the title of member of the French Institute as earnestly as others would that of count or duke; learning this from our mutual friend, Arthur Barker, I went at once to Mr. Lewens to ask him to get his son Laurence to use his influence to get votes for Mr. Warden amongst the Members of the Institute who had the right of naming their corresponding member. Mr. Lewens wished me to go myself to his son, who, he said, would be too happy to have it in his power to serve any friend of mine; and indeed Mr. Laurence Lewens soon gave a good proof of what his father had advanced, for by his kind exertions Mr. Warden was named, a few days after, member of the Institute by a great majority.

After the change of the ministry, and the nomination of the Grand Master of the University, a re-organization of the medical school was ordered by the new minister, Abbé de Frayssinous. I called on my worthy friend, Doctor MacMahon, to ask him if he was not thinking of putting forward his claims, to obtain something in these new changes; he candidly replied, that he thought he was entitled to a profesorship, or at least that of *agrégé* (fellow), but that it would be difficult to obtain anything, as there were already so many inscribed for the situations vacant at Paris. I asked him if he would allow me to speak to Mr. Lewens on the matter; he having consented, I waited immediately on the latter, who seemed delighted to have it in his power to be useful to MacMahon. Lewens went at once and spoke to the minister and procured from him an interview for MacMahon on the following morning. He met with a most gracious reception, the minister saying to him: "Doctor MacMahon, you are entitled to something better than a professorship after your long services and campaigns on the Rhine under General Moreau, etc. I will name you head librarian to the medical school, which place you

are, from your education, your knowledge of languages, etc., so competent to fill." MacMahon got a good salary and splendid lodgings in the medical school; this situation he enjoyed quietly until his death in December, 1835.

Knowing how agreeable it would be to Lewens that our friends then residing at Tours should hear of his kind exertions to serve MacMahon, their great friend, I wrote to them, and in a few days I shewed him letters on the subject I had had from Colonels Ware, Allen, etc., which flattered and pleased him exceedingly; it was the reward he desired most. He always seemed to value much the consideration in which he was held by the patriots of 1798. In his last moments, before quitting this world to go to a better, all his thoughts and sympathies were for poor Ireland; and two days previous to his death, I found him reading Wolfe Tone's memoirs, in his sick bed, and repeating to me, what a true Irishman Tone was! His illness was very short, he being seized suddenly with hiccough and black vomiting. The Bishop of Hermopolis, M. de Frayssinous, his schoolfellow and friend, was his spiritual adviser, and it was he who officiated and celebrated High Mass at the funeral service at the Church of the Assumption. The funeral was conducted by his two sons, Laurence and Hippolite; the latter at that time was a student at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, and shortly after was ordained a priest. Mr. Lewens having belonged to the University at the time of his death, the members of that body assisted at the ceremony and followed the hearse to the cemetery of Père Lachaise, where he was interred. I trust I need not add, that all the Irish exiles then at Paris were present on this melancholy occasion. The distinctive mark of inspector of studies, with that of the cross of knight of the Legion of Honour, were placed on the coffin. No civil functionary could have

more honour paid to him than this Irish patriot, residing in a foreign land, away from his own home.

Mr. Laurence Lewens continued, after his father's death, still to be very obliging to his friends, and often used his influence in getting bourses at colleges for the sons of men whose circumstances prevented them being able to pay the full expenses of the college education.

General Arthur O'Connor having a demand to make of the French Government respecting the pay of the Irish officers not employed, and thinking the new ministry, of which the Abbé de Frayssinous was still a member, in January, 1828, might be favourable, asked me to introduce him to Mr. Laurence de Lewens. The latter being very busy at the ministry during the week, appointed the Sunday morning after, when General O'Connor and I waited on him at his own house in the Rue Vaugirard. Both spoke English and French equally well; still Mr. de Lewens wished the conversation to be in French, as he could the more readily explain to the minister the object of General O'Connor's demand, which was simply this: At the formation of the Irish legion, Alexandre Berthier, minister of war, afterwards Prince Berthier, gave a document in writing to General O'Connor, assuring him that the Irish officers, whether actively employed or not, should always receive their full pay, as they would have no home to retire to, like the native officers, after the disbanding of their regiments. M. Laurence de Lewens soon understood the question perfectly, and promised to explain the matter to the minister and procure from him an audience for General O'Connor; this took place two days after, when the minister, Abbé de Frayssinous, kindly took upon himself to bring the business before the Government, and to use all his influence to have General O'Connor's demand taken into consideration; adding, "General, I know well the sacrifices you have made in

your own country, endeavouring to have the Catholics there emancipated, and it will afford me great pleasure now, if I can in any way serve you or your countrymen." Nothing could be more gracious than the reception General O'Connor met with from the minister, and he seemed much struck with young Lewens' talents and great kindness. I had to go to Fontainebleau on this occasion, to engage Colonel Markey, who resided there, to use his influence with his friends, whom he knew when he was aide-de-camp to the Minister of War, the Duke de Feltre; these gentlemen retaining under the Bourbon Government the offices they had at the time of the Empire. In short, we had every reason to expect a favourable issue to our demand, from the kind interest the Abbé de Frayssinous, the Bishop of Hermopolis, took in the matter; but unfortunately he resigned and quit the ministry before General O'Connor got any answer to his demand. All these details will shew the interest Edward Lewens and his son took in Irish affairs when they possessed great influence with the French Government, under the reign of Charles the Tenth.

WILLIAM AND THOMAS CORBET.

When I arrived at Paris in 1803, the two Corbets were employed as professors of English; the eldest brother Thomas, at the Prytanée, and William at the military college of Saint-Cyr. The latter, though a very young man at that time, had already acquired a great reputation as a patriot and sufferer for his country's freedom. He was one of the students of Trinity College, Dublin, expelled in 1797, along with Robert Emmet, for being suspected of having United Irishmen's principles; but his worst crime was, for having been present at an aggregate meeting held in the Roman Catholic Chapel

in Francis Street, for the purpose of getting petitions signed to obtain the emancipation of the Irish Catholics. Several speakers made a great display of eloquence at that meeting; but Edward Lewens surpassed them all. He became so exhausted at the end of his speech, that he fainted away, and was carried off from the meeting. My step-brother, Edward Kennedy, was present at that meeting, and he often told me of the great sensation Lewens caused. The presence, too, of the students from Trinity College was hailed with rapturous applause.

The Corbets escaped to France, and like the other Irish exiles, were embarked from time to time on expeditions to Ireland. William Corbet was one of the four Irish patriots given up to the English consul, Crawford, on the 24th November, 1798, at Hamburg, by that vile city and senate, which in consequence of this cowardly act, became disgraced in the sight of every civilized country in the world. The four victims were, General Napper Tandy, Harvey Morris, Blackwell, and William Corbet. They were imprisoned for many months at Hamburg, and then chained and embarked on board an English ship of the line for Ireland; then put into Kilmainham Jail at Dublin, there to wait their trial and execution, which would soon have taken place, had not Buonaparte become all powerful as First Consul at the head of the French Government about that time. The English ministry no doubt feared he might make reprisals; but be that as it may, Tandy and his fellow prisoners from Hamburg were kept in prison till the Peace of Amiens, though Tandy's trial and acquittal took place on the 19th of May, 1800. William Corbet made a fortunate escape from Kilmainham prison, by means of a rope ladder, and got safely back to France.

At the formation of the Irish legion at Morlaix, in 1803, the two brothers Thomas and William Corbet were named captains in it; but poor Thomas Corbet did not

long enjoy his rank; he fell in the duel he fought with Captain Sweeny at Lesneven in 1804. Captain William Corbet was more fortunate though he often met with difficulties. He finished his career honourably and bravely. At the coronation of the Emperor in 1804, Captains William Corbet and Tennant were sent to Paris to receive the standard with the Eagle, and the Irish colours for the legion. In 1805 Corbet and other officers of the legion were detached from Quimper to escort young soldiers to the Tyrol and Venice. In 1806 Corbet retired on half pay and resumed his former situation as professor of English at the military college of Saint-Cyr. After remaining there for more than a year, he thought it would be unworthy of him to continue, whilst war was going on, and all his comrades seeing real military service in campaign. He therefore solicited to be again put into active service. On account of his brother's unfortunate duel, whilst in the Irish legion, he had no desire to return to it; he was employed as captain in the 70th regiment of the line (formerly Berwick's), and he made the campaigns of Spain and Portugal with this regiment, where there were still some of the Irish brigade officers, such as Captain Brannan and others, whom I often met, brave and worthy men.

The 70th regiment suffered much during the retreat from Portugal, and the battalion to which Captain Corbet belonged lost more than half of its officers and men. The colonel was killed at the head of the battalion, where Corbet shewed great calmness and bravery; he lost in the colonel his best friend, on whom he counted to have proposed him immediately for advancement.

On the 3rd of May, 1811, Marshal Massena had his army concentrated near the town of Ciudad Rodrigo, for the purpose of relieving the town of Almeida, occupied by General Brenier and a French garrison of fifteen hundred men, and besieged by the English army.

I here saw Captain William Corbet for the first time after his quitting the Irish legion in 1806; though we made part of the same army, being of different divisions, we did not meet until this day, the evening before the Battle of Fuentes Onora, the 5th of May, 1811. Corbet had very little to eat; fortunately I was better off, and shared with him some of my bread and wine, sufficient at least for that night.

After the battle, Marshal Massena was replaced in the command of the army of Portugal by Marshal Marmont. The latter enquiring in the different regiments for an intelligent officer who could speak and write English and French correctly, to be attached to his staff, Captain Corbet was appointed, and he soon evinced that he was equal to the task. Being continually obliged to interrogate English prisoners and to draw up written reports he shortly afforded great satisfaction to the general-in-chief Marmont, and soon became one of his favourite staff officers, along with Fabvier, Captain Denys Damrémont, Baraguay-d'Hiliers, etc., and I must say of Corbet, that I always found him ready to avail himself of his influence with the marshal, to render service to his comrades.

Captain Allen, who had so brilliantly distinguished himself at the siege of Astorga in 1810, had the misfortune to be taken prisoner coming out of Portugal in the month of March, 1811, by the Spanish chief of guerillas, Don Julian. Several months elapsed before we had any tidings of Allen at the regiment; we feared the worst, when one morning in the month of September, 1811, being with the battalion at the headquarters of Marshal Marmont at Placencia in Estramadura in Spain, I received a letter from Allen, dated from a fort near Cadiz, telling me of all he had suffered; the four sabre wounds he had been afflicted with, and the cruel treatment he had received from the Spaniards on his way to prison;

but of all things beseeching me to exert myself in every way possible to have him exchanged, before being handed over to the English Government, as it was expected every moment that an order would be given to have all the prisoners then confined in the Spanish forts sent forthwith to English prisons. I showed Allen's letter to Corbet, who went instantly to Marshal Marmont, to pray him to use his influence to save Allen from falling into the hands of his cruel enemies, the English. Marshal Marmont wrote the same day to Marshal Victor, who then commanded the French army before Cadiz, to have Captain Allen, if possible, one of the first prisoners to be exchanged against a Spanish officer, no matter what the rank, explaining Allen's cruel situation, were he to be handed over to the English. Captain Corbet exerted himself judiciously and assisted me on this occasion like a good Irish patriot. He could not forget his own sad situation at Hamburg, when the cowardly senate of a neutral State gave him up to the tender mercies of his enemies at Dublin. I sent by the same post with the marshal's despatch, a thousand francs to General Sommelin, chief of the staff of the French army before Cadiz, praying to have it remitted to poor Allen in his prison; which was carefully done, without loss on the exchange.

Captain Corbet continued on Marshal Marmont's staff till the Battle of Salamanca, on the 22nd of July, 1812, where the marshal was badly wounded, and had to leave the command of the army to General Clausel. Commandant O'Neill of the 47th regiment (formerly Walsh's of the Irish brigade), being wounded on the field of battle, and taken prisoner by the English, Captain Corbet was named chef de bataillon to replace him in the 47th, and being well known to General Clausel, he felt some relief for being deprived of Marshal Marmont's protection.

As soon as Marmont's wounds were a little healed, he got the command of a corps at the Grand Army with Napoleon in Germany; he asked to have Commandant Corbet of the 47th regiment employed on his staff, which request was at once granted, and Corbet left Spain with much pleasure, to go and join the Grand Army, and to be once more under the orders of Marshal Marmont. He had the satisfaction at the same time to see his young brother Frederick Corbet appointed sous-lieutenant in the 147th regiment. He was 18 years of age and just come from college, to begin a long and honourable military career. I met this young man for the first time in Saxony, a few days before the Battle of Lutzen. His school-fellow, Lieutenant Saint-Leger, introduced him to me.

It will suffice to show the active service Colonel Corbet witnessed at that side of the Rhine in 1813, to say that he was at the Battles of Lutzen, the 2nd of May; Bautzen, 20th May; Wurtzen, the 21st, Dresden, the 26th August; Leipzic, the 18th October, and Hanau, the 30th of October, 1813, the last on the other side of the Rhine; then add the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814 in France, the battles and combats down to the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau, and it will be seen that few officers saw more active service during that period than Corbet. In consequence, he was raised to the rank of colonel, and was fortunate enough to get his brevet in time before Napoleon abdicated.

After the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Colonel Corbet was named chief of the staff to the Duke d'Aumont, who commanded the military district at Caen, in the department of Calvados, Normandy.

Napoleon landing from the isle of Elba on the 7th of March, 1815, his rapid march on Paris without an obstacle, was joined everywhere on his way, not only by the population *en masse*, but by the troops of every gar-

rison town, where this news, so fatal to the Bourbon dynasty, had reached. The General Duke d'Aumont at once decided to quit his command; he proposed to the chief of his staff, Colonel Corbet, to accompany him to England, assuring him that the government of that country would be too happy to grant him a gracious pardon, etc. To all this Corbet replied, that he could never think of deserting France, his adopted country; that he thought the French had a right to govern themselves and to choose the form of government best suited to their wants; and as to himself, he would continue to serve faithfully and honourably as he had hitherto done, no matter what that form was.

Colonel Corbet had at this critical moment the satisfaction of being useful to his general; he saw the Duke d'Aumont safely embarked and sail for the English coast, without molestation or hindrance from the citizens of Caen.

After the Battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815, and Napoleon's second abdication, Colonel Corbet was placed on the list of half-pay officers and allowed to reside at Paris. He was not employed till 1828, when the French Government sent an army to free the Greeks from their cruel Turkish bondage. Corbet and I solicited the Minister of War to have the honour to be employed on this expedition. Our request was granted, and we set off on the 8th of August, 1828, for Toulon, where we embarked for Greece, in the second division, commanded by General Schneider. We landed and joined General Maison at his camp before Navarino; here we separated. Colonel Corbet got the command of Navarino and the citadel, after Ibrahim Pasha and the Egyptians had capitulated and evacuated the country. I was sent to Patras, and after the siege of the Castle of Morée, I was named to command this fortress till 1829, when by order of Marshal Maison I delivered it up to the Greek troops,

and went from thence to Coron, where I had the pleasure some months later to instal a Greek garrison in it, and from thence I went to Navarino, where Colonel Corbet commanded, and there, after the revolution of 1830, I received my commission of chef de bataillon in the 56th regiment of the line, then at Grenoble in France, and commanded by Colonel, afterwards Marshal, Bugeaud. I cannot forget the day this illustrious soldier received his brevet of general, in April, 1831, how little he seemed to value it, on account of twenty other colonels being named at the same time, and an expression made use of in the Chamber of Deputies that generals' commissions were thrown as litter on this occasion, vexed him still more. He said to me, "I see on this list of promotions, a Colonel Corbet, who is on the staff in Greece; of course, you know him, what are his services? etc." I told him that Corbet was named chef de bataillon at the battle of Salamanca, in the 47th, and that he served in the infantry. "Then," he replied, "he will know how to command and manœuvre troops, not like many staff officers, who get advancement though they never manœuvred a company." He added, that chef de bataillon was the rank he himself had in 1812, in Marshal Suchet's corps of army, and he was satisfied that General Corbet merited his promotion from all I told him on the matter.

When William Corbet received his commission of maréchal-de-camp (major-general), he was appointed to command at Argos, and he remained in Greece till the French army of occupation there evacuated that country and left the Greeks free in 1833. When he arrived in France he got the command of the district of Caen, department of Calvados, and afterwards at Tulle. In this last town he remained till he attained the age of 62. Then, by the regulations of the army, he was placed in the *cadre de reserve*. In 1840 he came to reside in Paris, and seemed to enjoy his new position. Receiving his

full pay, and only liable to be called on in case of war, he took handsome lodgings, and became a member of the circle or club on the Italian boulevards, spending his time agreeably enough, till 1842, when his health began rapidly to decline. His brother, thinking that change of air might do him good, took him to Saint Denis, near Paris. But nothing could remedy the disease of the heart he had, and of which he died on the 12th of August, 1842. He was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, where his affectionate brother has had a handsome monument erected to him. General Corbet was officer of the Legion of Honour, knight of Saint-Louis, and commander of the Order of the Saviour in Greece He valued those distinctions as highly honourable no doubt, but he would sometimes say: "How much the more valuable would they have been, had they been gained in the cause of my native country!" And to his last moment he lamented that her independence was not obtained; and he seemed ever anxious for something to arise between the Governments of France and England which might prove beneficial to his own country.

In 1840 we frequently consulted about the way we could be best employed to serve Ireland, in the event of a war between France and England, which was then on the point of being declared. I remember one day, after an audience he had had with the Minister of War on the situation of Ireland, he told me, that the minister, General Schneider, was very desirous to have a conversation with me respecting the reliance which could be placed on the then Leader of the Irish, when a French army should land in Ireland. When he saw that there was to be no war with England, he would speak to me of going to the United States of America, being sure, he said, that from that country, one day or other, Ireland would receive ultimate assistance, etc. I think it

only justice to Corbet's memory to mention these facts.

In the year 1798, Drogheda, like many other towns in Ireland, at that period, saw her best citizens tortured and imprisoned; two of them, however, THOMAS BURGESS and TONY MACCANN, had the good fortune to escape this cruel persecution and get safely to Hamburg; there, by chance, they met Thomas Campbell, the poet. That generous, highminded Scotchman, hearing their sad story, was struck with pity for their fate, and sympathizing in their patriotism and love of liberty, and touched by seeing men so young forced to abandon for ever the land of their birth, because they wished to see it happy and independent, and inspired by all his finest feelings, wrote the beautiful and melancholy verses "The Exile of Erin," which alone would entitle him to be ranked as a great poet.

Burgess and MacCann hastened to Paris to offer their services to the French Republic, then governed by a Directory. They met Theobald Wolfe Tone at Paris; he was preparing to go on another expedition to liberate his country, and he trusted it would be more successful than the one under Hoche; but alas! he again was disappointed, and fell a victim to the great zeal and courage which he displayed on this last occasion. Ireland should ever be proud of him and do honour to his memory.

Thomas Burgess embarked in that expedition to Ireland; not being in the same ship with Wolfe Tone, he escaped back to France. He had a still more fortunate escape at Hamburg on the 24th of November, 1798, for he sailed in the same expedition and vessel with General Napper Tandy, and came with him to Hamburg after it had failed. Not being in the hotel at the time Tandy, Morris, Blackwell and Corbet were arrested and imprisoned, Burgess escaped with the other Irish exiles remaining there, to Altona in Denmark, where the public

authorities were not base enough to listen to the English agents there. When Burgess returned to Paris, having a taste for the fine arts, he betook himself to painting, and studied under the auspices of the celebrated painter David; after very assiduous application, he became a connoisseur, so much so, that despairing of success, he abandoned the pursuit. He got over from Ireland his younger brother John, whom he got placed in the military college of the Prytanée of Paris, where he studied until he got his commission as a sub-lieutenant in the Irish legion at its formation in 1803.

Thomas Burgess knew music, played on the harp, guitar and violin. He lived beyond measure frugally, in order, he said, to be able to assist his nieces, his brother John's daughters, in London. On his death, in 1848, he left all he possessed, three or four thousand pounds, to his nieces. Arthur Barker and William Hampden Lawless were the executors. The latter had a good deal of trouble, but finally succeeded in having the business arranged to the satisfaction of the Misses Burgess. Poor Thomas Burgess had in reality a generous temper and was of an obliging disposition towards his friends, but without meaning any harm, he caused often serious differences between them, forgetting that a private conversation should not be repeated, except when authorized by the person with whom it has been held.

In 1803, I met one day at the London coffee-house in the Rue Jacob, PUTENHAM MACCABE, the well-known active organizer of the United Irish system, and the great confidant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. He seemed desirous to know how I made my escape from Dublin; when I told him I had an American passport, he asked me to lend it him for a few days, and that he would return it to me safely. I did give it him, but could not get it from him, until I sent my friend Hugh Ware

to wait on him, to whom he gave it instantly, making some silly excuse for having kept it so long, as, that he did not suppose I could ever want it, now that I had my commission as a French officer. I could perceive that the mass of the Irish exiles then in Paris were astonished at the great facility with which Putenham MacCabe could so frequently pass over to England and Ireland, and return to France in the time of war. In one of his voyages, he brought over young John Burgess, to be placed in college at Paris; and in another part of my narrative, I have mentioned having met Putenham MacCabe at Antwerp in 1807. He then had two ladies with him, whom he brought from Dublin, Mrs. Berthemy, sister to the celebrated Henry Flood, and her daughter. Our regiment being in garrison there, we invited these ladies and MacCabe to dine with us at the Hôtel du Lion-d'Or, where we had our mess table. MacCabe shewed us a beautiful rich case of pistols he was bringing, he said, to offer as a present to his friend General Arthur O'Connor. This was the last time I ever saw MacCabe; though we were both residing at Paris in 1820, and that I often heard of him from one of my comrades, Captain MacGuire, who was in the habit of visiting him: still it so happened, we never met. The truth is, I did not want to renew his acquaintance: I heard so many contradictory versions about his different escapes in Ireland, that I had my doubts about the disinterestedness of his patriotism. On his death, in January, 1821, Captain MacGuire wrote to Mr. Nesbet, who was then at Bordeaux, that Putenham MacCabe had named him one of his executors. Some short time after, MacGuire told me that Nesbet and MacCabe's daughter were married.

Much indeed has been said on the failure of MacCabe's cotton spinning speculations at the town of Rouen, by some of the persons who were engaged with him in the enterprise, MM. Glashan, J. Smith, and others;

but for my own part, I never could clearly understand whose fault it was that the manufactory did not succeed: one thing is certain, that that worthy Irish patriot, Philip Long, lost a good deal of money in the concern. Of Putenham MacCabe's money transactions and the mortgage he had on General Arthur O'Connor's estate in Ireland, I only learned by the lawsuit in the court of justice at Orleans, which took place after the restoration of the Bourbons in France, and which was published at the time in the newspapers of the day. That General O'Connor had to use his influence with the Duke of Feltre, to keep MacCabe out of the difficulties resulting from his too frequent excursions to the other side of the Channel during the war between France and England, there cannot be the slightest doubt.

Of the many fine fellows who had to escape from Ireland after General Humbert's capitulation there in August, 1798, and whom I met at Paris, Counsellor JAMES JOSEPH MACDONALD was one of the most distinguished. They were all no doubt equally brave and zealous in their country's cause, but he seemed to possess the talents, acquirements and energy necessary to become a great leader: he was handsome and well informed, and he spoke the French language fluently. General Humbert at once appointed MacDonald to be one of his generals, to command the Irish forces flocking to join his standard when he landed on the Irish coast, and to have them armed and organized forthwith in the best way possible, under the urgent exigency of the moment; and Humbert, in his report to the Directory, said, that if he had had a sufficient force to have made a longer stand in the country, that MacDonald would have been invaluable to him, that he was enterprising and quite equal to the difficult task he was entrusted with. At the formation of the Irish legion in 1803, Counsellor

MacDonald was greatly disappointed and vexed to find that he was to be only a captain in the legion; he expected at least to be named a field officer, if not a general, the rank which he had held with Humbert in Ireland; he therefore refused to take his commission of captain, and did not join with us the French army at Brest, which was destined for Ireland. As none but men holding commissions or enrolled in the service of the Irish legion were to be allowed to make part of the expedition, lest the discipline might suffer, it was prohibited to volunteers, not enrolled, to embark, and MacDonald, on learning these regulations and after remaining a month or two at Paris, took his brevet of captain and came and joined the legion in the neighbourhood of Brest; but in consequence of an altercation he had with Adjutant-General MacSheehy, who was then commanding the legion, he resigned his commission and went to reside at Cadiz, in Spain, where several of his relations had been settled in commerce. His first cousin James MacDonald, a fine spirited young man, who escaped with him, died a short time before I reached Paris, much regretted by all the refugees.

Captain JOHN MURPHY, commanding a trading vessel, happened to be in the Bay of Killala when General Humbert effected his landing on the Irish coast in 1798. The French general wished to send off a despatch to inform his Government of the happy event, and Murphy, being a true Irish patriot, immediately volunteered to be the bearer of it, which delighted Humbert, for he feared that a French ship would have little chance of escaping the English cruisers. The brave Murphy undertook this perilous task to serve and redeem his beloved native land, well aware that he sailed with a rope about his neck; for had he been taken with French despatches he would have been hanged forthwith at the mast head.

But no seafaring man then living knew better than Murphy the Irish coast, the English Channel, and the French harbours, and every corner and bay where a vessel could approach the French shore—he being much engaged in the smuggling line; he therefore escaped and reached the French shore in the shortest time that ever a passage was performed. On landing, Murphy instantly posted to Paris to present General Humbert's despatches to the French Government, and the reception he met with was gracious, and flattering indeed to an Irish heart. The Directory instantly presented him with pistols of honour. These and sabres were then offered to the brave men who distinguished themselves in the service of their country, as the decoration of the Legion of Honour is now accorded for similar brilliant actions, and services rendered to the State. Captain Murphy was then put at the disposition of the Minister of the Marine, who had him carried on the Navy "contrôle," or list of the officers of the French Navy, and at a later period, the First Consul named him "Grand Pilot" to the French fleet at Brest, with the rank of captain of a frigate, equivalent to lieutenant-colonel in the army. Murphy enjoyed the pay and emoluments of this rank till the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, when he was put *en retraite*, with a miserable pension of eight hundred francs a year.

With his means of living thus reduced, and having his wife and six children in Ireland, to whom he had to send regular support, poor Murphy had to apply to rich merchants at Nantes for employment. The merchants knowing his skill and experience as a navigator, gave him the command of a fine ship, with which he made many successful voyages to different parts of the world; particularly to the coast of Patagonia, in South America, where the sea elephant fishery proved very profitable to his employers. In 1823 he was returning to Europe

with a large cargo of fish, oil, etc., etc., when the crew of his vessel mutinied, and seized him, his second in command, and the mate of the vessel. All three were locked down, and chained, and treated in the most cruel manner. The sailors were tempted to this act having heard at sea that Spain and France were at war; they thought they could run the ship into a Spanish seaport town and there sell her and the cargo with safety; but after fifteen days' vain efforts to reach the Spanish coast, they became so terrified at their perilous situation, that they brought the mate of the vessel on deck, and told him, if he steered them safely into a Spanish seaport, he should get the greatest part of the prize money, when the ship and cargo was sold, and that if he did not consent, they would kill him instantly, and then ask the second in command to comply with their request. The poor mate told them at once he was ready to follow their orders, and after sailing and tacking about for two days more, one fine night the mate told these ignorant ruffians that they were then on the Spanish coast, and that to escape the French cruisers he would steer the ship into the bay they saw before them, where they could pass the night without risk, by putting up Spanish colours. Next morning, at daylight, their vessel was boarded by a French sloop of war in the Bay of Douarnenez, four leagues from Quimper, department of Finisterre in France and not in Spain. Captain Murphy was then unchained, and he resumed the command of the ship. The sailors were all arrested and sent off to Brest, where they were tried and condemned to imprisonment and the galleys, etc. I met Murphy at Paris, after this misadventure, and he was still looking stout and well, but not what he was when I first saw him in 1803. He was then quite a splendid man, more than six feet two inches in height, athletic and well proportioned, and about fifty years of age. He was considered one of the best racket

players that could be met with. He was simple and unassuming, and always generous and friendly to his countrymen. Being in garrison at Nantes with my regiment, the 56th of the line, in 1835, I saw poor Murphy there for the last time, quite broken down, and like his countryman Hamilton Rowan, who had been very tall, become low in stature before he died. They were, however, more than eighty years of age before this change took place.

Murphy's family lived near Rush, and some members of it in the county of Meath.

It would seem that the refugees of every nation, in their misfortunes, away from their homes, are apt to have their disputes and disagreements on politics; it is not wonderful then that the Irish exiles had theirs. Captain Murphy kept free of parties as much as he could, and he enjoyed, I may say without exception, the esteem of all his countrymen in France. Indeed he was looked up to as a kind of oracle through whom good tidings would be announced. I cannot forget how we used to say, that it augured well for us when Murphy was sent for by the Minister of the Marine, and that he passed the day at the hôtel of the Admiralty, Place de la Concorde, with the French admirals in council, who were appointed to command the Brest fleet. I also recollect that, in 1804, when our regiment was in garrison at Lesneven, five leagues from Brest, with what glee four or five of us would set out on horseback, to dine with the worthy Captain Murphy at Brest, and return the same evening, after we had visited those beautiful ships of the line, 25 in number, with transport vessels, sufficient to embark the three divisions of Augereau's corps of army, just returned from the Spanish frontier, and now destined for Ireland. In short, Captain Murphy was a favourite with all the Irish officers, and much considered by the French Navy.

MR. JOHN GIBBONS, a wealthy gentleman of the county of Mayo, and upwards of seventy years of age, had to fly from his home, although he took no part in the general rising of the people to aid the French on their landing. His son Ned being taken prisoner after General Humbert's capitulation, was condemned to be hung, and the rope was about his neck, when some humane person interfering, his sentence was commuted, and he was transported to Botany Bay for life. But the father, after hiding in the mountains for some time, and learning that all his property had been plundered and destroyed, escaped to Paris, and at the formation of the Irish legion in 1803, being told it would be necessary to hold some rank in order to be allowed to embark in the expedition for Ireland, replied, that he was ready to accept that of corporal sooner than remain behind. He got a commission of lieutenant, but, poor man, he did not long enjoy his military life, for he died at Antwerp in 1807. He had however, the great satisfaction of seeing his son Ned before he died, the latter having escaped from Botany Bay, and got his brevet as a sous-lieutenant in the legion. This young man could never forget the shock he got at the foot of the gallows in Ireland. He fought bravely at Flushing in 1809, in the Irish battalion, commanded by Colonel Lawless; the latter being badly wounded there, could not tell whether Ned Gibbons was killed or made prisoner by the English troops when they entered Flushing. Nor did the council of administration of the Irish regiment in France ever hear what had become of two very distinguished officers, Lieutenants Gilmore and Eagar. They were with Colonel Lawless when he was wounded, and if they escaped, they could have returned to France after the restoration, and have received their pay up to 1814, for five years, which was due to them, and which was paid to Captain MacMahon and others who were taken at Flushing. They were then at liberty to quit, if it suited them.

AUSTIN O'MALLY was another of the brave Connaught exiles whom I met in 1803 at Paris and from what I saw of him in the campaigns we made together afterwards, he must indeed have rendered great service to the French in 1798, at the Battle of Castlebar, by marching at the head of his fellow-countrymen who joined General Humbert; for he feared no danger, and fighting seemed to him a pastime, and without being bad tempered or quarrelsome, Captain O'Mally was very often engaged in duels, and always got out of them honourably. One he had at Carhaix, in 1804, with the adjutant-major, whom he wounded; this officer being a friend of General MacSheehy's, the latter, through spite, sent O'Mally as a prisoner to the chateau of Brest for fifteen days; a most unjust punishment, for his antagonist was in fault. Captain Hugh Ware (afterwards colonel) was O'Mally's second, and Captain William O'Meara (afterwards general), was second to the adjutant-major. Those brave and honourable seconds showed fair play, but they could not prevent the duel.

The battalion to which Captain O'Mally belonged being in garrison at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1812, he was sent from thence with his company to one of the Dutch islands on that coast, where he married the daughter of a French officer who commanded the place. Whether the great difference of the Spanish climate, from which country he had just arrived, and where he had spent nearly five years, from that of Holland, contributed to his misfortune of losing his sight completely, could not be well ascertained; but probably the sudden transition from heat to damp and cold might have accelerated poor O'Mally's blindness. Like a true hero, he now showed more courage than ever. He bore up with his cruel situation with the fortitude becoming a soldier and and Irish patriot, and only lamented that he could no more hope to be useful to his dear native land. He was

still cheerful, and his conversation more agreeable than before he became blind.

Captain O'Mally had two sons, and he obtained for the eldest, when he was nine years of age, a bourse at the military college of La Flêche, and from thence he was sent to the military college of Saint-Cyr, to complete his studies; and poor Captain O'Mally had the satisfaction of seeing him named officer in 1835, with the rank of sous-lieutenant in the 15th léger regiment, then in Africa. Young O'Mally soon distinguished himself there; he studied and learnt the Arabic language quickly, and for that was employed in every expedition which took place in the district. Often in the most perilous situations, young O'Mally rendered the most important service to his division, by his bravery and knowledge of the Arabic; consequently he got very rapid promotion from rank to rank, and having been promoted to that of lieutenant-colonel in a regiment just as it received orders for the East, when the Russian war broke out, he had a wider field to show his military skill, and, before Sebastopol was taken, he was promoted to the rank of full colonel and got the command of the 73rd regiment.

One of the bad effects in Ireland, and one of the many grievances produced by the Protestant ascendancy was that which forced the young Catholic clergy to go to France and other foreign countries to finish their studies to render them fit for the situation of priests in their native country. This was seen in 1798. Could it be expected that young men educated in France would would not sympathize with all their heart and soul with a French army landing on the coast to drive their tyrants and taskmasters from the land? It would have been unnatural if they did not. FATHER GANNON was one of those who studied in France,

and immediately on the French landing in Ireland, he came and offered his services to General Humbert, who at once appointed him his "fournisseur général," or furnisher of provisions. In this situation Father Gannon was not only useful to the French, but he rendered the greatest service to the inhabitants of the country wherever the army passed; and as he spoke French fluently, he soon became a great favourite with the French officers; his appearance commanded respect, as he was tall and handsome, with dignified, agreeable manners. As General Humbert, when he capitulated to Lord Cornwallis, could obtain no terms for the Irish who joined him, Father Gannon had to suffer great misery, hiding in the Connemara mountains, before he could escape. He at length got away in a vessel bound for Lisbon, from which town he wrote at once to the French ambassador at Madrid, Lucien Buonaparte, who invited him kindly to come and spend some time in the Spanish capital; after remaining there a short while, he proceeded to Paris, where he got the best reception. When I first made his acquaintance at Paris, in 1803, he was parish priest of a village near Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and I recollect walking out to see him along with J. Fitzhenry, one morning, and we spent two very agreeable days there. We were invited to take tea at Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet's; he lived in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Emmet told me how glad she always was to see Father Gannon coming to the house, for her husband's spirits were always cheered by his visits and conversation, as he was never desponding about Ireland.

After the first Restoration of the Bourbons, Father Gannon got a better parish near Tours, and on account of the great number of Irish Catholics who took up their residence there, he found it agreeable enough; but after the Hundred Days and the second Restoration, he, like others of his country, was made to feel the effects of those sudden changes.

A law having passed appointing almoners to every regiment in the army, Father Gannon obtained his commission as almoner at Lille; in this situation, half clerical, half military, he finished honourably his long career; but he was ever regretting his "sweet home."

I met also at Paris, in 1803, another of those Irishmen who had to come abroad and beg his way, in order to complete his education. He openly declared that he owed no kind of allegiance to an English unmerciful, bigoted monarch, who kept his country in bondage. Captain O'KEAN had taken orders in France, but when he saw all the European tyrants declare war against the liberties of that nation, he at once volunteered to serve his adopted country as a soldier. He soon distinguished himself on the field of battle, and was raised to the rank of captain; which rank he held in General Humbert's little army, landing from the bay of Killala on the Irish coast on the 22nd of August, 1798. At the Battle of Castlebar, O'Kean was highly complimented for his undaunted bravery and exertions by the French general-in-chief, Humbert. He knowing well that part of Ireland, and speaking equally fluently English, French and Irish, rendered the greatest service on many occasions, where, had it not been for his humane exertions, many would have suffered severely; and although all this was averred and attested by the Protestant Bishop of Killala, still poor O'Kean narrowly escaped being put to death after Humbert had capitulated, like Tone's brother and others.

A detailed account of this expedition, from its sailing from the French coast, with General Humbert's final surrender, the manner in which the French prisoners were treated on their way to prison, their exchange and return to France, etc., was written by Captain O'Kean. He being ordered to rejoin his regiment, the 65th of the

line, gave his manuscript to Doctor MacNeven, who promised to have it published, along with other narratives he was then collecting from those other exiles who had fought in the insurrection of 1798; and I remember Hugh Ware very busy making out a clear copy of O'Kean's manuscript for Doctor MacNeven, which was rather difficult, as the notes were sometimes written in Latin, sometimes in English, and sometimes in Irish. These difficulties were surmounted however, both being good Latin scholars, and Doctor MacNeven knowing the Irish language well.

Captain O'Kean served with distinction in many campaigns in Germany, particularly at the defence of Ratisbon, in 1809, where his regiment alone, commanded by Colonel Coutard, defended the place against thirty thousand Austrian troops.

At the siege of Astorga, in Spain, the Irish regiment and O'Kean's, the 65th of the line, formed the same brigade, commanded by General Thomier, and there O'Kean was delighted to see his countryman, John Allen, mount the breach in so gallant a manner; and as the Irish regiment continued to be brigaded with the 65th during the campaigns in Portugal, in 1810 and 1811, we saw O'Kean almost daily, which was a mutual pleasure; for he was good humoured and generous to a degree. He never would let the Irish officers pass his quarters or bivouac without entertaining them to the best of his means. He was a true admirer of the hospitality of his ancestors.

When the order of the Legion of Honour was decreed by the First Consul, Captain O'Kean was amongst the first of his corps who were decorated with this cross: "The star of the brave." After the second Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, poor O'Kean retired on a pension, quite cast down to think that there was no more chance for his beloved country for hope from France,

then ruled by the influence of Lord Castlereagh, the enemy of her greatness and happiness, as he was of the nationality of Poland, and indeed of the liberties of every other country on the face of the globe. How could any good be expected from one who, when young, betrayed and sold his native land, and then finished by bringing a cloud of falsity and hypocrisy over the fame of the nation that allowed him to govern her so long?

Captain MAGUIRE told me that when he was taken prisoner off the coast of Ireland, he had just time to dress himself in the uniform of a private soldier, which happened to fit him tolerably well, and as the prisoners were brought to Scotland, where they remained until they were exchanged, he had the good fortune to escape safely back to France, without being discovered to be an English subject. He told me also that the French prisoners were very well treated in the Scotch depots, which was a great contrast to the harsh treatment they had to endure in England at the same period. Captain Maguire resided at Paris till he got his commission for the Irish legion in 1803. After the Hundred Days in 1815 he retired on a pension, which he did not enjoy long, as he died in his lodgings at the Arsenal, Rue Saint-Antoine, in the year 1822.

I met JEREMIAH FITZHENRY at Paris in 1803. He had taken an active part in the county of Wexford insurrection in 1798, being with Bagenal Harvey at the Battle of New Ross on the 5th of June. After the execution of his wife's brother, John Colclough, he feared he could no longer remain with safety in Ireland. He accordingly came over to France with his wife and his two little girls. He went to reside at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where he met his friend and countryman, Mr. William Barker, who had been living there with his

family after he had escaped from Enniscorthy, and had lost his arm at the Battle of Vinegar Hill.

Fitzhenry's lady was brought to bed of another little girl at Saint-Germain, and he seeing that hostilities were on the point of breaking out between France and England in 1803, hastened to send his wife and their three children back to Ireland: remaining in France himself, to share with his countrymen there the danger and the honour of making part of another expedition to Ireland, which was expected to sail shortly from Brest.

At the formation of the Irish legion, on the 7th December, 1803, Jeremiah Fitzhenry got his commission in it of captain. As I have taken notes of the services and campaigns of the different battalions composing this legion, I must refer to the narrative I have written on the subject[1] for an account of Fitzhenry's military career, which began so brilliantly in Spain, but with sorrow I say it, terminated so badly there. It requires a short extract to show why he changed.

In 1808 there was an order from the Minister of War for six hundred men of the Irish legion, then at Flushing, to march to Spain; Fitzhenry being the senior captain had the command of them. At Pampeluna he joined the Irish battalion of the legion that had been at Madrid from 1807, now greatly reduced by sickness and hard service on the retreat with King Joseph behind the Ebro. Fitzhenry was ordered to reorganize this battalion with the reinforcements which he brought from Holland, and this he did with surprising activity and promptitude. The Governor of Pampeluna, Lieutenant-General Count de Buisson, witnessing all this, hastened to represent to the Emperor and Prince Berthier, both then in Spain, the fitness of Fitzhenry to command a regiment, etc. He had certainly the experience and

[1] See Chapters III. and IV., *supra*.

qualities to be a first rate field officer. No man rode better than he did. He was then well mounted. He had two very fine horses, and he soon showed he could command better on horseback than on foot, and he looked even much better when mounted. He was a very handsome man, six feet high, and about thirty-six years of age, when he received his brevet as chef de bataillon, signed by Prince Berthier the 16th December, 1808.

Fitzhenry and his splendid battalion, more than eight hundred strong, all well disciplined and well equipped, got orders to march to make part of the army then forming at Burgos, to be sent against General Sir John Moore and the English. The death of this general, and the embarking of his troops at Corunna, put an end to this march. Fitzhenry got orders to stop at Burgos with his battalion, where he had the honour a short time after to have it under arms to receive Napoleon, who was then on his way back to France. The Emperor had no other guards but the Irish troops during the hour and a half which he spent in the bishop's palace, and General Darmignac, who commanded then at Burgos, gave a most favourable account to his Majesty of the Irish battalion, of Fitzhenry and the officers, speakin the most flattering terms of their military instruction, etc. It is true many of them, such as Ware, Allen, Parrott, Saint-Leger and others, were quite capable of commanding in a superior rank to that which they held, and Fitzhenry having such officers to assist him, found, no doubt, his command more easy and agreeable. Without vanity, I pride myself on having been one of them; we were not only comrades, but we lived together like brothers; and this made hard service and privations often less felt than they otherwise would have been.

General Thiébaud, who replaced General Darmignac at Burgos, as governor of the province of Old Castile,

told us that he owed his first rank in the army to an Irishman, General Morin, who chose him from amongst the volunteers to be a captain. Commandant Fitzhenry soon became on the best terms with General Thiébaud, and he and his battalion being continually employed in the most active manner in the different expeditions through the province, the general thereby had a better opportunity of appreciating the way it served, and it was well known that he made the most favourable reports to the Minister of War on the subject. But the battalion had to leave him in the beginning of May. It was ordered to Leon to make part of the army commanded by General Kellerman, and assembled there to march and attack the Marquis de Romana in the Asturias. On the 18th of May, 1809, Commandant Fitzhenry's battalion marched at the head of General Charlot's brigade, from Leon, making the vanguard of the army at Oviedo, meeting great obstacles on the way, as every passage and defile was bravely defended by the Spanish army. From Oviedo, Fitzhenry was ordered to Gijon on the coast, and from this town into the highest mountains of the Asturias, where his battalion suffered much from want of provisions, and cold and damp, though in June. A Spanish division, five times our number, was for several days on our flank, but did not venture to wait and meet us, though we were alone. However, we at length perceived a French brigade coming to join us, and then the Spanish army vanished, and dispersed themselves, as was their custom at such a crisis. The Marquis of Romana escaped, and the expedition terminated. Fitzhenry got orders to return with his battalion to Burgos, where he was complimented by General Thiébaud, who told him that "in consequence of the brilliant manner your battalion serves, the Emperor has decreed the first Irish regiment of the legion, composed of four war battalions and a

depot." (The first with the eagle at Flushing, still commanded by Peterzeli; the second by Fitzhenry, then at Burgos; the third at Landau on the Rhine, Mahony chef de battaillon; the fourth nearly organized at the depot, receiving daily Irish recruits by hundreds from the depots of the English prisoners.)

Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who was just returned from Burgos, where he was commandant of the place, was sent to Landau, to take the command of the Irish regiment, a most injudicious appointment, as will be seen. General Thiébaud could not help saying how unfit O'Meara was, for many reasons. First, he was then advanced in years, and knew nothing about commanding, having only served on the staff; besides, he was prone to the glass. His brother William O'Meara being married to the sister of the Duchess of Feltre, was no doubt a great means of getting on Colonel Daniel with the generals under whose orders he might be, as the Duke of Feltre was then war minister and all powerful. But the appointment of John Mahony to be chief of the third battalion displeased us still more; he had emigrated and taken service in England; made the campaign in Egypt against the French army there; at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, he sold his commission of captain in the British service, and with this money came to Paris, where he had great success at the gaming tables, for many years, never caring about military affairs, till 1809, when his luck changed and he lost all. He then applied to General Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, Minister of War, to obtain a commission in the army; unfortunately he got it for our regiment. It was too bad, indeed, to see such Irish patriots as William Lawless, Thomas Markey, John Tennant, Paul Murray, P. Brangan, etc., serving as captains in the battalion commanded by this adventurer.

At the end of June, 1809, when we reached Burgos,

we found that the Spanish bands of guerillas, as they were called, had become most formidable, so that Fitzhenry and his battalion were constantly employed marching against these irregular Spanish troops; which furnished him new occasions to show his fitness to command, and General Thiébaud availing himself of it, frequently gave important commands to Fitzhenry, both of horse and foot, and as senior officer, he commanded the French troops that accompanied us in our different expeditions satisfactorily.

General Solignac being named Governor of Old Castile, instead of General Thiébaud, Fitzhenry's battalion was in consequence more actively employed; for the new governor had received positive instructions to finish the guerilla war in his province, and for this he was receiving reinforcements daily. In January, 1810, the third Irish battalion arrived from France at Burgos, commanded by J. Mahony, chef de bataillon. Commandant Fitzhenry, as senior, took the command of the two battalions united, until the arrival of Colonel Daniel O'Meara, who was expected from France.

Marshal Massena's army, composed of three corps, was ordered to Spain. The 2nd corps was commanded by General Regnier; the 6th corps by Marshal Ney; the 8th corps by General Junot, Duke of Abrantes. This splendid corps had three divisions: the first commanded by Lieutenant-General Clausel; the second by General Solignac; and the third by Lieutenant-General Lagrange. The Irish regiment commanded by Fitzhenry was of the 2nd division, and of General Thomier's brigade. The Duke of Abrantes' headquarters were at Valladolid. General Solignac's division was assembled at Rio Seco.

The 1st of March, 1810, the Irish regiment left Burgos to join its division at Rio Seco, where Colonel Daniel O'Meara arrived from France, and took the

command of his regiment, which had been commanded by Commandant Fitzhenry in his absence.

The Duke of Abrantes was ordered to march with his three divisions and make the siege of Astorga. The first, General Clausel's, was at the advance posts; the second division, General Solignac's, opened the trenches on the 1st of April; and the Irish regiment was day and night on service in those trenches till the town was taken on the 21st of April, 1810. Fitzhenry and his battalion had the honours of this memorable siege, for, independent of Captain Allen's brilliant conduct, Commandant Fitzhenry, at the head of his battalion, passed the night at the foot of the breach, ready to mount it at daylight, and he had his Captain Adjutant-Major Perry wounded, and his Adjutant Granget had his right arm shot off.

In May, 1810, when the Duke of Abrantes was marching with his army from Astorga to Toro and Salamanca, he assumed to himself the responsibility of taking the command of the Irish regiment from Colonel Daniel O'Meara and giving this command to Commandant Fitzhenry, who, he saw, was capable of conducting the regiment, and he ordered Colonel O'Meara to be placed on General Solignac's staff until the Minister of War employed him otherwise.

The chief of the 3rd battalion, Commandant Mahony, being on the worst terms with his officers, they were assembled and in presence of the Generals Solignac and Thomier, who heard their complaints and Commandant Mahony's justification of himself, it was decided that he should be placed on the general-in-chief's staff, and the command of his battalion confided to Captain Allen, whose brevet was hourly expected, as it would no doubt be the first promotion granted for the siege of Astorga, where Allen, in presence of all the generals, displayed that heroic bravery for which he received the applause

of the whole army. Commandant Fitzhenry being appointed to the command of the regiment by the Duke of Abrantes, who enjoyed such great influence with the Emperor Napoleon, hoped that ere long his brevet of colonel would be granted. General Thomier assured Fitzhenry that the duke was resolved to obtain it, even in spite of any obstacle thrown in the way by the Duke of Feltre, who was not pleased that his two protégés, O'Meara and Mahony were put aside. Under these circumstances, Fitzhenry was the more anxious to prove how capable he was of commanding the regiment, which was successively employed at Marshal Massena's headquarters at Salamanca, and in June and July, 1810, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, where Captain Ware, who commanded a battlion d'élite, received his brevet of chef de bataillon for the 4th battalion at Landau. After the town of Ciudad Rodrigo was taken, Commandant Fitzhenry and the two Irish battalions were united at Ledesma, the headquarters of the Duke of Abrantes, and from thence marched to make part of the camp formed at Saint-Felix-le-Grand of the 8th corps; and from the camp of Saint-Felix-le-Grand, Fitzhenry, with the Irish regiment, was ordered to the siege of Almeida, and was employed in the trenches the night the town was blown up in August, 1810; then into Portugal, and at the battle of Busaco in September; and the day after the battle, the Irish regiment made the vanguard in pursuit of the English army, to Coimbra and Torres Vedras, and until this army was completely driven behind its line of defence before Lisbon; and then it remained at bivouac at the advanced posts before Torres Vedras with General Thomier's brigade, and this brave general never failed to report the distinguished way the Irish regiment was serving in this painful campaign, where privations of every kind were so severely experienced. In January, 1811, the regiment was ordered

to Torres Novas, the headquarters of the general-in-chief, Marshal Massena, and, strange to say, the poor soldiers were worse off here for provisions than at the advanced posts. Scarcely a distribution of Indian corn could be made; as to meat, that was out of the question.

The 6th of March, the divisions Clausel and Solignac united at Torres Novas, and in the night commenced that memorable retreat, which lasted a month, for we only crossed the frontier into Spain on the 5th of April, 1811, and, during all this time, General Thomier never quit our battalion, sharing in our dangers and privations like a true soldier as he was, sleeping at our bivouac in preference to going any distance to seek a house. General Thomier had a real friendship for Commandant Fitzhenry, and he frequently told Marshal Ney, who commanded the rearguard of the French army during this retreat, how well the Irish battalion commanded by Fitzhenry was serving; indeed, the marshal himself could soon judge, for he often gave us direct orders, which he saw were promptly executed to his satisfaction. The battalion, in spite of the misery from want of provisions, still mustered one of the strongest of the army; arriving in Spain the 5th of April, 1811, when all our men who had been away "marauding," or seeking something to eat, to keep themselves alive, rejoined the battalion, we had nearly seven hundred men present under arms.

On the 6th of April, in the night, Commandant Fitzhenry got orders to make a reconnaissance before day, of the English advanced posts, with his battalion and a company of French cavalry. After he discovered the English line in the morning, he returned to the camp, when he received thanks from the general for the judicious way he commanded this expedition. It was the last he ever performed.

On the 8th of April, 1811, the regiments going to their cantonments in the province of Salamanca, Toro, etc.,

got rations of biscuit. Passing near the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo, Fitzhenry got rations for his battalion also, when we continued our march with the division on the road to Salamanca. After marching two leagues, an orderly brought Commandant Fitzhenry an order to return with his battalion to reinforce the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo. He desired Captain O'Mally, the senior officer, to return with the battalion, whilst he himself rode on to the head of the column to speak with the general, from whom he got permission to pass some days at Salamanca; it was the last time he was seen by his battalion, for after remaining ten days at Salamanca, he was ordered to return to his battalion at Ciudad Rodrigo.

On the 19th of April, 1811, he set out, escorted by seventy men of the regiment, leaving the hospitals convalescent; on the 22nd of April, 1811, Commandant Fitzhenry and his little detachment, marching from Ledesma to Ciudad Rodrigo, were attacked by the Spanish chief, Don Julian, who was at the head of a thousand horse and foot. Fitzhenry and his men were made prisoners of war. The wife of one of the soldiers escaped in the night and brought this sad news to Ciudad Rodrigo, where the Irish battalion was in garrison, and it is only justice to Fitzhenry's memory to say, that both officers and men were much grieved at his misfortune; they always esteemed him as a chief who knew well how to command his battalion, and the regiment, when the battalions were united.

Marshal Marmont having heard that Fitzhenry was seen at the Duke of Wellington's headquarters, wearing his sword and at perfect liberty, preparing to return to Ireland, ordered a council of war, or courtmartial, to have him tried *par contumace*. The summer passed, however, in making enquiries, and it was only on the 2nd of December, 1811, that the courtmartial assembled in a village four leagues from Placencia in Estramadura; it was

presided over by the colonel of the 17th regiment léger, the six other officers were from the 22nd and 65th regiments of the line. Four members of the seven voted he was guilty of desertion, whilst three voted the contrary. He was in consequence acquitted, as it requires five out of the seven to condemn.

Whilst the courtmartial was deliberating on Fitzhenry's conduct in Spain, he was living with his family in the county of Wexford in Ireland; not happy. He would not allow that he had been guilty of the foul, cowardly crime of desertion, or that the superior of the Irish Seminary at Salamanca, the Reverend Dr. Curtis, had used his great influence with the English general in chief, Lord Wellington, to obtain him his pardon and liberty, or that Dr. Curtis had previously arranged with the chief of Spanish guerillas, Don Julian, to have an ambuscade prepared for Fitzhenry and his detachment of 70 men. These matters could never be rightly ascertained, but one thing is certain, Fitzhenry never could raise his head in consequence, and his last moments were embittered by the recollection, whilst the Reverend Dr. Curtis was promoted Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland.

Much might be said of Fitzhenry's military career. In the first instance, he was led to believe that the Duke of Abrantes, as well as General Solignac, would use all his influence to have him named full colonel of the first Irish regiment, as it was those generals who took upon themselves the responsibility of taking the command of the regiment from Colonel O'Meara and giving it to him as the senior field officer. Those generals, on reflection, feared they might have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Feltre, Minister of War, for having put aside in disgrace his friends O'Meara and Mahony, without having consulted him in the matter. Fitzhenry saw plainly that all fell on him, and that he had made an eternal

enemy of the Minister of War, who promoted over his head a junior officer, Commandant Lawless. It was very unfortunate for him not to be any more in General Thomier's brigade, for this brave general always assured him that he might expect justice from the Emperor Napoleon himself, by laying a proper statement of his case before him, and not on any account to think of resigning his commission; that his resignation would not be received or granted in campaign in the time of war. Had Fitzhenry been sick, he might have got permission to go to recover his health in France; but the die was cast, and his military career tarnished. Apparently he cared little about the unmerited stain he brought on the reputation of the Irish serving in France; but, fortunately, the subsequent brilliant conduct of those brave officers, whom he abandoned, soon did away with the bad impression made at the War Office by his desertion.

I was very glad to meet at Paris Mr. JAMES DEVEREUX of Carrigmanon, county of Wexford; he brought to my mind the pleasing recollection of the time when I saw him at our house at Ballylusk (when I was only twelve years old), along with Father Frank Kavanagh. Mr. Devereux led quite a retired life at Paris, and did not appear to take any active part in Irish affairs. He visited, however, both Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmet, and he certainly retained all the fine patriotic principles he professed, when he was chosen by by his countrymen as a delegate to accompany Edward Byrne and others to present the Catholic petition to King George the Third in 1795. It was some years after the restoration of the Bourbons that Mr. Devereux had been able to prove his right to his uncle's property, confiscated in France during the war. The English Commission sitting in London to decide on the claims of the British subjects in France required so many for-

malities, that Mr. Devereux began to despair of ever surmounting such difficulties, when a fortunate circumstance occurred: a deputation from Ireland arrived in London to wait on the Prince Regent; Mr. Devereux joined the deputation, and he was instantly recognized by the Prince, who gave him in particular a most gracious reception, and spoke to him of former times, and of their first acquaintance, etc. To shew the weight this had with the Commission, Mr. Devereux, very shortly after his interview with the Regent, got an order to receive at Paris a first instalment of eighty thousand francs; and here be it said to his honour, his first care was, to begin to pay his debts, and as he had an unfortunate propensity to gambling, his creditors were many. Mr. Callaghan, the banker, told me how Mr. Devereux had the smallest sum he might have borrowed registered as well as the largest, and that he paid him two francs which he had lent him many years before. Mr. Devereux was highly educated and exceedingly well-mannered and agreeable. I had at one time rather an unpleasant business to settle with him for a friend, and as it will serve to shew his generous nature, I shall here mention the circumstance.

His friend and countryman, Captain William Barker, marching with his regiment in 1806 on its way to Germany, wished to place his son Arthur, then nine years of age, at the Irish College in Paris. The worthy superior, the Abbé Walsh, with every wish to oblige, could not receive anyone without the minister's order, and whilst waiting for it, as Captain Barker could not remain behind, Mrs. Tone, the widow of the illustrious martyr to Ireland's freedom, took little Arthur Barker to her house, where he remained, a playmate to her children, for a month, until Mr. Devereux obtained the ministerial order to have him placed in the Irish College, where he soon distinguished himself by his good conduct

and assiduity, and made great progress in his studies for the military profession for which his father destined him. The Irish College not being at that time exclusively a school of divinity, the pupils were admitted to the lycée Napoléon (Collège Henry IV) as *externes*, where they followed the classes of the first professors. Several of our officers finished their studies there. The three brothers Saint-Leger, Wall, Swanton, the youngest Glashan, O'Brien, etc., got their commissions as sous-lieutenants for the Irish regiment on leaving the college.

Young Barker hearing of wars and battles from his childhood (and particularly of that of Vinegar Hill, where his father distinguished himself and lost his arm, fighting against the English), longed to follow the patriotic example of his father; but according to the military regulations, it was necessary he should be 18 years of age before he could obtain his brevet of officer. In 1814 he was only 17 years of age, but so well grown that he might easily pass for a man of twenty, and in consequence Colonel Lawless used all his influence with the Duke of Feltre to get young Barker his commission for the Irish regiment. But this severe and upright Minister of War would not deviate from the regulations laid down; yet, the year after, he did not hesitate to give brevets of officers to two mere boys, sons of William Talbot of Castle Talbot, county of Wexford; when they arrived in Paris they had to be sent to school to learn something to fit them for the French army, for they were quite deficient, and their appearance and manner, both physically and morally, told against them; whilst Arthur Barker was highly educated and prepared for the military profession, having becoming manners, a tall handsome figure, and physical force to bear up against the rudest service. The two Restorations and the Hundred Days intervening before young Barker attained the age required to obtain the brevet of officer, and then

the loss of the Battle of Waterloo, put an end to all his hopes, for whilst the French army was still fighting the enemy near Paris, some person had hoisted a white flag on the Irish College, and young Barker, on seeing this emblem of disaffection, climbed up and took it down, brought it into the college yard, where he had it burnt in presence of all the scholars. As soon as Louis XVIII was a second time placed on his throne, by the favour of the Almighty and the Prince Regent of England, Arthur Barker was expelled from the college. This was sad news for his poor mother. who had been a widow since 1811, and was living on a very small pension, with two children to provide for. Had her son got his brevet of officer, as he was entitled to, he would have advanced to rank and station in the French army. But promotion in the army was very slow during peace. According to the new law, it required three years to elapse in each rank, and so it would have been eight years at least before young Barker could have been a captain, and until he got that rank he could not have been of much assistance to his mother; besides, he would then be serving without having the satisfaction of hoping that he would one day be employed to give freedom to his native land, or even in aiding other unfortunate countries to regain their nationality; for, with the exception of the expedition to Greece in 1828, the mission of the French army under the Bourbons was to crush liberty wherever it raised its head. Under these circumstances, Arthur Barker betook himself to literary pursuits.

Commandant MacCarthy, the friend of Barker's father and mother (and who served in the Irish regiment), being about to publish his geographical dictionary, employed him in the laborious undertaking of translating, compiling, correcting proof-sheets, etc.; he was thus occupied, often a part of the night as well as the day, until this valuable work, in two volumes, came out in 1834.

Barker translated many works for MacCarthy. Unfortunately the latter was not rich, so consequently Barker was not remunerated as he ought to have been.

Mr. David Baillie Warden, the staunch Irish patriot of 1798, who escaped to the United States of America, becoming a citizen of that great country, was appointed American consul at Paris. In this situation Mr. Warden was for many years most useful and obliging, not only to the citizens of his adopted country, but also to those of his native Green Erin, the remembrance of which he cherished to his last moment. Mr. Warden published in English, at Edinburgh in 1819, his American history, and the French edition soon after at Paris; he entrusted to young Barker the care of getting this work translated and published; with his usual modesty and candour, he said one day to Mrs. Byrne and me that the French edition was by far the best. Mr. Warden having experienced some serious losses of property in North America, regretted much that he could not remunerate young Barker sufficiently, or as he so well deserved, but the latter did not mind that; his friendship and attachment to Mr. Warden was so great that on no account would he think of leaving him, though it was often distressing to him that he could not bring the money due to him to his mother, to whom he gave every shilling he earned. Never was there a better son, nor a kinder brother than Arthur Barker.

One morning, going to resume his occupations, Mr. Warden handed him a letter to read which he had just received from Colonel Corbet, requesting him to retain or stop from Mr. Barker two hundred francs, which sum he said he gave to Mr. James Devereux for his account in 1807, to pay for Mr. Barker's expenses at the Irish College, where he was then a student. Mr. Barker knowing well that he had a full bourse, and that the administration of the college paid all expenses, and that his

father at the time was receiving his full pay as a captain of the first class, besides receiving remittances from time to time from the property he left at Enniscorthy in Ireland, was under no necessity of borrowing money, and finding that it was the first time his mother ever heard of the transaction, wrote instantly to Colonel Corbet. and in no measured style. He told him that none of his family ever owed him anything, and that he at least owed some gratitude to his father and mother, who received him at their house when almost everyone else of the Irish regiment turned their backs on him, etc.; and as to Mr. Devereux, he was under obligations to his family, owing his uncle a large sum of money, and that his mother, at that very time, had an order from her brother on Mr. Devereux for fifty pounds, which he could not pay her. Though all this was true, Mr. Barker should not have put it in his letter to Colonel Corbet. He might merely have said, Mr. Devereux is an honourable man, and of course he will settle his money matters with you, of which we know nothing whatever, etc. As to Colonel Corbet, he committed a great mistake in writing to Mr. Warden, as if he were the paymaster of his regiment, and doing so without apprizing Mrs. Barker evinced great weakness on his part, to say the least of it. But who is there who has not, some time or other, weak moments?

The year after, when Mr. Devereux had succeeded in recovering a part of his uncle's property which had been confiscated in France during the war, Colonel Corbet hastened to wait on him to get paid the two hundred francs which he gave him to be employed for young Barker, and which the latter refused to pay, as he would see by his letter. Mr. Devereux not only paid him this sum, but he added the interest to it for ten or twelve years it had been due: asking to keep the letter in question, which Colonel Corbet readily acceded to, not

thinking of the consequence it might be to a widow lady one day or other, when her son's letter would be forthcoming, speaking slightingly of a gentleman whom all her family in Ireland held in the greatest esteem and respect.

Mr. Devereux, once in possession of Barker's letter, would not listen to Mrs. Barker, who expected to get money from him on the order she had from her brother. She then employed mutual friends, the Countess de Coux, and her sister, Mrs. O'Meara, to speak to Mr. Devereux. He read to them Mr. Barker's letter to Colonel Corbet, and declined giving them further explanation on the matter. On hearing this, Mrs. Barker got alarmed lest Mr. Devereux might shew this letter to her brother, over whom he had great influence. She asked me to speak to him, and I cannot forget our interview. It was in winter, and he seemed very busy writing beside a great fire. When I told him the object of my early visit, he handed me young Barker's letter to Corbet to read, and asked me, rather in a passion, what I thought of it. My answer was, "Arthur Barker is a brave young man, he is now of age and responsible for his own acts. He could not avoid writing to Corbet; no doubt had he consulted me, I would have advised him to have made use of other terms." I then added, "You know he was only a year old when his parents had to fly with him from Ireland, and cannot know, as I do, what is thought of you there;" to which he replied, "And pray what is it you know about me?" "It is," I answered, "that were I, to-morrow, to say anything against you in the county of Wexford, I should not be listened to, particularly by Mrs. Barker's family." After a pause, he said, "You have read that letter" (which indeed I still held in my hand), "put it into the fire, and you may tell her the use I have made of it." He really seemed affected. We changed the conversation, and he told me he was obliged

to return to London; "But, Byrne," he said, "I shall see you before I go away." We then separated. I, seeing that he thought no more about the letter, hastened to tell Mrs. Barker the result of my interview with him. This worthy woman was quite happy at it, knowing, as she did, how useful he could be to her with her brother in the county of Wexford.

Three days after, I heard a great noise in my room, before day; it was Mr. Devereux. He said, "I am sorry to disturb you, but I must be at the coach office before six o'clock; I am going to London, and from thence to Ireland; when you get up, be good enough to take this five hundred francs note, which I leave on your table, to Mrs. Barker. Good-bye." I said, "I must give you a receipt." "Oh! no," he answered, "I want no receipt from you, again good-bye!" It was the last time we ever met, though he came to Paris afterwards; but it was when I was in Greece, or with my regiment at Grenoble. I feel it right to mention these circumstances of a man who would have been an ornament in the senate house of Ireland, had it been an independent country.

Mr. Devereux had, like other men, his peculiarities; in the way of diet, though not an epicure, he relished dainties, and substantial dishes too. One day he invited me to breakfast with him, and there was on the table an immense pie; he told me that, some days before, he bought a fine young hare, had it brought to a pastry-cook's, where he remained and saw it properly cut up and covered with paste, then put into the oven. Nothing of its kind could be more savoury or better tasted. Some years after the Bourbon Restoration, Mr. Robert Carthy, of Birchgrove, one of the county of Wexford insurgent leaders of 1798, came to Paris; he invited Mr. Devereux, young Barker, Mr. Lewens and me to dine with him at a restaurateur's. He begged

Mr. Devereux to order the dinner. Though it was one of the best establishments of the kind in Paris, a particular part of the filet de bœuf which was ordered, the master of the house told us was not in his larder, but if we would have patience, he would get it immediately from his butcher. This we agreed to, and bid him tell his cook to follow Mr. Devereux's instructions, and that we were in no hurry, and were satisfied we should be well repaid for the delay.

On Mr. Carthy remarking to me that we could not have waited in this way in our campaigns, a warm discussion was brought on between him and Mr. Devereux on the atrocious murders committed in the county of Wexford during the insurrection of 1798. Mr. Carthy saying how difficult it was to prevent reprisals when a son came in contact with the murderers of his father and brother and the violator of his sister. Mr. Devereux maintained that, instead of shooting those monsters he alluded to, the better way would be to kill them with kindness, give them plenty to eat and drink, and let them die with remorse. That for himself, were he a member of an insurrectional government, he would at once propose the prohibition of every kind of reprisals, which only tend to disgrace human nature. Mr. Carthy seeing that Mr. Lewens, Barker and I were of Mr. Devereux's opinion, good-naturedly joined us; so the abolition of reprisals was pronounced at our dinner party, which terminated gaily. Indeed it could not finish otherwise, James Edward Devereux being one of the guests.

I had commenced my fifth campaign in Spain in 1812, when the battalion I belonged to was ordered to Holland. Arriving at Bayonne, I obtained permission to take the mail coach to Paris, and I thereby gained fifteen days to spend amongst my friends there. Nearly nine years had elapsed since I quit that city for Brest,

where I had hoped to have embarked on an expedition to Ireland; but alas! the great wars on the continent put an end to that for a time; still it was expected that something might occur one day or other to hasten the hour when Ireland's independence should be secured and acknowledged by the European States.

I met JOHN DEVEREUX of Taghmon, county of Wexford, at Paris in the month of March, 1812. He had to escape to the United States of America after the insurrection of 1798, and becoming a citizen of that great republic, was sent on a mission to claim from the French Government American property in vessels which had been seized at Naples. Our common friend, Thomas Markey, at that time aide-de-camp to the Duke of Feltre, did all in his power to forward Mr. Devereux's views. The Emperor Napoleon being away from Paris with his army, Mr. Devereux could get no satisfactory answer to send to his government at Washington, and he had to wait with patience the diplomatic decisions. John Devereux, though very young, took an active part with Bagenal Harvey at the Battle of New Ross, on the 5th of June, 1798, when he distinguished himself by his courage and intrepidity; and had Ireland succeeded in gaining her independence, he would have been one of the first to whom a civic crown would have been offered.

Although John Devereux had not the happiness to see his native country free, as she ought to be, he had at least the glory, as one of President Bolivar's generals, to aid and assist that great man in giving the last final blow for the independence of Spanish America, and once that great country had her freedom assured, she was not ungrateful. On General Bolivar's recommendation, she granted a tract of land to be made over for ever to General Devereux, as a mark of the country's esteem, and an acknowledgment of the great service he had rendered during the war, both physically and morally.

General Devereux recruiting, organizing, and parading publicly his battalions in Ireland, previous to their being embarked for Spanish America, had a great moral effect. It gave the people everywhere an opportunity of sympathizing with him in the sacred cause of liberty and humanity in which he was engaged; and it proved that the recognition of the European Powers might soon be expected to this glorious enterprise.

I met also at Paris, in March, 1812, Mr. HARVEY MORRIS, whose acquaintance I was truly happy to make. He was one of the brave Irish patriots given up by the Senate of Hamburg on the 24th of November, 1798, to the English consul, Crawford, who had him shipped off in chains, after he had been several months in prison, along with General Napper Tandy, Blackwell and William Corbet; they were conveyed to Kilmainham Jail in Dublin. On being liberated from prison at the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, Mr. Harvey Morris married the widow of the unfortunate John Esmond, who was executed in 1798 as one of the insurgent chiefs in the county of Kildare. Mr. Morris had at that time (1812) three sons by this excellent lady—Harvey, Geoffrey and Mathieu. In the summer of 1812, Harvey Morris was joined by his wife and children at Paris, he having received his commission of adjutant commandant, equivalent to the rank of a staff colonel, and the permission to remain with his family at Paris. He obtained for his stepson, Laurence Esmond, the brevet of sub-lieutenant to the Irish regiment. When France was invaded by the enemy in 1814, Colonel Morris was ordered to Lyons, where he was employed on Marshal Augereau's staff, and after Napoleon's abdication he returned to Paris, and lived there with his family, receiving the half pay of a staff colonel till his death, which took place at Saint-Germain-en-Laye in 1839.

It was only in 1815 that Lord Frankfort, Lodge Morris, with other branches of the Morris family, obtained the Prince Regent's leave to call themselves Montmorency Morris. Colonel Harvey de Montmorency Morris had no need of any appendage to his name; he was brave and honourable, and much liked by his countrymen in France.

Having experienced much kind hospitality from my friends at Paris in March, 1812, before starting for Bois-le-Duc in Holland, I had a few of them to dine with me, such as Harvey Morris, John Devereux, Thomas Markey, Captain O'Malley and Luke Lawless. The latter was nephew to Colonel Lawless and brother to "honest Jack Lawless," as O'Connell used to call him when in good humour. LUKE LAWLESS was then a lieutenant on the staff of the Duke of Feltre, Minister of War. He was handsome, and had a distinguished air, speaking and writing French quite like a Frenchman, and well fitted to be a staff officer. The duke seemed greatly pleased with him, and soon after promoted him to the rank of captain. At the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, the Duke of Feltre not making part of the ministry then, Captain Lawless was sent to the Irish regiment, in which he was placed as one of the captains. After the Hundred Days, in September, 1815, the Irish regiment was disbanded, and all the officers who composed it were put on half pay; a general measure which was applied also to the French army that had retired behind the Loire. The French officers were ordered to go to their respective homes, and to reside there with their families, where they could be more easily watched by the police agents. The Irish officers, having no homes to go to in France, were told to choose towns in certain parts of France. Captain Luke Lawless made choice of one, and a few days after he arrived there he

received an order from the Minister of War, the Duke of Feltre, to quit that town in twenty-four hours, and France in fifteen days. His uncle, General Lawless, remonstrated with the minister, saying that his nephew who had been two years on his excellency's staff, should be well known to him as a man of honour, and could not have merited such treatment, etc., etc. But all to no avail; Captain Lawless's crime was, that he did not go to Ghent when he knew that the Duke of Feltre was there, and that he despised those mean fellows who deserted and joined the enemies of France at Waterloo, and were not ashamed to boast of their cowardly treason; and not having the courage to meet Lawless in the field when he told them the great contempt with which all honourable officers must regard their conduct, they wrote all kinds of falsehoods against him to the Minister of War, as they did of several of his comrades. His case was one of the many instances of injustice and persecution occurring every day to the brave officers of the French army during that cruel period of Bourbon reaction.

Fortunately for Captain Luke Lawless, he had been bred to the law, was a counsellor in Ireland before he became a French officer, and he soon distinguished himself at the American Bar, where he was raised to the rank of judge at Saint-Louis.

I met at Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet's house, in 1803, a Cork gentleman, a Mr. Beamish, and all the refugees from his county spoke of him in the highest terms as a generous, good patriot. I felt assured that the Irish I saw at Paris then were patriots, otherwise they would have been sent to Verdun as English subjects. Some Irish, however, preferred the appellation of English subject to that of Irish patriot, from interested motives: amongst them, Mr. John Masterson, who had served in

one of the Irish brigades before the Revolution; he had property in the West Indies by his wife. He obtained leave from the French Government to reside with his family at Brussels instead of Verdun.

Major BURKE had been an officer in the Irish brigade, and emigrated and took service in England. Being in France when the hostilities began in 1803, he was sent to Verdun, where he remained till the peace of 1814; he came after that to Paris, his promotion going on as if in active service, until he got the rank of major-general in the English army.

These gentlemen all wished to see their native country prosperous, taking, however, different views of what might be thought necessary to make the people there happy, and the inferences which might be drawn from the contrast of their opinions are not a little curious. Mr. Masterson, a strict Roman Catholic, having spent some time at Rome and in Italy, was of opinion that if the Irish Catholics had the free exercise of their religion as he had seen it practised in Italy, they ought to be satisfied. His brother Edward, who was then a captain in the Irish legion, took a similar view of the question of Ireland at that period.

Mr. Burke was a Catholic, and one of his sisters was a nun at Brest; another was a partner with Miss Ryan at the great ladies' school in the Rue du Harley, Boulevard Sainte-Antoine, at Paris. Mr. Burke's principles might be called those of a Tory; however, he thought that Catholics ought to sit in the House of Lords, and obtain the highest rank in the British army. With these concessions, he thought the Catholics should rest satisfied. Mr. Burke was a highly honourable man; and as to his bravery, it was so well known to the English prisoners at Verdun, that whenever a duel was going to take place there, the seconds would previously consult Colonel Burke before going to the ground, to have his

opinion how the matter might be settled. When his sister died at Miss Ryan's, in 1821, he was ill of the gout, and he was very grateful to Colonel Montmorency and me for attending her funeral and calling to let him know about the melancholy ceremony.

Mr. CRAMER, one of the best Irishmen I ever knew, was detained at Verdun a prisoner, as a British subject; but when his enlightened and patriotic principles were made known to the French authorities at Verdun, he was allowed to travel through France as he pleased. He ultimately settled at Tours, where he married a French young lady, a Mademoiselle Fereau.

Mr. Cramer was of a highly respectable Protestant family in Ireland, and possessed a good estate there. No one felt more indignant than he did at the unjust and cruel treatment the poor Irish endured from their landlords and taskmasters. He despaired of ever seeing their situation bettered under the English yoke. As to expect redress from a parliament sitting at Dublin, he thought that a farce; witness the continual struggles and efforts of the greatest statesmen from 1782 to 1800, to maintain the little liberty gained, by the necessity of contenting the people in the event of a foreign invasion. That danger over, all hopes of emancipation vanished like smoke; therefore Mr. Cramer wished for a complete separation and independence of British rule; and he entertained the most sanguine hopes that those blessings would be, one day or other, easily acquired, as he considered the getting rid of the English garrison in Ireland quite a secondary matter, because the Irish would have it in their power to rise *en masse* and disarm any foreign troops in the country. As to the natives continuing to kill one another on account of religion, he trusted that mania would cease if once a good government were established; and it was for its consolidation in the first instance that he feared difficulties might occur,

from the want of union between the chiefs and leaders of the people. Apropos of his anxiety on this subject, he often spoke to me of the bad feeling and misunderstanding which existed between Arthur O'Connor and Thomas Addis Emmet. Indeed, in everything regarding Ireland, Mr. Cramer's feelings were pure and disinterested and his views enlarged and enlightened. He thought it would become one of the happiest countries on the face of the globe, once independent, with a good government, and her plains well cultivated, considering her fine pasture lands, hills covered with verdure to their tops, so fit for sheep walks, and the many great rivers susceptible of being utilized in various ways. Her woollen manufactories, of which she had been so foully deprived, would be again restored, her linen and tabinets, both branches of trade superior in quality to what was to be found in other countries, etc. The waste lands once reclaimed, Ireland could furnish food and employment for more than twenty millions of people. Nothing could retard the accomplishment of those blessings but strife amongst the chiefs, for power, in the commencement. To avoid that, Mr. Cramer thought a dictator should be named: he was well aware, however, that it might not be an easy matter to find a person with the virtues and abilities necessary for so important a situation, and to whom such a trust could be confided with safety to the people's welfare; for amongst the many distinguished Irish patriots whom he knew, both at home and abroad, he seldom or never met one of them that did not want some of the requisites for such an important part.

Mr. Cramer, being a resident at Tours, was well acquainted with the Irish officers retired there after the Hundred Days of 1815. He was very intimate with General Lawless and Colonels Ware and Allen. Knowing they were friends and comrades of mine, he would often speak to me freely of their bravery and worth.

Lawless's talents, he would say, were of the highest order, and his general instruction equal to that of the first men and tried patriots which Ireland had produced. Still, John Allen was the man he thought that had the head, the understanding and firmness proper to make him fit for exercising a temporary dictatorship: he knew Allen would reflect well before he gave his orders, but once given, they should be punctually executed.

Mr. Cramer was well educated and well read; his political opinions and General Lawless's were alike, and they agreed also with regard to Allen's capacity and want of selfishness, and his fitness to fill a high situation without danger to the state. They were both well acquainted with the celebrated Greek scholar and French patriotic writer and martyr, Paul Louis Courrier, who lived near General Lawless's country house in the neighbourhood of Tours.

In 1825, Mr. Cramer came to reside at Paris, Rue Saint Dominique-Saint-Germain, with his wife and two daughters and a son, a little boy of four or five years of age, and his only son. He had the sorrow to lose this poor child soon after their arrival in Paris, and being much cast down with this event, his wife tried to rouse and cheer him by having society at the house, often inviting his friends to dinner. At one of these parties, he said to me before dinner, "Byrne, you will meet one of my fellow prisoners of Verdun at dinner; he is highly honourable, but a Tory; of course you will not agree with him on politics." When I learned that it was Colonel Burke he alluded to, I told him we were friends, and had been long acquainted, and that we had often spoke of him and the different doings at Verdun during the war, and that one day he said to me, "I believe that if Cramer had remained at Verdun, he would have converted me to his way of thinking, at least about Irish affairs." Mr. Cramer laughed and said Colonel Burke

understood a joke. As he was speaking, Colonel Burke arrived, and Mrs. Cramer telling him how we two had been speaking of him, he said, "Then you will tell me at dinner all the good things they said," to which she readily consented, and a cheerful conversation was kept up.

Mr. Cramer unhappily became very ill at Paris, being attacked with spitting of blood, which caused much uneasiness to his family and friends. He, however, was soon cured of this dangerous malady by the good advice of a very able young Irish physician, Daniel Halliday. While Mr. Cramer remained at Paris under the skilful care and watchfulness of his friend, Doctor Halliday, he kept well; but going to travel, another attack of his complaint, at Florence, suddenly carried him off in 1827. His widow feared she might have great difficulty about her children's property in Ireland, but her anxiety was soon relieved by his brother's honourable and affectionate conduct. He immediately had her and the children put in possession of all Mr. Cramer's property, according to his last will.

In the solitary walks I was accustomed to take in 1803, in the garden of the Luxembourg, I frequently met the last commander of Walsh's brigade, O'NEILL; he had the rank of general of brigade, and was *en retraite*; he was a small man, rather handsome, with fine features, and nearly eighty years old. Having been born and brought up in Ireland, he spoke English. He had the reputation of being a just chief, though a severe disciplinarian, and a strict observer of military rules and honours. Though proud and haughty, as one of the descendants of the great O'Neill of the North, still he was much liked by his officers. Captain Barker, who served in Walsh's regiment, told me they used to call their colonel "the monarch" in their chat amongst them-

selves. His son was then (1803) a captain in Walsh's regiment, which took the number 47 in the French army. I met this young officer in 1804 at Captain Barker's, when we were in garrison at Quimper; and there commenced my intimacy and friendship with Colonel O'Neill, and it only ceased with his death at the end of July, 1844. He was one of my best friends and comrades. When Colonel O'Neill was employed in the War Office as chef de bureau, he was ever ready to oblige his father's countrymen; and it was to his influence alone that I owed the honour of being appointed on the expedition to Greece in 1828, on the staff of General Maison, who was commander-in-chief of the French army sent there to aid the unfortunate Greeks to shake off the cruel Turkish yoke. I must say that the heartfelt satisfaction I experienced on this occasion could only have been surpassed or equalled on being similarly employed in obtaining the freedom and independence of my own native land, Ireland.

Though in the habit of meeting General O'Neill, I did not wait on him; it was very remiss of me indeed, also not having visited several other officers then in great favour with the Minister of War, Berthier, such as the general of division, Clarke; the general of brigade, Harty; Adjutant-General DALTON, etc., etc. It was the latter who accompanied me to the grand judge Regnier's hôtel in the Place Vendôme the first day I arrived at Paris, when I met Thomas Addis Emmet and Doctor MacNeven. The second time I met Mr. Dalton was in Spain in 1808. Though he made the campaign of Egypt and was in great favour, he had to command a regiment before he could get promotion, according to Napoleon's new decree on the staff officers who got their advancement in the office of the war department without having commanded troops. When we met, Colonel Dalton was at the head of the 59th regiment of the line

coming from France to Spain, and I was a captain commanding an escort conducting prisoners of war from Pampeluna to Bayonne.

Colonel Dalton was soon promoted to the rank of general of brigade, but he was only named lieutenant-general in April, 1821. He was born in France and did not speak English; he was exceedingly well-mannered, and about twenty-five years of age when I first saw him. He, being on the minister's staff, could have been serviceable to me, had I waited on him. I did not like to intrude, or to pass for an intriguer; all I wanted was to be certain that I should be comprised in the first expedition sent to Ireland. I little imagined that I was doomed to witness the miseries of my unfortunate country augmenting daily under the cruel English yoke.

After the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, General Count Dalton was named one of the inspectors-general of the army, and member of the committee charged with the revision of the ordinance of the 1st of August, 1791, on the exercise and manœuvres of the infantry. This revision was only completed after the Revolution of July, 1830, and the new ordinance was published the 4th of March, 1831, by the Minister of War, Marshal Soult, which was found to be a great improvement on the old one on account of its clearness, simplicity and precision in the manœuvres and the evolutions of an army in line, and it did great honour to General Dalton and his colleagues of the committee.

When the réglement or ordinance on the manœuvres of the infantry came out in 1791, it was considered a vast progress on tactics also: and another Irishman had the honour to be the editor of that work, which sufficed for the great armies of the Republic and the Empire. This was General Count O'Connell, and he received the thanks of the Government for his editorship of the ordinance of 1791.

In 1832, Lieutenant-General Count Dalton had the command of one of the divisions of the French army in Africa, that of Algiers, and in 1834 he was named a member of the committee or commission of the infantry and cavalry department at the War Office. It may be seen by those different situations entrusted to General Dalton that he was in favour with Louis-Philippe's government as well as with that of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He began his military career under the auspices of his worthy uncle, Colonel Shea, the faithful companion of General Hoche on the unfortunate expedition to Ireland in December, 1796. In the reign of Napoleon, Colonel Shea was one of the senators and préfet of Strasbourg, department of the Bas-Rhin. At the Restoration he was named a Peer of France by Louis XVIII. When he had the misfortune to lose his only son, and wishing to keep up the name of Shea, his nephew General Dalton not having children, he adopted the son of the widow Dalton, wife to his other nephew, who had been a préfet under Napoleon. This young boy was called Dalton Shea, and his grand uncle bequeathed him the French peerage, with the title of count.

In 1830, young Dalton Shea, whilst waiting the age required to sit in the Chamber of Peers at Paris, was making a tour in the East, and, passing through Greece, was taken ill. He had to quit his fellow travellers and remain at Navarino in Morée, to recover from his indisposition. He was convalescent and walking about when the news of the Revolution of July arrived. I can never forget that evening; we were a great number of officers taking refreshments in a large coffee house at Navarino, when a young man, about eighteen years of age, came in, with an immense tri-coloured cockade in his hat. The captain-adjutant of the place, Detroismonts, who was at the same table as I w[illegible] seeing the three-coloured cockade,

said, "I must go for the guard and have that fellow arrested." "Why would you think of it?" I replied. "Are we not all anxiously waiting for the order to take it, and which must come by the next mail?" "I never will wear it—I never wore it," said Detroismont. Captain Revel of the engineers, at the same moment, in a pleasant tone, said: "Mr. Dalton Shea, I see that you anticipate on the pleasure we shall have to-morrow." To this Dalton Shea replied pointing to the tri-coloured cockade in his hat, "Gentlemen, this is the cockade that every true Frenchman in France is wearing to-day; you military men are not your own masters, you must wait orders." On which there seemed general approbation through the coffee house. I could then see he was a great favourite with Captain Revel, Dr. de Foncelle and other officers of the garrison at Navarino. It was the only time I ever saw Mr. Dalton Shea; he sailed immediately to rejoin his travelling companions, at Smyrna or Constantinople, before I could make his acquaintance. When he became of age, and sat in the Chamber of Peers in the reign of Louis-Philippe, he acted an honourable and independent part, and he did not avail himself, as he might have done, of the great influence his great uncle Shea always enjoyed with the Orleans family. I mention these circumstances, as Mr. Dalton Shea was the nephew of Lieutenant-General Count Dalton, the first French officer I met when I arrived at Paris in 1803.

Adjutant-General MACSHEEHY was sent from Ireland to be educated under the care of his uncle, Doctor MacSheehy; he, as well as a vast number of the Irish students, offered his services to the French Government, the moment war began with England in 1793. MacSheehy being young and active, soon got the brevet of captain, and in 1798 he was employed in this rank on

General Berthier's staff in General Buonaparte's army to Egypt; he spoke French and English well, and wrote a fine legible hand, a good recommendation for a staff officer.

At the formation of the Irish legion in 1803, the Minister of War, General Berthier, appointed Adjutant-General MacSheehy to organize it at Morlaix, where the Irish officers, non-commissioned officers, soldiers, etc., were assembling for the purpose. He began judiciously to repair as much as he could the great mistakes made at the War Office by the minister, in naming to inferior ranks, as lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, men who had the greatest claims on Ireland as patriots, such as William Barker, Hugh Ware, Dowdall, and Allen, Val Derry, O'Mally, etc., whilst others were appointed captains who scarcely had any claim to recommend them. MacSheehy sent a list of the officers whom he thought were entitled to a higher rank to the Minister of War, and very soon after he received their commissions of captains, which he was ordered to deliver to those brave patriots, Barker, Ware, etc. Lieutenant Thomas Markey not being comprised on the list of captains, wrote to General Augereau on the subject, with whom he was acquainted, and he got his brevet of captain immediately. The omission of his name in the first list might be chance, and MacSheehy wished it to be thought so, as he could have no interest, he said, in preventing Markey's advancement; in short, up to this period he had shewn the greatest desire to obtain for the well-deserving Irish patriots the rank they should hold in the legion destined to be completed in Ireland. The best French instructors were sent, by the orders of the First Consul, to the legion, to teach the officers the artillery exercise as well as the infantry manœuvres.

Everything seemed going on well, and the Minister of War perfectly satisfied with the degree of instruction

and progress reported to him of the legion, when, whether from envy and jealousy at seeing Arthur O'Connor raised to the rank of general of division, then the highest in the French army, without having passed through any of the inferior ranks, or for other motives, we could not learn—but all at once Adjutant-General MacSheehy became anything but an impartial chief. He knew the Captains Corbet were on the most intimate terms with General O'Connor, and that alone seemed to suffice for him to become their enemy; though, before leaving Paris, they were his bosom friends, and at Morlaix he named, on arriving, Captain Thomas Corbet captain of the first class of the legion, and his brother William, captain d'habillement, or of the clothing, a very lucrative situation, especially in a regiment where everything was to be furnished new, as in the Irish legion. The unfortunate duel between Captain Sweeny and Captain Thomas Corbet had the very worst effect for the officers, being considered a a political one on the score of swearing allegiance to Napoleon, and MacSheehy was said to have been the cause of it by telling Sweeny something that Corbet mentioned of him in presence of the Mayor and French authorities at Carhaix in May, 1804. In short, Adjutant-General MacSheehy shewed he was quite unfit to organize an Irish regiment, and the command was taken from him at Lesneven, August, 1804. He soon got employed on the staff of the Grand Army, and was on the point of obtaining promotion when he was killed at the Battle of Eylau, the 7th of February, 1807.

General HARTY was born in Ireland; he came to France when very young, and got a commission in the Irish Brigade. In 1792, Berwick's regiment was in garrison in the fortress of Landau, near the Rhine; Lieutenant-Colonel O'Mahony had the command of it,

as senior officer. He one day marched the regiment from the town in the direction of the Rhine, and after marching about a league, halted the regiment. Captain Harty, who commanded the grenadiers' company, seeing the quarter-master, and everything belonging to the depot, following the regiment, perceived at once that it was not for manœuvring or exercise, asked the colonel where he intended marching. Lieutenant-Colonel O'Mahony answered briefly, "To cross the Rhine and join our princes on the other side." To this, Captain Harty replied, "That might be very well for those who wished to do so, but, for his own part, he would not desert the country he had adopted." He immediately harangued the regiment in an impressive, military tone, and returned with it to Landau, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel O'Mahony and a few officers who followed him to go away and cross the Rhine to the enemy's camp. Captain Harty received the grateful thanks of the governor of the garrison, and of the inhabitants of Landau, when he returned there triumphantly at the head of Berwick's regiment, which he had just saved from the foul crime of deserting to the enemy with arms and baggage; and for his brave and honourable conduct on this occasion, as well as for his subsequent services, he early obtained the rank of general of brigade from the Government, and the Emperor Napoleon named him Baron de Pierre-bourg.

Whilst the Irish legion remained in the department of Finistère and the environs of Brest, in hope of being sent one day to Ireland, General Harty had generally a command where it was stationed. In 1804 he had a part of the legion under his orders at Landerneau, and he had the officers frequently to dine with him, and when the legion was afterwards in garrison at Quimper, he came by order of the minister to inspect it; and in 1807, at Antwerp, our regiment made part of his brigade,

and the same year he commanded our camp at West Capel in the island of Walcheren, where he, as well as almost all the men and officers of his brigade were affected with the severe fever of that island; so much so that the camp had to be raised and the sick sent to the hospitals of Middlebourg, Flushing, etc.

General Harty commanded the military district at Munster, in Westphalia, in 1813; it was in this town that I saw for the last time this truly brave, honest Irishman. We were seven officers and about sixty men of our regiment, on our way back to our depot in Holland, after the terrible disasters we escaped from in Silesia, and on the Bober, at Lowenberg, where our division under General Puthod fought till it was nearly exterminated. General Harty had us all to dine with him, and he did everything he could to console us in our misfortunes. He wished Colonel Lawless, who had lost his leg at the Bober, to remain a day or two to recover from his fatigues, but the Cossacks appearing in force near the town in the morning, General Harty, at the head of his brigade, had to march and attack them, so poor Lawless had to be off, and thus could not avail himself of General Harty's kind offer of hospitality.

General Harty's manner was frank and agreeable; he had no desire to shew off as a great hero, because he thought he had only done his duty as any honourable man would have done, circumstanced as he was in Berwick's regiment at Landau in 1792. General Clarke was his relation, and when he became Duke of Feltre and war minister to Napoleon, he took great interest in General Harty's family; he got his daughter, Miss Harty, married to Lieutenant-General de Brice, and after the Restoration, his son became a distinguished officer in the royal guards, and later, a staff officer. This young man had the misfortune to kill in a duel the son

of Colonel Saint-Aulaire, on account of a pamphlet that the latter published against the Duke of Feltre.

General CLARKE was born at Landreçg, in France; his father was a major in one of the Irish brigades. Young Clarke got rapid promotion in the French army after the Revolution, and he filled important situations in Italy whilst Buonaparte was general-in-chief there, and the letter of the latter to him on the occasion of his nephew's death, young Elliott, at the battle of Arcole, was much spoken of when I came to Paris in 1803 by the Irish patriots whom I met there. It was as follows:

Your nephew has been killed on the field of battle of Arcle. That young man had familiarized himself with arms. Often did he march at the head of the columns; he would have been one day a distinguished officer. He has died with glory, facing the enemy, without a moment's suffering. What reasonable man would not envy such a death? Who is there amongst us who has not regretted a hundred times that he has not thus been withdrawn from calumny and envy, and from the various hateful passions which seem almost exclusively to direct the conduct of men?

General Clarke was not in favour with the Government of the Directory during the absence of Buonaparte in Egypt, but after the 18th Brumaire his services were again appreciated as they merited by the First Consul, and his fame afterwards as Duke of Feltre and Napoleon's Minister of War from 1809 to his abdication at Fontainebleau on the 8th of April, 1814, is too well known to the historian for me to pretend to offer my opinion on his career. Yet I cannot help mentioning what regards myself and some of my comrades respecting his unjust and arbitrary decisions towards us, when he became Minister of War to Louis XVIII after the Hundred Days in 1815.

The Irish regiment was disbanded at the same time that the French army was disbanded, and the officers

sent to their homes on half pay. The Irish officers, having no homes in France, had to choose towns where they expected to enjoy their half pay and protection. Commandant Allen was on his was to the place he had chosen when the Duke of Feltre had him arrested at Paris and ordered to quit the French territory forthwith. Thus, without trial or the means of defence, was to be banished from his adopted country an officer whose brilliant conduct at Astorga, in 1810, was the admiration of the French army. Fortunately for Allen, General Arthur O'Connor, as soon as he heard of the arrest, waited on the Minister of War, the Duke of Feltre, and got him to revoke his cruel and most unjust order, and Allen was allowed to go and reside at Tours.

Three of the distinguished captains of the Irish regiment, distinguished both for bravery and high education, were, by order of Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, obliged to quit France without ever being able to know for what reason; these were Captains Jackson and Luke Lawless, both of whom went to America, and Town who went to Italy.[1]

The Irish regiment being disbanded in September, 1815, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, I was ordered, as a member of the council of administration, to remain there with Colonel Ware, the quarter-master and another member, to settle and give up the accounts of the regiment. All being terminated in May, 1816, Colonel Ware and I retired to Tours, where we met Commandants Allen and Hayne; with these friends and comrades I was spending my time as well as could be expected under such circumstances, and I hoped I had escaped the reaction and persecution then prevailing against the officers of the French army; when, on the 2nd of January, 1817, the prefet of Tours sent for me to give me an order he had received, he said, the day before from the Minister

[1] For fuller details see *supra*, p. 176.

of Police. Being New Year's Day, he did not like then to communicate disagreeable intelligence to me. The order was that I should quit Tours in twenty-four hours and France in fifteen days. On being handed this "Ukase," I went instantly to General d'Autichamp, who commanded the military division at Tours. He seemed quite surprised and displeased that orders regarding military men were not forwarded to him to be delivered, and he asked me where I intended to go to. I told him to Nantes, if he would have the goodness to order the arrears and money due to me to be paid; that I should sail for New York by the first vessel going from Nantes. He replied that, having no instructions from the Minister of War on the matter, he could not interfere, but he thought that I should pass by Paris, and there claim the money due to me. "You have friends, no doubt, who can assist you at Paris." I said I had many, but that they were not in favour, and consequently could not be of any use to me. I mentioned to him having a letter of introduction to the Prince de Broglie from his brother the Prince and Abbé de Broglie which my friend in Dublin, Andrew O'Reilly, had procured for me. "Then," said General d'Autichamp, "take your feuille de route for Calais, and the coach to Paris; you will thereby gain a few days, to make your reclamation about your money matters, and have time to see my cousin, the Prince de Broglie, who is Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies." I followed his advice, took my place in the diligence for Paris, and bid farewell to my dear friends at Tours. All the way to Paris, I had to shew my feuille de route, or passport, to the gendarmes every time the coach stopped to change horses. I, however, arrived safely the second night at Paris, an lodged at the Hôtel de Calais, Rue Montmartre, and next day went to call on my friend, Mr. Aubriet, who was chef des hussiers at the Chamber of Deputies. I

told him I wanted to see the Prince de Broglie. "There he is," he answered, returning after him, he presented me to him. The prince was going, on hearing the bell ring. He asked me why I did not come sooner to Paris. That his brother had written to him to use his influence to get me employed, and he hoped to have me placed in the royal guards, etc. I said, "Prince, it is on a disagreeable matter I have to speak to you at present," and I shewed him the order I had got to quit Tours and France. He, very naturally, seemed quite surprised, and asked me what I could have done to merit such treatment. I answered that I was conscious of never having done but my duty as an officer and as a man of honour, and that all I required was to be tried by a court-martial. The prince then told me that he was to dine that day with the minister De Caze, and for me to call on him at seven o'clock next morning, Rue Saint-Dominique, No. 19. I did so and got him sitting up in bed busy writing. He made me sit down beside him, and he then told me that the minister De Caze knew nothing particular about my affair, that the Duke of Feltre was frequently sending despatches through the officers of the police to the civil authorities in the departments, and that it was in that way the order respecting me was forwarded to the préfet at Tours. He added: "The minister has promised me that you should have a permission to stop at Paris to justify yourself; so you must see the Duke of Feltre and know from him what are the charges brought against you, and come and let me hear immediately the result of your interview with him." Nothing could be kinder than the prince's reception; and the interest he took in the matter gave me great hopes of success, and I returned cheerfully to my lodgings at night, thinking that I had begun well, when I was handed a letter from the chief of the police, ordering me to appear there at ten next morning. This chief

said to me, "I have ordered you here to know if you are ready to quit Paris and continue your route to Calais, and when you are to set off," etc. I answered, I should return and let him know after I saw the Prince de Broglie, who had had the goodness to tell me that he would get me a permission to stop some time in Paris. "Oh then," he replied, you will certainly obtain it, for he is on the most intimate terms with our minister." This chief de burèau's name was Lebas, and he told me he knew the Irish regiment at Landau. Finding him so amiable in his manner, I asked him if I could not learn something of the charges made against me. "Certainly," he answered, "you must see all we have here." On which he rang a bell and told a man to go and bring him the *dossier* of a Mr. Byrne, which had been sent there by the Minister of War, Feltre. According to this curious document, I was a *Buonapartiste enragé*, that would never change, a *fourbe*, etc., etc. I remarked to him, "This appears a contradiction; a *fourbe* is a man ever ready to change when it is for his advantage to do so." He politely replied, "We know the value of such denunciations." I thanked him for his attention, and I then went to call on the Prince de Broglie, who told me that I need not be uneasy as to the police for some time, but that I should without delay see the Minister of War and endeavour to make him listen to my reclamation. I followed his advice and attended at the Duke de Feltre's hôtel, the day he gave his audience to the officers. When my name was called and the door opened, instead of letting me go in, the minister met me at the door, took my paper and threw it on the table and scarcely allowed me time to open my lips, when he told the huissier (or usher) to call another officer. I then could plainly see that I had no chance of obtaining justice from the Duke of Feltre; so I resolved to go to Havre, and from thence sail to New York. I wrote to

General Lawless, who was living with his family at Moulins, to let him know my determination, and praying him to write to Mr. Emmet by me, lest he might be told by the Bourbons' emissaries at New York that the emigrant officers had to leave France for other things besides their politics. The following is the letter which General Lawless wrote to Thomas Addis Emmet on the occasion:—

My Dear Friend,

Another act of summary justice gives me an opportunity of sending you this, as much with a view of expressing my sincere thanks for the services you have rendered my nephew, as to introduce to you anew, an old acquaintance, who thinks it necessary I should say something to you of him. For many years I have known Mr. Byrne. I have always found him to justify the good opinion of your ever-to-be-regretted brother; you will find his morals as pure as his bravery is unquestionable, and I have seen both put to severe trials. Do not be alarmed, my dear friend, at the quick arrival of another recommendation, or imagine that I have set up a register office for emigrants to your country. I could not refuse a word in favour of the bearer, and do not mean to be troublesome in future.

I refer you to Byrne for any information you may desire to know. He allows me but a moment to write this. My wife joins me in kind wishes to Mrs. Emmet and for your joint prosperity.

Yours ever,

W. Lawless.

Moulins, department de l'Allier,
10*th January*, 1817.

The worthy Prince de Broglie was not only very sorry, but much surprised at the bad reception I had received from my "countryman," as he was pleased to call General Clarke, the Duke of Feltre, war minister to King Louis XVIII, etc., etc. He thought that he was rather partial to the Irish. I told him the contrary was the case; that he was anything but impartial to some

of them. That whilst he was banishing distinguished Irish officers who counted ten and twelve years' service and campaigns in the French army, without trial or judgment, he was placing other Irishmen in the gardes du corps (king's bodyguards) who had no claim on France, and giving commissions of sous-lieutenants to young Irish lads under eighteen years of age; and in 1814 he would not give brevets to the students of the Irish College until they had completely attained the eighteen years required.

The Prince de Broglie asked me if the minister received my demand. I told him he took the paper and threw it on the table without reading it. "His secretary," he replied, "will read it to him; so you may expect an answer, but not probably for three weeks or a month, on account of the great mass of such documents he will have to reply to; but keep your mind easy and have patience. Should the Minister of Police be written to about your stopping in Paris, I shall let you know and tell you what you will have to do in the event of the Duke of Feltre persisting in having you sent away." It was generally thought that a change of ministry would soon take place (M. de Caze becoming every day more in favour with the King, and indeed more popular than his colleague the Duke of Feltre), and that the latter would only remain to finish the dirty work he had so well begun. However, no change taking place, and not having got any answer to my demand from the War Office or the minister, I resolved to see his Excellency once more, and this time I was advised to write in English to him; that he did not like the idea of such documents being published in the American or Liberal English newspapers. So on the 12th of April, 1817, I presented to him the following letter, remarking that it was in English, as I knew his

lordship understood that language well; he said I might speak if I wished in English.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY MARSHAL DUKE OF FELTRE, MINISTER OF WAR.

My Lord,

My reliance on the justice of your Excellency is as strong as the consciousness of my own innocence; both conspire to convince me, that should any doubts still remain your Excellency will take no unfavourable decision without affording me the possibility of justification. In such a supposition, a trial by court-martial is all I require, and this, my Lord, I feel sure you never will deny me. If I am proved guilty, let me be punished and dishonoured; if innocent, let me be re-instated in what is now called in question, my honour and my character. To me, without these, life is not supportable; to maintain them unsullied has been my study during nineteen years' incessant campaigns, and I feel convinced your Excellency cannot but applaud my determination to do so to the end.

I shall not trouble your Excellency with the description of my situation; you know that my devotion to the cause of France has cut me off from the resources I should find in my own country. Deign, then, to judge what my position must be, deprived as I now am, these four months, of my only support, the half of my former appointments.

To this state have I been reduced on a sudden, without any previous warning whatever, for faults alleged to have taken place two years ago, but of which I had never heard until sentence of immediate banishment had been pronounced.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

M. Byrne.

Paris, *the 12th April*, 1817.

I was glad to see that he read my letter attentively and put it on the chimney-piece, in place of throwing it on the table with the other papers. I said, "My lord, I might have added that I was named captain in 1808, now nine years, and never once was under an arrest; a proof that I obeyed my chiefs and executed their orders, and I was on the most friendly terms with them throughout our campaigns, and even with Colonel Mahony, though probably he is the person who has denounced me to

your excellency as dangerous." He replied: No; that it came from the authorities where I had been in garrison. I answered, the military authorities, the only ones I had to do with, the Marquis de Brias, governor at Montreuil-sur-Mer, and Lieutenant-General Count d'Autichamp at Tours, were both ready to attest the honourable way I conducted myself whilst under their command. He said he would see about "my affair," and he then began to talk to me about the Byrne families in Ireland, and of many others, as he was well versed in the history of that unfortunate country. His reception and conversation being so very amiable, I trusted I should hear in a day or two that the unjust order for my banishment was revoked; but no, I was still left in suspense for more than a month, as it was only on the 29th of May, 1817, that I received the following answer from the Duke of Feltre, though it was dated the 7th of May, it being sent to the military governor of Paris, Lieutenant-General Count d'Espinois, with whom I had nothing to do, instead of being forwarded to the Minister of Police, to apprise him that I was reinstated on the Army List, and no more under his jurisdiction.

MINISTÈRE DE LA GUERRE.

BUREAU DE L'INFANTERIE.

DECISION DU 16 AVRIL, 1817.

Le ministre sécrétaire d'Etat au département de la guerre prévient M. Byrne (Miles), capitaine à l'ancien 3e régiment étranger qu'étant compris dans la catégorie des officiers étrangers susceptibles d'etres maintenus au service du roi, il est admis au traitement accordé par les ordonnances de sa Majesté aux officiers de son grade en non activité.

Il accusera réception au ministre de la présente et fera connaître le lieu de sa résidence.

Paris, *le 7 Mai*, 1817.

LE MARECHAL DUC DE FELTRE.

A M. BYRNE, capitaine d'infanterie à l'ex-3e régiment étranger.

WAR OFFICE.

INFANTRY DEPARTMENT.

DECISION OF THE 16TH APRIL, 1817.

The Minister Secretary of State for the War Department informs Mr. Byrne (Miles), captain in the old 3rd foreign regiment, that being comprised in the rank of foreign officers susceptible of being maintained in the service of the King, he is granted the pay ordered by his Majesty to officers of his rank in non-activity.

He will acknowledge the receipt of this present to the minister, and give in also the place of his residence.

Paris, *the 7th May*, 1817.

THE MARSHAL DUKE OF FELTRE.

To Mr. BYRNE, captain of infantry in the ex 3rd foreign regiment.

Colonel Markey, who had been several years aide-de-camp to the Duke of Feltre, told me that he had for a principle to be serviceable to all those whom he once acknowledged had been unjustly treated; and to make them forget it, he had them advanced in rank as soon as possible. He did not remain long enough in the war department for me to avail myself of this propensity of his to render service. He was replaced in the war department by Marshal Saint-Cyr. The Duke of Feltre, when out of office, retired to his country seat in the department of the Bas-Rhin, quite dissatisfied with a court he had but too well served. He did not long survive the Bourbons' ingratitude. He left three sons, very big young men. I was very intimate with the second, Arthur; he was a lieutenant of cavalry, and asked to be employed on the expedition to Greece in 1828 on the staff of General Schneider, the friend of his family. I saw him frequently at Patras in the Morea, and I must say I never met any young man who possessed more enlightened or liberal opinions than he did on every subject. He got a sickness, a gastric fever in Greece, of which he died when he returned to Paris. The duke and the younger brother have both died since,

so the title of Duke of Feltre is extinct, as none of them were married.

Extract from a work entitled *Histoire des Troupes entrangeres au service de France*, par Eugène Fieffé, commis principal aux archives du ministère de la guerre. Paris, 1854.

Clarke (Henri-Jacques-Guillaume).

Comte d'Hunebourg, duc de Feltre, issu d'une famille distinguée, originaire d'Irlande, naquit à Landrecies le 17 Octobre, 1765. Cadet gentilhomme à l'école militaire de Paris le 17 Septembre, 1781, sous-lieutenant au régiment d'infanterie de Berwick (1782), cornette dans le régiment du colonel général des hussards, avec rang de capitaine, en 1874; il se démit de cet emploi le 1er Décembre, 1789, pour passer à Londres en qualité de gentilhomme d'ambassade. Rentré dans l'armée le 11 Juillet, 1790, il fut capitaine au 16e, puis 14e régiment de dragons, lieutenant-colonel du 2e régiment de cavalerie le 5 Février, 1792; se signala à l'armée du Rhin, à la prise de Spire, fut nommé général de brigade provisoire le 19 Mai, 1793; suspendu de ses fonctions au mois d'Octobre de la même année et bientot réintégré, il fut confirmé dans son grade, employé par le comité de salut public au cabinet topographique et militaire le 1er Mars, 1795; nommé général de division le 7 Décembre suivant, et enfin envoyé extraordinaire près la cour de Vienne, il participa en cette qualité au traité de Campo Formio, en 1797.

Réformé la meme année, il devint ensuite chef du dépot de la guerre le 27 Novembre, 1799, commandant du département de la Meurthe au mois de Septembre, 1800, ambassadeur en Toscane, conseiller d'Etat et secrétaire intime de Napoléon pour les affaires de la guerre 1805.

Après avoir combattu à Ulm, il fut gouverneur de Vienne, de la basse Autriche, etc., se distingua encore à Iéna, devint gouverneur d'Erfurth, de Berlin, de la Prusse, et ministre de la guerre le 9 Aout, 1807. Comte d'Hunebourg peu de temps après: les vigoureuses mesures qu'il prit pour défendre l'île de Walcheren lui valurent le titre de duc de Feltre en 1809.

Il cessa ses fonctions de ministre de la guerre le 3 Avril, 1814, siégea à la chambre des pairs le 4 Juin, fut appelé à la tete du ministère de la guerre le 12 Mars, 1815, suivit le roi à Gand, fut gouverneur de la 9e division militaire le 15 Septembre, membre au conseil privé le 19, ministre de la guerre pour la troisième fois le 28 du meme mois, gouverneur de la 14e division le 10 Janvier, 1816; élevé à la dignité de maréchal de France le 3 juillet suivant,

il résigna le portefeuille de la guerre au mois de Septembre, 1817, et mourut à Neuville (Bas-Rhin), le 28 Octobre, 1818.

Il fut chevalier de la couronne de Fer, grand cordon des ordres de Saint-Hubert de Bavière, de la Fidélité de Bade et de Saint-Henri de Saxe, grand-aigle de la Légion d'honneur et commandeur de Saint-Louis.

There were three brothers of the name of BURKE in the Irish Brigades; they were born in France. I only knew the one who had been aide-de-camp to Marshal Davoust, the Prince of Eckmuhl, and who was named general of division by Napoleon the 17th of November, 1813, for his bravery, having been wounded more than a dozen times. After the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Lieutenant-General Count Burke was named inspector-general and charged with the organization of the three foreign regiments to be kept in the French service: 1st Latour d'Auvergne, 2nd Isenberg, 3rd Irlandais. These regiments were first assembled at Avesne and definitively organized into three battalions each, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, in the month of February, 1815. The first and second regiments were ordered to other towns, and the 3rd regiment étranger Irlandais remained in garrison at Montreuil-sur-Mer. Having a congé, or permission, in 1814, to go to Paris, I waited on General Burke before setting off, and I had a long conversation with him about Ireland; he told me how he had embarked twice in 1798 for the expeditions to Ireland in company with William Hamilton (Thomas Russell's nephew by marriage), of whose patriotism he spoke in the handsomest manner, and of his earnestness for the independence of Ireland. "But," he added, "now all that is over; you have no Pretender for Ireland; of course nothing can be expected from France." He could then only think of legitimacy and monarchy. However, on the 20th of March, 1815, General Count Burke waited on the Emperor Napoleon and offered to

his majesty all he possessed in the world, "his heart and his sword;" Napoleon named him Governor of Givet, an important command.

After the Hundred Days and the second Restoration of the Bourbons, General Burke was a long time ere he could get into favour, on account of the gallant and brave defence he made of the fortress of Givet against the Allies after the Battle of Waterloo. Yet, in 1823, when a French army was ordered into Spain to put down liberty there, and to restore the former despotism with Ferdinand VII., the commander-in-chief, the Duke d'Angoulême thought fit to give the command of one of the corps of his army to Lieutenant-General Count Burke. The campaign finished, he was raised to the peerage, and continued to sit in the Chamber of Peers till his death, even in the reign of Louis-Philippe.

One of General Burke's brothers was killed in a duel at Guadeloupe, in the West Indies, by Cavanagh, an officer of the same regiment. The other brother emigrated and entered the English service, where he became major-general. Count Burke not being married, his titles are extinct. He was grand officer of the Legion of Honour, etc.

I recollect a curious coincidence. In August, 1814, whilst at Avesnes, Inspector-General Burke was preparing his report to the Minister of War on the merits and claims of the brave Irish officers returning from the Russian prisons of Siberia, as well as those officers who escaped from Flushing, and from the English pontoons, Curran's very ill-timed and most silly letters from Paris, in August, 1814, to his friend, Counsellor Denis Lubé, were published in the Dublin newspapers. The following article is from one of them on the Irish exiles:—

I had hopes that England might let them back. The season and the power of mischief is long past: the number is almost too small to do credit to the mercy that casts a look upon them.

But they are destined to give their last recollection to the green fields they are never to behold, on a foreign death-bed, and to lose the sad delight of fancied visits to them in a distant grave.

It caused no little indignation amongst the Irish officers who had read it, and several of them met at dinner at the Trois Frères in the Palais Royal, to talk it over. These were General Lawless, who came in from Saint Germain for the meeting, Commandant O'Reilly, Captain Luke Lawless, Edward Lewens and John Sweetman, etc. We were a mixture of civil and military at dinner. General Lawless asked Arthur Barker, as the youngest (for he was still a student at the Irish College), to read those famous letters. When read, General Lawless, turning to Lewens, said: "You must have told Curran that our number was not worth the commiseration of Castlereagh." "Me, sir!" cried Lewens in a great passion; "how could you think me capable of any such thing?" General Lawless rejoined, "Of the exiles at Paris, Curran only saw you and Corbet, It would have been better had he vented his spleen and ill-humour on something else; he might have let the brave Irish officers who have escaped the dangers of their various campaigns be again placed on active service."

To be just to the Restoration of 1814, an Irish regiment was reorganized in February, 1815, in which were comprised the officers coming from the war prisons, though, to please Castlereagh, it was called the 3rd regiment étranger. Curran, or some other members of the former Irish Parliament, would only have done their duty to their countrymen who had hazarded everything for Ireland, had he or they asked for a general amnesty. Then the exiles might have availed themselves of it to return and resume their various professions, or enjoy their fortunes, in the land of their birth and the home

of their affections. Those who had lost all ought to have been left undisturbed to serve their adopted country. Counsellor Luby, who had at the time some of his relations in exile, would have done well had he dissuaded Curran from publishing his letters. Lewens could have made a handsome fortune in Dublin by his profession had he been allowed to return.

General KILMAINE died before I came to Paris in 1803. I knew one of his aides-de-camp, Mr. Viltard, who married Miss Jennings, the general's sister. I had many agreeable conversations with them both, about Italy, Venice and Lombardy.

Charles Edward Paul Jennings Kilmaine was born at Dublin, 19th October, 1751. He entered the service of France in 1774. He went through various ranks and was at last general of division, May, 1793. He had served with distinction in America, under the orders of Rochambeau, and he again distinguished himself in the army of the Ardennes and in that of the north. But the multiplied proofs of talent, valour and patriotism, which he did not cease to give to the new government of France, did not shelter him from the proscriptions of the day; he was deprived of his rank, arrested, and would have been tried and probably executed, when the revolution of the 9th Thermidor (27th July, 1794), in saving his life, replaced him in the army. He defended the Convention against the factions in the days of Prairial Ann. III (May, 1795). Employed in the army of Italy, he added to his military reputation by many brilliant actions. Sent for to Paris for the execution of a plan of a landing in Ireland, he was named provisionally chief of the army of England in the absence of General Desaix, but this expedition having been put off, he got a command in the interior, then that of the army of Helvetia. He gave up that position to Massena and

came back to Paris, where he died on the 15th of December, 1799.

Mantua, defended by the Austrian general, Wurmser, surrendered to General Kilmaine, who blockaded it, 1st February, 1797. The Directory sent him the following letter of congratulation:—

AU GENERAL KILMAINE.

La reddition de Mantoue rappelle, citoyen général, au Directoire exécutif, que vous y avez heureusement contribué en commandant le blocus de cette place. Après avoir donné des preuves réitérées de valeur et de talent sur le champ de bataille, vous trouvez aujourd'hui, dans le commandement de la Lombardie, une occasion intéressante de déployer de nouveaux moyens également précieux, et le Directoire compte toujours sur votre sagesse et la pureté de vos principes républicains.[1]

General SHELDEN was born in England; he had the rank of lieutenant in the Irish Brigade when the wars of the Revolution began, in which he took an active part, and soon distinguished himself and got the rank of general of brigade in the French army. His widow, Madame Shelden, lived next door to us in the Rue Montaigne at Paris. Mrs. Byrne and I saw a good deal of her and found her agreeable and very communicative respecting the Irish in the French army. She herself was French, and her sons were officers.

General LYNCH told me he was a captain at the battle of Valmy, in 1792, on the staff of the commander-in-chief, General Kellerman; after this victory and the peace of 1795, Prussia remained neutral for eleven years till 1806. Lynch got rapid promotion to the rank of genéral of division, 8th March, 1793. His health being much impaired, he was employed in France and named inspector of troops at Tours, and in 1808, when we were

[1] *Histoire des Troupes etrangeres au service de France*, par Eugène Fieffé, commis principal aux archives du ministère de la guerre. Paris, 1854.

on march to Spain, General Lynch reviewed and inspected our battalions. He was tall and handsome, and, though consumptive, he lived to be 86 years of age.

The history of those unfortunate Irish generals, O'MORAN and Dillon, is well known. They were both killed by their own troops in the beginning of the Revolution. Their sons served in the Irish regiment with me. Young O'Moran studied at the Irish College and joined us at Lesneven in 1804 as a sous-lieutenant; we were lodged in the same house there, but as he was only seven years old at the time of his father's death, he could not recollect any particulars about him. Lieutenant O'Moran made part of the Irish battalion that marched from Flushing to Spain in 1807, and in 1808 he was sent back to France to be placed in an hospital, having become deranged; there he died. His father General O'Moran, was born in Ireland, and was considered an officer of great military acquirements; he was named lieutenant-general the 3rd of October, 1792. How often would the Governor of Old Castile, General Thiébault, tell us, when we were under his orders at Burgos, in 1809, that he owed his rapid advancement to that brave and ever-to-be-lamented General O'Moran; he would say: "He took me out of the ranks of the volunteers, where I was a private soldier, and had me named captain forthwith. Having studied law, he saw I could render service as a staff officer." In reality, General Thiébault was a highly educated, accomplished man.

General THEOBALD DILLON was massacred by his soldiers near Lille in April, 1792. He left two sons. In April, 1810, I met one of them, Captain Dillon; he was one of the staff officers of the Duke of Abrantes at the siege of Astorga, and in 1811 he was named chef de bataillon of the 2nd battalion of the Irish regiment at Placencia in Estremadura, Spain. Commandant Dillon

could command his battalion very well in the manœuvres, but unfortunately he could not command that respect so essential for a chief. He quitted the regiment at Antwerp in December, 1813, to become again a staff officer, and at the revolution of July, 1830, he was a lieutenant-colonel in one of the regiments of the royal guards of Charles X, and as his regiment was disbanded, he was put on half pay. His brother was a sous-intendant militaire, and was much considered as an administrator.

In 1792, General Theobald Dillon, formerly colonel of an Irish infantry regiment in the service of France, attempted a coup de main on Tournay; but he had received orders to avoid fighting. This order had been given him by Dumouriez, who thought that the appearance alone of French troops would suffice to make the Austrians retreat, and decide the Belgians to declare themselves and take up arms. Dumouriez knew that the Belgians were most desirous to be united to France, but he forgot they were not yet in sufficient force to declare and realise their wishes. Received by a hot fire, Dillon retreated. It was at this moment that the enemy unmasked their batteries. Some bullets ploughed the files of French soldiers and completed the confusion. In vain Dillon tried to rally those who were running away before they were pursued; tumultuous cries, insults, were heard around the general, who was struck by a pistol-shot. The Austrians rushed upon this disorganized body, which fled to Lille. Scarce were they entrenched in that place, when they seized the prisoners they had brought along with them and massacred them, as if they wished to revenge by a crime their own cowardice. In their blind fury, some of these miserable wretches sought the unfortunate Dillon; they found him in a grange lying upon straw, exhausted by the loss of blood; they seized him and put him to death with their bayonets, stripped him and dragged him about the

streets, cut him in pieces and burnt him on the great public square.

Names of Officers born in Ireland who obtained the rank of General in France under the different Governments between 1789 and 1814:—

James O'Moran, lieutenant-general, 3rd artillery, 1792. Appointed by the Legislative Assembly.

Isidore Lynch, general of division, 8th May, 1793. By the National Convention.

Oliver Harty, made general of brigade the 15th of May, 1793. By the National Convention.

John O'Neill, general of brigade, 15th May, 1793. By the National Convention.

Charles Edward Paul Jennings Kilmaine, general of division, 15th May, 1793. By the National Convention.

Patrick O'Keeffe, general of brigade, 15th May, 1795. By the National Convention.

Thomas Keating, general of division, 13th June, 1795. By the National Convention.

Richard O'Shee, general of brigade, 4th July, 1796. By the Directory.

Napper Tandy, general of brigade, 21st April, 1798. By the Directory.

Arthur O'Connor, general of division, 24th February, 1804. Under the First Consul Buonaparte.

I have been asked if General MURPHY had not served in the old Irish Brigades. I said no, but that he had served in a counting-house, as a clerk, in Thomas-street, Dublin, as Marshal Mortier, the Duke of Treviso, did at Dunkirk before he became a soldier. Murphy was young and wrote well and with facility. He came to France in 1800, expecting to get a commission. The Irish legion not been yet formed, he engaged in a French regiment, where he could perfect himself in the

language, having already a considerable knowledge of the grammar. The regiment into which Murphy enlisted made a part of the army encamped at Boulogne-sur-Mer destined for the invasion of England. His colonel, Ledru des Essars, was much considered as one of the brave band who fought at Marengo. He, seeing that Murphy wrote a fine hand, took him to be his secretary. Previous to the army marching from the camp of Boulogne for the campaign of Austerlitz, orders were given to all the regiments for the chiefs to propose fit subjects to fill the vacant places. Murphy on this occasion got his commission of sub-lieutenant, and he continued still to write as before.

In this memorable campaign of 1805, Murphy's colonel being wounded and raised to the rank of general of brigade, he asked as a favour from the Emperor Napoleon to have Murphy for his aide-de-camp, which was granted, and at the same time that decoration then so difficult to be obtained. Lieutenant Murphy was named chevalier of the Legion of Honour and aide-de-camp to General Ledru des Essars. It will suffice to show that Murphy served in those campaigns with distinction, that in 1813 he was colonel, baron of the Empire and chief of the staff of one of the divisions of Marshal Marmont's corps of army in Silesia; and at the battle of Leipsic, October, 1813, his general of division, as well as the general of brigade, being either killed or badly wounded, Colonel Murphy had to command his division at this terrible battle.

After the Restoration of the Bourbons, Prince Hohenlohe, who was colonel of the Legion Hohenlohe, being raised to the rank of maréchal de camp, or general, Colonel Murphy was appointed to the command of the Legion Hohenlohe, and on the 22nd of May, 1825, he was promoted to the rank of general of brigade, then called maréchal de camp, and during the reign of

Charles X General Murphy was named one of the inspectors-general of the army; and one year he had the honour of being sent to the West India Islands to inspect the French troops there. He sailed from Brest in a frigate which he had at his disposition, going from island to island till he had finished his inspection, and then returned to France.

After the Revolution of 1830, General Murphy was named to command the important fortress of Lille; and at this period it was thought war was inevitable, which showed that his courage and talents were well known to the Minister of War.

In 1834, General Murphy had the command of the department of the Creuse, where he remained till he was placed in the section of the generals who, after they attain 62 years of age, enjoy their full pay and are not liable to be actively employed except in time of war. General Murphy went to reside at Nancy, and then to Altenstat (Bas-Rhin), where he finished a long and honourable military career in 1843. He was married to a German lady, by whom he had a son. Both his wife and his son died some time before he died, so his latter days were but melancholy.

He was a baron, commander of the Legion of Honour and a knight of Saint-Louis.

I found Murphy very ready to render service to his countrymen. I recollect when Mrs. Ryan wrote to me from Wexford in 1825 about getting her grandson, Andrew Kennedy, into the French army, I went to consult my good friend Dr. MacMahon; he at once said, "I will write to Colonel Murphy, he is now at Brest, commanding the Hohenlohe Legion, and we shall see what he will advise." By return of post we had his answer, which was a masterpiece of sound judgment and good sense and good advice. It contained everything that could be said to dissuade young Kennedy from

thinking of becoming a private soldier in the time of profound peace, and when no prospect of obtaining the rank of officer was possible before passing through the inferior ones, which might last many years, and he added in his excellent letter: "Is our unfortunate country in that state, that a well-educated young man, as you say Kennedy is, cannot get some honourable employment preferable to that of becoming a mercenary soldier in a foreign legion and in a foreign country?" But he again added, "If young Kennedy persists, I shall do all in my power to be useful to him as long as I may remain at the head of the regiment." I enclosed this interesting letter to Mrs. Ryan at Wexford, and young Kennedy, who was decided to try his fortune, set off at once and joined the legion at Brest. But Murphy being promoted to the rank of general shortly after, that is, the 22nd of May, 1825, had not time to be of service to Andrew Kennedy, who had, as Murphy foretold, to drag on for years before he got the rank he so well merited. Such were the times after the Restoration.

Doctor MacMahon and Murphy were great friends, and I believe their friendship originated, as mine did with MacMahon, from heartfelt gratitude. He was useful to both of us in the time of need. I never had a more constant, or a better friend than Dr. MacMahon; in my dullest moments, seeing him for anstant cheered me up; and it was the same with General Murphy, who had his desponding fits also.

General Murphy spoke and wrote the French language perfectly, and German also; but he was beginning to forget his native tongue, that is, he was forgetting his English, which gave him no concern, as he never intended to reside in England. He was born the 29th September, 1779, at Ballyadam, Ireland.

I met at Paris two worthy officers of the former Irish brigades, Commandant BEGG, and Lieutenant-Colonel Swanton. They were born in Ireland, and did honour to their native land; they did not emigrate, on the breaking out of the Revolution, to go to England and take service, as so many others did, to come and fight against France, their adopted country. Begg belonged to Walsh's regiment, when General O'Neill was colonel of it; they were great friends, and Begg had the melancholy duty of having the poor general buried with all the honours due to his rank, his son being absent from Paris at the time with his regiment.

Lieutenant-Colonel SWANTON served in Berwick's regiment with General Harty; and his wife's brother, Captain Chassery, was the general's aide-de-camp in 1804 at the army destined for Ireland, then in the department of Finistère.

Captain Chassery (Swanton's brother-in-law), by his talents and bravery in the memorable campaigns where he was employed, soon got from rank to rank to that of general of brigade; this last honour he received at the Battle of Waterloo, the day he was killed. His death was a sad affliction to poor Colonel Swanton, his wife, son and daughter. Young Swanton was a lieutenant in the Irish regiment, and he made the campaigns of Germany in 1813 with the regiment. He was taken prisoner after our disasters on the Bober, 29th of August, and sent to Russia, where he suffered much, till he was exchanged in 1814. After the Hundred Days, young Swanton studied to become a staff officer, and on the 9th of May, 1827, he was named captain of the corps royal d'état-major, and the year after to the command in the Hautes-Alpes for enrolling the conscripts, the 11th May, 1828. His sister, a fine young girl, had the greatest merit. By her talents and knowledge of languages, she wrote and published different little works,

for one of which she had the Monthion prize awarded her by the French Academy; these, with the translations from the works of Thomas Moore and Maria Edgeworth into French, enabled her to render the last days of her aged and respected parents comfortable. Miss Swanton married Mr. Belloc, an eminent painter and professor of drawing at one of the colleges at Paris. I had the pleasure of seeing M. Casimir Perier bring Miss Swanton to the altar at the Church of Saint-Sulpice. He was the friend of her family.

I met Colonel BARRY at Paris; he served in the Irish Brigade with Marshal Macdonald, and in the same company, when the latter, a young lad, came to join the regiment with the rank of sous-lieutenant, or ensign. Barry being lieutenant, and a good instructor, was ordered to teach the "maniement des armes," or manual exercise, to Macdonald, and thus began the friendship of those young officers which subsisted till their death. When Macdonald became general, he took Barry on his staff, and he availed himself of the many battles he had fought to obtain recompense for those who distinguished themselves in the actions; and by this means Barry at length got the rank of colonel. He was ordered to the French West India Islands, where he had a command, and where he married a lady of the country, by whom he got a fortune. After the Restoration of the Bourbons, Colonel Barry retired to Tours, where he met Colonels Ware, Allen, and Hayne, and they were all great friends.

I only knew Marshal MACDONALD in the campaign of 1813, in Silesia, when he had the command in chief of two corps of the Grand Army, his own and the 5th corps, General Lauriston's, which Napoleon thought prudent to place under his orders. After the Restoration, I had to

wait on him when he was grand chancellor of the Legion of Honour, to get him to sign some papers for me, and I can never forget his kind reception. He began at once to speak to me of the distinguished manner our regiment served in that unfortunate campaign; of Colonel Lawless, of Ware, of Tennant, and the great losses we sustained on the Bober; his manner and his simplicity with me was more like a comrade than a general-in-chief.

Marshal Macdonald was one of the five members who composed the *bureau gratuit*, or commission, for regulating the affairs of the Irish College after the restoration of the Bourbons. His colleagues were Hely d'Oyssel, then a counsellor of State; Lally Tollendal,[1] a peer of France; Lieutenant-General Count O'Mahony, and Dr. MacMahon. The latter being physician to the college, and having studied there when young, and having a perfect knowledge of the many changes which took place in the establishment subsequent to the Revolution, Marshal Macdonald and the other members of the commission were generally guided by the information they got from him respecting those who had a right to bursaries in this rich seminary, and the way the Irish Catholics had vested money at different perids in the French funds, and in land, for the support of their colleges in France.

Dr. MacMahon rendered so much service to the commission, and made their task so easy, that he became on the most friendly terms with its members, particularly so with Marshal Macdonald and Lally Tollendal. The latter, being appointed at that time one of the reporters by the Chamber of Peers on occasion of the great conspiracy in the army, 19th August, 1820, to try sixty-five officers accused of conspiring against the Bourbon

[1] Lally was the grandson of one of the "Wild Geese." Tollendal represents Tullinadaly, the forfeited estate of the Lallys (or O'Mullalys) near Tuam.—S. G.

family, and seeing amongst the number of the officers he had to report on, the name of an Irishman, O'BRIEN, asked Dr. MacMahon if he knew him; and if not, to enquire amongst his Irish friends in order to find out something favourable about Captain O'Brien, that he might put it in his report to be laid before the peers sitting as a court of justice to try this vast military conspiracy, in which so many generals, colonels, chefs de bataillon, captains, lieutenants, etc., were engaged. The following are a few of the sixty-five names:—General Merlin, Colonels Fabvier, Pailhés, Deutzel, Baillon, and Varlet; Bérard, chef de bataillon; Captain Varlet; Lieutenant Hutteau, etc., etc.

Dr. MacMahon answered Lally Tollendal that he knew already a great deal about Captain O'Brien, from one of his friends in whom he could confide, and he was pleased to mention me as the person; that I had told him how honourably O'Brien served in the Irish regiment from the time he joined it at Landau in 1809 as sub-lieutenant, and as lieutenant in the campaign of Silesia in 1813, where he had the misfortune to be wounded and taken prisoner, and to be sent to Siberia. When he was exchanged, after the peace and the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Lieutenant O'Brien rejoined the Irish regiment, and after the Hundred Days in 1815, on its being disbanded at Montreuil-sur-Mer, he was put on half pay. He, however, got soon re-employed. The Duke of Feltre, then war minister, knew his father, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien, in the Irish Brigade, and seeing the son a fine young man, more than six feet two inches high, had him placed in his rank of lieutenant in one of the legions, and on the 24th of March, 1819, the then Minister of War, Marshal Saint-Cyr, granted to O'Brien his commission of captain. Being with his regiment in garrison at Paris in 1820, at the time of the conspiracy, it sufficed for Captain O'Brien to be seen in

a coffee-house frequented by Captain Nantil, or any other of the conspirators to be suspected of being an accomplice. But O'Brien had Irish blood in his veins, and was incapable of doing anything unworthy of a French officer and a man of honour.

Dr. MacMahon, with the above information, and aided by Marshal Macdonald, succeeded in getting Lally Tollendal to make a favourable report in the Chamber of Peers of Captain O'Brien; and in consequence he was let out of prison and allowed to go and reside with his widowed mother and a young brother at Baushand, departement du Nord, and his name was not mentioned in the trial. Lally Tollendal had to report on seven of the accused, out of the sixty-five arrested, and O'Brien was the only one who escaped being brought to the bar of the Chamber of Peers: thanks to the exertions of Dr. MacMahon, to whom he not only owed his liberation on this occasion, but his being again put into activity of service, after remaining several years on half pay. O'Brien was appointed captain of the 11th regiment of the line on the 28th September, 1824, and he was raised to the rank of chef de bataillon at the siege of Constantine, October, 1837, in Africa, where he made several campaigns, and had his health much injured before he retired.

O'Brien's gratitude to Dr. MacMahon was most sincere and lasting, and MacMahon well merited it from him and many others; for he never ceased using his influence with his cousin, Colonel O'Neill, who was chef du bureau d'infanterie at the War Office, to get him to serve Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen, officers in the French army. Captain O'Brien was also very grateful to Marshal Macdonald and to Lally Tollendal.

Although born in France, Macdonald belongs to the glorious family of general officers of foreign origin. Neil Macdonald, his father, was a younger son of the Scotch

family of Macdonald of Clanronald. He accompanied Prince Charles Edward Stuart in his flight in 1746 and came into France.

His son, Stephen James Joseph Alexander Macdonald, was born at Sedan in 1765. After being in various regiments, he was aide-de-camp to Dumouriez, and gained on the field of battle of Jemmapes his epaulets of Colonel of the 2nd regiment of infantry-general of brigade the 26th August, 1793; he distinguished himself in Holland and merited the rank of general of division, November, 1794, and was again distinguished by his great bravery at the fatal battle of Trebbia in Italy. He was distinguished for his conduct in Italy again in the campaign of 1809, for which he was named a marshal of France, Duke of Tarento, etc., Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour. In 1810 he was commander-in-chief of the army of Catalonia, in 1812 of the 10th corps in Russia; in 1813 of the 11th, and took an active part in the victory of Lutzen; was distinguished at Bautzen, was beaten at Katzbach, and was covered with glory at Wurschen, Leipzig, Hanau, as well as in the campaign in France.

Under the second restoration Marshal Macdonald was named Chancellor of the Legion of Honour. He died at the Chateau of Courcelles, near Gien (Loiret) in September, 1840.

Lieutenant O'KEEFFE, a splendid young officer, whose father was raised to the rank of general of brigade, 15th May, 1795, in the French army during the wars, had to remain several years on the small half pay of a lieutenant, and his mother, a widow living on a scanty pension, could not afford him much assistance. Colonel O'Neill had him placed in activity, and on the 5th of April, 1826, O'Keeffe was named captain adjutant-major in the 32nd regiment of the line. I saw his

mother at Paris, but I only met himself for the first time at Nantes in 1832; he sometimes came to dine at our mess, and the officers of the 56th seemed to like him very much. He was acting then as captain reporter to one of the councils of war, or court martial, in which capacity he showed ability and talent, having to plead against the first lawyers of Nantes. O'Keeffe was advanced to the rank of superior officer, and he made campaigns in Africa as lieutenant-colonel, with the 56th regiment of the line, and he was promoted to the rank of full colonel in the 6th regiment of light troops. The President of the Republic raised him to the rank of general of brigade in 1852. Unfortunately, O'Keeffe did not enjoy those last honours long; his health was shattered by the climate of Africa, and his brilliant military career, like that of many of his comrades, terminated too soon, and before they had time to render the services the country required from their experience and devotion to the cause of freedom and nationality. O'Keeffe's father died at Briançon, near Grenoble. I never saw him, but I heard much of his patriotic love of Ireland, his native country, and of his hatred of the English yoke.

General O'Keeffe was replaced in the command of his regiment the 7th light infantry, by an Irishman, CHARLES SUTTON DE CLANARD, cousin to Marshal Bugeaud. He was born at Wexford; his father, the Count de Clanard, was an officer in the old Irish Brigade, and at the revolution of 1789 emigrated and entered the service of England. At the restoration of the Bourbons, he sold his commission of captain in the English service and returned to France, accompanied by his wife, an Irishwoman, and his children, consisting of four sons and two daughters; in 1814 the Duke of Feltre obtained for him the pension of retreat as a lieutenant-colonel in the French army, and

a bourse at the college of La Flêche for his second son Charles; who afterwards finished his studies at the College of Saint-Cyr, and then received his commission of sous-lieutenant in 1827, and advanced from rank to rank rapidly, having made several campaigns in Africa, till he was named colonel of the 6th light infantry regiment which took the number of 81 of the line. In 1857 Colonel Sutton de Clanard was promoted to the rank of general of brigade by the Emperor Napoleon III.

When I arrived at Paris in 1803, Dr. MACMAHON was the physician of the Irish College, where he had studied under the auspices of his uncle, Dr. O'Reilly, one of the physicians to Louis XVI. Dr. O'Reilly being suspected and obliged to conceal himself after the king's execution, young MacMahon was also suspected, and he narrowly escaped the terrorism of that dreadful period. He told me how he was stopped one night at the place Saint-Michael by a hatter who knew him; MacMahon being in the habit of bringing his countrymen to that man's shop to purchase what they wanted in his line. This worthy hatter told MacMahon that orders were given to have him and others arrested; that a battalion of volunteers, of which he was one of the captains, would be reviewed next day in the courtyard of the College Louis-le-Grand, by the representatives of the people, previous to its marching off to join the army of the Rhine; and he advised him to hide the best way he could till then, and to be at the gate of the college with his musket when the battalion would be marching out. MacMahon fortunately had friends at the college, where he spent the night, and only came out when his captain, the hatter, was passing, who rudely pushed him into the ranks, with a severe reprimand, saying, he hoped he had taken a last farewell of his mistress. Thus MacMahon got safely out of Paris; at Saint-Denis his captain took

care that he should be appointed on the detachment which marched before day to escort the fourriers who were charged with preparing the lodgings for the battalion at the Etapes. By these precautions MacMahon reached the army, then the only sure refuge against the local persecutions existing throughout France during that terrible crisis; he soon got an appointment in the military hospitals following the armies, where he had the advantage of improving himself in his profession; and after he had made several campaigns under Moreau and other generals in chief, he was allowed to return to finish his studies at the medical school of Paris, where he was soon received doctor by the faculty there.

MacMahon in a short time acquired reputation as a French physician and got into great practice. I need not say that he had no lack of Irish clients amongst the poor exiles of Erin during his long career at Paris. In 1825 he was named by the Minister of Public Instruction, head librarian to the medical school. This honour, with that of physician to the Irish College, were the titles he prized most.

After a short illness Dr. MacMahon died in the month of December, 1835, greatly regretted by his numerous French and Irish friends. He was born in Ireland, and ever did honour to the land of his birth: his friendship was sincere and lasting, and no difficulty could prevent him rendering service to a friend in distress. In my notes I have mentioned some instances of his readiness to be useful to his countrymen abroad.

I must now speak of another worthy Irishman who not only studied at the Irish College, but had the honour of saving that establishment in the time of Robespierre's terror from being pillaged by a mob. MACCANNA seeing this gang approach stood at the gate with a pistol in each hand and primed and loaded; he declared to them that

he would shoot the first man who attempted to break the door, and then he harangued them in the following manner: "Know, citizens, that this college was founded to educate the sons of the victims of despotism and tyranny; they suffered martyrdom for the sake of equality and the rights of man, and many of those who studied here are now in the French ranks of the army fighting on the frontiers against the European tyrants, to prevent them profaning the sacred land of liberty in France. As to me, I am going to embark on board a French warship where I expect soon to have an occasion to fight our worst enemies, the English."

MacCanna had the satisfaction to see that his eloquent harangue succeeded. The mob marched away delighted with him, and exclaiming he was a "brave bon diable." He received, as he well merited, the thanks of the superior and inmates of the college for his courage and presence of mind in such a dangerous situation. MacCanna sailed twice from the French seaports on expeditions destined to aid the Irish in obtaining their independence. These expeditions failing, he embarked on board a French privateer, where his services could tend to injure England, a country he cordially hated. He succeeded rapidly in this kind of warfare. When our regiment was encamped at Boulogne-sur-Mer in 1807, we met MacCanna there, then a wealthy merchant, or "armateur," and a partner in one of the first houses. He had married a widow, and they were living in good style.

He showed himself here to be a useful and sincere friend to his countrymen. Lieutenant Powell of the Irish regiment insulted, at the review passed by General Saint-Cyr, a Captain Delorme, a Prussian, who was following the regiment expecting to get a company in it one day, and who wished to be seen defiling before the general. He came to take Lieutenant Powell's place,

who was commanding the company in the absence of his own captain. "Shew your order," said Powell. "I have none," replied Captain Delorme, "but I am your superior." Lieutenant Powell lost patience, and pushed the captain very rudely out of his way and continued to march as if nothing had happened. The review finished, Lieutenant Powell was arrested and sent to the town prison, and orders were given to have him tried forthwith by a courtmartial, of which General Dufour was the president, a great friend of MacCanna's. The latter lost no time in explaining to the General President who Powell was, and the part he had taken with General Humbert in Ireland, and who the Prussian captain was, who had abandoned both his king and country when they were in distress. He also got one of his friends, a major of a French regiment to defend Lieutenant Powell at the courtmartial when it would sit.

Other complications ensued before the trial took place; the lieutenants of the Irish regiment assembled and decided to force the Prussian captain to prove that he was worthy to wear the ensign or epaulets of an officer. Lots being cast, it fell on Allen to give the first challenge, and he had no sooner delivered it than he was arrested and sent to the town prison. I must mention the part I took on hearing of this occurrence, not as a boast, far from it. Lieutenant O'Reilly and I met the Prussian captain, Delorme, in the fields, coming from the commander's house, where he had been making his report on Allen's being sent to prison. We stopped him, saying he would receive no more challenges, but that he should instantly receive something else if he did not comply with our request. He asked time to go into town to get a second, and he pledged his honour that he would not report us to the general. He soon returned with a captain of a Swiss regiment then in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer. O'Reilly and he fought with small

swords for about two minutes, when he asked to repose an instant, putting the point of his sword to the ground, which O'Reilly generously acceded to. Delorme seemed quite out of breath and could scarcely speak. He then said, if he was allowed time, he would endeavour to get into another regiment, and, if he did not succeed, he would give in his resignation.

It was feared that this duel and this last transaction might be injurious to the officers in prison, Allen and Powell; but our good friend MacCanna's exertions and his wide acquaintance amongst the French officers prevented it, and he was of the greatest use to us. Allen, being ill in prison, was sent to the hospital, where General Dufour and MacCanna went to see him. I met them in the garden walking with Allen, who was highly flattered and consoled by their visit: the general told us that the courtmartial was convoked for the Saturday after at Ambleteuse, three leagues from our camp, to try Powell, and as he would be well defended, we need not have any apprehension on the matter. Indeed so far he was right, for the day of the trial was a day of victory for Ireland. Her claims on France were most eloquently put forward, and Powell being one of those who had to exile himself after General Humbert's surrender in Ireland to Lord Cornwallis in August, 1798, the able defender was furnished with a theme which he certainly turned to good account. "Gentlemen judges," said he, "you have to decide between Captain Delorme, a Prussian adventurer, who, when he chooses, can return to his home, and even go and see his king at Berlin—and an Irishman, Lieutenant Powell, who had to expatriate himself and abandon all that was dear to him in his beloved country, when General Humbert capitulated without being able to make any terms for the brave Irish who flocked to his standard; you will prove to all those of them, both at home and abroad, by your verdict this day,

that they have no injustice to fear in France, and that the sacrifices Ireland has ever made for the French nation shall not be forgotten. Your decision will also shew to the general-in-chief, that if the commander of the regiment had done his duty, he would have put Captain Delorme under arrest for having presumed to take the command of a company from its immediate chief without his order; this neglect must be explained to the general-in-chief, who will soon see who the persons are who merited punishment. And now, gentlemen," said this eloquent defender, "let me tell you before I conclude, that you have here in your presence, in this court, brave Irishmen who have been sold by their taskmasters, the English, to Captain Delorme's king; that wily Prussian monarch availed himself of Ireland's cruel situation in 1798 to get men at a cheap rate to work in his mines. He sent his agents to New Geneva, a prison in Ireland, to pick from amongst the unfortunate prisoners who were under sentence of transportation for having joined the French when General Humbert landed on the Irish coast, able-bodied men; those Irish patriots worked like slaves for years in the Prussian mines, when they were compelled to become soldiers to complete his Prussian majesty's army, who, though in peace with the world, thought it right to have his army greatly augmented to be ready to pounce on France the moment she met with any reverses and to join her enemies. Fortunately our victories of Ulm and Austerlitz in 1805 frustrated this treacherous design against France, and the battle of Iena in 1806 had the chains of hundreds of those brave Irish patriots broken, who had been eight years in bondage in his Prussian majesty's states."

The following are the names of a few of those present at this courtmartial, who were released after the battle of Iena:—Malony, wounded at Castlebar and sentenced to be transported; he was sent to New Geneva prison,

and there sold to the King of Prussia; sergeant-major then in the Irish legion and afterwards captain in the Irish regiment in Spain, 1812. O'Brien, Dalton, Keogh, Doyle, and Cane whom I knew in the insurrection of 1798: and young Gunning, the son of a county of Kildare gentleman, elegant and handsome, but very delicate: I asked him one day how he could bear up with the hard work of the mines. "Oh," he replied, "Pat Foster did his own task and mine, too; otherwise I could not have survived." Foster, indeed, was equal to accomplish such deeds: he was the son of a farmer and accustomed to country work; he was six feet two inches in height and about twenty-five years of age; very handsome, simple as a child and brave as a lion.

The major, in his defence of Powell, took care to mention two other officers, his fellow sufferers, who were present in the court—Mr. John Gibbons, a wealthy country gentleman at Newport, and his son Edward—"For having allowed their horses to be employed to transport General Humbert's baggage, the son was transported to Botany Bay. From thence he escaped. He is here a sous-lieutenant in the Irish regiment, and his father is a lieutenant, whilst the Prussian Delorme is a captain. Gentlemen, this is one of the many instances of what the unfortunate Irish have suffered for France throughout our wars with England, and I am sûre your verdict to-day will satisfy them that before a French tribunal they may expect impartial justice. I have done."

The courtmartial, after a few minutes' deliberation, unanimously acquitted Lieutenant Powell.

Mr. MacCanna ordered a splendid breakfast at Ambleteuse to be ready when the trial should be finished, to which he invited his French and Irish friends. I need not say that "Erin-go-bragh" was toasted in bumpers of sparkling champagne; and when the major's

health was given, who had so eloquently defended Powell, he replied very modestly that he felt the greatest pleasure in pleading not only the cause of Powell, but of the Irish exiles in general, who were well entitled to the sympathy of the French nation, and of every true French patriot. "But, gentlemen," he said, "my task was not a difficult one. My honourable friend MacCanna handed me, as you say in English, my brief; he gave me in his own handwriting the statement of the case I had to plead, and, allow me to tell you, none but a first rate French scholar could have drawn up such a document. I have studied the law before I became a soldier, and I flatter myself that I know my language tolerably well. Mr. MacCanna not only writes French purely and correctly, but he makes use of expressions not always familiar to people, except those who are highly educated."

It was very true that at that time those who studied at the Irish College became very good French scholars; but MacCanna would rather not have received this compliment, lest it might diminish our admiration of his friend's most clever defence of Powell. However, we spent a delightful day, thanks to Mr. MacCanna. We took leave of him in the evening and returned to our camp in high spirits after this half-victory—for Allen being still in prison we could not consider it otherwise. He, however, was let out next day, when he sent a challenge by Captain Dowdall to the Prussian captain, Delorme, who refused to fight Allen, but he signed a paper, saying, that if he could not get exchanged into another regiment before six months, he would give in his resignation. Thus ended this very disagreeable business, and the regiment was ordered to quit the camp and march to Antwerp immediately.

The day after we arrived there, Allen and I were taking breakfast in a coffee-house, when the postman

brought me a letter from our mutual friend Captain Valentine Derry, who had resigned and left the regiment a short time before; being on the point of going to America, he went out to Saint-Germain-en-Laye to take leave of some friends he had there; a letter was handed to him to read, written nearly three months before, by a Major Plunket, one of the old Irish Brigade officers retired at Boulogne-sur-Mer. This letter contained silly remarks on our shabby appearance the day our regiment arrived at Boulogne after marching eight leagues in a very wet day in the month of March. Derry gave me in his letter a full extract of Major Plunket's ill-natured remarks.

After reading Derry's letter, Allen asked for pen, ink, and paper, and whilst I was looking over the newspapers, wrote a letter of great length to Major Plunket, who seemed to us a harmless, gentlemanly old man always dressed with silk stockings and kneebuckles. Mr. and Mrs. Barker had him frequently at dinner, and it was at their house I often met him. Captain Barker had served with him in Walsh's regiment before the revolution, and considered him a good Irishman. After citing the passages of poor Plunket's letter to his old comrade at Saint Germain, Allen asked him if it was the green banner with the golden harp without the crown on one side, and on the other in gold letters "Independence of Ireland, Buonaparte First Consul, République Francaise" that displeased him so much? That as to our uniform, that was a matter of taste. We Irish patriots preferred it because it was green, the colour cherished in our native land, and our own adoption, preferable to the "Stuart livery," now so stigmatised and disgraced in the ranks of the English army. "Was this the way you took to requite the brave Captain Barker's hospitality? You are a sad specimen of the degenerated former Irish brigades," etc., etc. Allen could not speak

or write on such occasions but in the strongest terms. I wanted him not to send the letter, saying, that it was not worth taking notice of old Plunket's private correspondence; but he persevered, and by return of post he had a letter from Mr. MacCanna stating that Major Plunket asked him to be his second to fight Allen, and that after reading the letter and hearing the whole story, he refused, but told him that he was ready to accompany him to Saint Germain-en-Laye to call out the fellow who had made such an use of a gentleman's private correspondence; that it was a fortunate circumstance for him that the Irish regiment had marched away from Boulogne before the letter came to hand, otherwise he would have had the whole corps of officers to deal with, and would be forced to retract what he had written in March, and it was now the middle of June. Mr. MacCanna thus succeeded in satisfying poor Plunket—and so the affair ended without a duel; thanks again to MacCanna, who was a great peacemaker amongst his friends and acquaintances; he was much considered in consequence. He had, however, sometimes to go to the ground on his own account. He was a first-rate swordsman and had nothing to dread, though not very young and getting quite corpulent. He told me how he took lessons in fencing every year, lest he should not be able to defend himself in the time of need. His nephew Mullen, or MacMullen, who joined the regiment in 1806, kept up a correspondence with his uncle, so through him we continued to hear from time to time of our worthy countryman MacCanna. But Allen and I going to Spain in 1808, and poor Mullen dying of the wounds he received at the siege of Flushing in 1809, we were deprived of the pleasure of hearing further particulars of MacCanna; we heard that he ended his days at Boulogne, much regretted by his French and Irish friends there.

I frequently met at Mr. Emmet's a very worthy Irishman, Mr. DELANY; he was a great friend of poor Thomas Russell and his nephew William Hamilton. He studied at the Irish College, and was considered a young man of talent and an accomplished scholar. Delany's ambition was to accompany Thomas Addis Emmet to Ireland, and there to be employed under him in a civil capacity, in the event of his country obtaining her independence. He had a very honourable situation as private secretary to M. Defermont, a councillor of state, and they were living together on the most friendly terms. Young Delany came from the Kerry mountains, where he had learned the first rudiments of grammar, and finished his studies in France. I cannot forget how he would lament in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Emmet the cruel privations suffered by the Catholic population of Munster, particularly as regarded education. No schoolmasters to teach the children of the unfortunate farmers, but no lack of tithe proctors, land and law agents, to extort the last shilling from the people for the support of the Protestant ascendancy and the dignity of the English lords, the scourge of poor Ireland.

Mr. Emmet and Dr. MacNeven wished to publish an elaborate article on the advantages the French commerce was likely to obtain by adhering to certain rules, and as this article should appear in French as well as English the same day, and though these gentlemen wrote good French, they thought fit to get Mr. Delany to translate it. When it was laid before the First Consul, he seemed to take no heed of it, till he was visiting the coast in November, 1803. Then he saw the purport of it, and he wrote to Paris to have Mr. Emmet and Dr. MacNeven's article published in the *Moniteur* and the *Argus* newspaper, edited in English by Goldsmith. Mr. Lesage, the French gentleman from whom I was taking lessons, and who had passed fourteen years in

London, and consequently was a good English as well as French scholar, called on me when he had read MacNeven and Emmet's article, and said he had seldom read such beautiful French as those gentlemen had written, and asked me to get him a copy of the one in English, that he might compare them; he was indeed much delighted with the composition of both, but gave the preference to the French version.

Mr. Delany obtained from the Minister of War in 1809 a commission for his brother as sous-lieutenant in the third battalion of the Irish regiment, then in garrison at Landau upon the Rhine. This battalion being ordered to join the second battalion in Spain, both were employed at the siege of Astorga, in April, 1810, in General Thomier's brigade. The bravery which he displayed in carrying ammunition and provisions to Captain Allen and his men, who had passed the breach, has been already recounted; as well as his humane patience, waiting to have his wound examined nearly an hour till a dozen soldiers had their wounds dressed.[1] The Duke of Abrantes on hearing this report, ordered Delany to be carried on the list for promotion, and he soon received his brevet of lieutenant, and in the campaign of Portugal was placed in the Grenadiers company which I commanded.

In 1812, when our battalion was ordered from Spain to join the Grand Army in Germany, I got permission at Bordeaux to take the coach to Paris. I promised Lieutenant Delany to write to him *poste restante* at Orleans to let him know about his worthy brother, from whom he had not heard for a long time. I was much grieved on arriving at Paris to learn that the latter had been dead three months. He left no fortune, and no debts. He spent his money in the most generous

[1] See *supra*, p. 86.

manner, and he was surrounded by his Irish friends at his last moments; a great consolation for an exile! Lieutenant Delany was inconsolable when he read my letter at Orleans, for he had lost a brother who was like a father to him. A small compensation awaited him. Although one of the junior lieutenants of the regiment, he was promoted to the rank of captain at the same time as Malony, Jackson, and Burke. When the Irish regiment was disbanded after the Hundred Days in 1815, Captain Delany retired on half-pay, and died a few years afterwards at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

John Sweetman, died for the cause of freedom and justice, can never be forgotten in Ireland.

John Tennant left his only child to the care of his friend Richard MacCormick; this worthy exile, when allowed to return to his native land, brought Miss Tennant with him. He had her married to a gentleman at Dublin, a Mr. Murray.

EDWARD MASTERSON.—Captain, the 7th December, 1803. He quitted the English service and came to France to visit his brother, John Masterson, who had been an officer in one of the Irish brigades in France before the Revolution, and who had acquired a fortune with a lady he married in the Island of Antigua. This gentleman being in France when the hostilities recommenced in 1803 preferred to be a prisoner of war, as an English subject, in order to preserve his property. He, however, kept up his acquaintance with his former comrades, who did not emigrate. General Clarke befriended his brother; but poor Captain Edward Masterson did not live long enough to avail himself of the mighty patronage of the Duke of Feltre; he died near Bruges of the Flushing fever in 1809. He was married in 1805 to the

daughter of the Marquis de Castrot at Quimper. He had no children.

JOHN AHEARN.—Captain, 7th December, 1803. He came to France to finish his studies, and when war broke out with England he was one of the Irish patriots who offered their services to the French Government. He twice embarked for Ireland, and after the failure of those expeditions he had the good fortune to escape back to France. The Irish legion being on march to Mayence in 1806, poor Captain Aheran died suddenly at Metz.

PAT MACSHEEHY.—Captain at the formation of the legion, 7th December, 1803. He studied in France; returned to Ireland; was employed as a tutor in rich Catholic families. In 1798 he was professor of French at Mr. Jones' academy in the town of Gorey, and one of the yeoman cavalry of that district during the insurrection. His cousin, Adjutant-General MacSheehy, obtained for him the commission of captain, when, after a short trial, he was found unfit for the rank. He was reformed, and retired on a small pension.

Tyrrel.—Captain, 7th December, 1803. Never joined the legion from the bad state of his health. He was one of the Irish exiles much considered by all his acquaintances.

JOHN SWEENY.—Lieutenant at the formation of the Irish legion, 7th December, 1803. Captain, the 22nd March, 1804. His military career in the French service was not of long duration. After his duel with Captain Thomas Corbet in August, 1804, he resigned his commission and went to reside at Morlaix, where he married a lady of the family connection of General Moreau.

John Sweeny belonged to the city of Cork, where he had taken an active share in the political affairs of 1798; he was the friend and fellow prisoner of Thomas Addis Emmet in the jails of Ireland, and at Fort George in Scotland. He was a very handsome, fine-looking man, possessed of the talents fitted to have made him a splendid officer. To see Ireland independent was his highest wish, and no danger, however great, could prevent him embarking in any scheme, or undertaking, to accomplish it. Though on the list of the banished prisoners who were never to return to their native land, yet the undaunted Sweeny did not hesitate to go there in 1803, when he expected to be able to join and assist poor Robert Emmet. It was with the greatest difficulty he effected his escape back to France, after he had heard the news of the failure in Dublin the 22nd July, 1803.

HUGH WARE.—Lieutenant, 7th December, 1803. Captain, 22nd March, 1804. Chef de bataillon, July, 1810. Gros major, or lieutenant-colonel, March, 1814. Colonel, April, 1815. Decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of Honour, 18th of June, 1813.

The Irish regiment which he commanded being disbanded in the month of September, 1815, at Montreuil-sur-Mer, he remained there to give up the accounts of his regiment till May, 1816, when he retired on half pay to the town of Tours, where he terminated his honourable career the 5th of March, 1846. His death was accompanied with one regret, and one only—that it was not in his home, and in harness. Honour to the warrior's bones!

Colonel Ware was the most humane and generous of men; his hospitality and great generosity often left him with an empty purse. The experience he acquired in the Irish insurrection of 1798 was of great use to him

in the French army, where he served with such distinction; it familiarised him to the dangers and privations of every sort which a soldier is sure to find in active campaigns. The years in which Ware was so unjustly detained in the prisons of Dublin were not entirely lost; he spent his time generally in studying military tactics[1]; and, being a great reader and endowed with a good memory, he left the English dungeons with a thorough knowledge of the French evolutions of the line, and often on the field of exercise he would decide on some disputed manœuvre, although he probably had not read that passage from the day he left Kilmainham Jail. In person, Ware was handsome and well made, tall, being more than six feet high, powerfully strong and active. As to horsemanship, no one could surpass him; and this is a valuable acquirement for a field officer. Much has been related of him in the narrative of the campaigns of the Irish in the service of France, but not all that might have been said, for he was the bravest of the brave.

AUSTEN O'MALLEY.—Lieutenant of the Irish Legion, the 7th December, 1803. Captain, the 22nd March, 1804. O'Malley made all the campaigns with his regiment in Germany, Spain, and Portugal down to 1812; being just returned from Spain that year, to Holland, he was detached with his company from the garrison of Bergen-op-Zoom, to one of the islands on the coast, where from the sudden transition of the climates his sight began to fail, and finally he became quite blind. His military career thus finished, he had to retire on a pension. He was married to the daughter of the governor of the Island. He had two sons. The eldest is the

[1] He was a land surveyor by profession and belonged to county Kildare.—S. G.

distinguished colonel of the 73rd regiment, whose brilliant services in a period of seventeen years, in Crimea, at Sebastopol, in Italy in 1859, at the battles of Magenta, Solferino, etc., are well known in the French army, and still better by the enemies of France.

Austen O'Malley was one of the young Irish patriots who came at the head of the country people to join the French general, Humbert, when the latter landed with his little army of eleven hundred men at Killala in the month of August, 1798; the failure of that expedition not only ruined O'Malley's own prospects, but those of his father and family; their property was given over to be pillaged by the English soldiers. O'Malley escaped to France with very limited means to support himself; still such was his courage that he could bear up with privations, hoping soon to be ordered to embark in another, and a better expedition than Humbert's, to give freedom to his unfortunate country.

WILLIAM BARKER.—Lieutenant at the formation of the Irish legion, the 7th December, 1803. Captain the 22nd of March, 1804. Mr. Barker's honourable services previous to the French Revolution as an officer of the Irish Brigade, Walsh's regiment, and those he had in Ireland in 1798, not fighting in the English ranks like the emigrants, but for the independence of his country, should have entitled him to the highest rank granted at the organisation of the Irish legion; but he was satisfied to have obtained the rank which enabled him to make part of the expedition destined to give freedom to his native land. During the siege of Flushing in August, 1809, the night before the capitulation was signed with the English, Commandant Lawless had the precaution to procure a boat and have Captain Barker, with several other wounded officers, sent across to the French coast; thus he escaped once more his

cruel enemies. Mr. Barker's health began to decline during his campaigns, suffering from his wounds, and lastly the terrible Walcheren fever completely impaired it. Being with the regiment in 1811 at Bois-le-Duc in Holland, he there terminated his weary and honourable career, regretted much by his comrades and friends. Never was there a more generous or a better man than William Barker.

A great deal might be said about the heroic fortitude of the Irishwomen who had to accompany their proscribed husbands, and seek a refuge on the Continent, and exile themselves for ever from the land of their birth. Mrs. Barker, after the battle of Vinegar Hill on the 21st June, 1798, had to abandon her house and handsome establishment at Enniscorthy, and escape with her husband, who had his arm amputated the same day, carrying with her a little son, a year old. What must have been her anxiety at that awful moment, knowing that torture and death awaited her husband as one of the chiefs who commanded at the battle! It is only the love and courage of a wife and a mother that can afford support under such trials. They fled from place to place for weeks, hiding to escape the bloodhounds that were daily in search of poor Mrs. Barker and her charges. She, however, baffled them all. A vessel was procured, which brought her safe to Hamburg with her husband and child.

VALENTINE DERRY.—Lieutenant, the 7th December, 1803. Captain, 22nd March, 1804. Mr. Derry, seeing no prospect of an expedition for Ireland (the army that had been assembled at Brest under the command of Marshal Augereau, ready to embark, being ordered away to the campaign of Austerlitz), gave in his resignation and went to reside at New York in the United States, where he established an academy.

Mr. Derry took an active part in the politics of his country in 1798. He was the brother of the Catholic Bishop of the County of Down; he was highly educated and a good French scholar, and when he escaped to France he was appointed one of the professors at the college of La Flèche. Derry was the friend of Father Quigly, and when that unfortunate clergyman was tried and condemned at Maidstone in Kent, Derry had the courage to stay by him to his last moments on the scaffold; then he fled and abandoned his friends and home for ever.

WILLIAM DOWDALL.—Sub-lieutenant in December, 1803. Lieutenant, January, 1804; Captain, 22nd March, 1804. Mortally wounded at the siege of Flushing in August, 1809; he died of his wounds in the hospital at Ghent. Dowdall took an active part with Arthur O'Connor in publishing the famous newspaper *The Press* in 1797 and 1798. He was arrested and suffered a long imprisonment at Dublin, and at Fort George in Scotland, till the peace of Amiens in 1802, when he was liberated and allowed to return to Ireland. Implicated in the unlucky attempt of poor Robert Emmet in July, 1803, he escaped to Cadiz, where he received his commission to join the Irish legion at Morlaix in Britany. William Dowdall was well looking, well informed, and active; he was doing the functions of captain adjutant-major in his battalion in the sortie it made against the English army before Flushing, when he received his death wound.

PAT MACCANN.—Lieutenant, 7th December, 1803; Captain the 22nd of March, 1804. Wounded at the siege of Flushing in August, 1809, he died in the hospital at Ghent, after the amputation of his arm. His poor wife was with him at the time; she died the month after at Brussels, leaving a little girl ten years of age unprovided for. MacCann was in business at Dublin,

when he was arrested and thrown into prison till the peace of Amiens, 1802, when he was liberated on condition of expatriating himself for ever. He was residing at Bordeaux when he received his commission or orders to repair to Morlaix. He was well informed, and most gentlemanly in his manners, and much esteemed by all his brother officers.

PAT BRANGHAN.—Captain in April, 1804. He made the campaigns and sieges with the Irish regiment in Spain and Portugal till the autumn of 1811, when, from the effects of a wound, his health began to decline; he died at Bejar, a small town in Estramadura, Spain.

Poor Branghan had to abandon his wife and children and escape to Bordeaux after the failure of the attempt in Dublin, July, 1803. His courage could not be surpassed. He gloried in being in dangerous situations; he never despaired of seeing his country one day independent, and for the accomplishment of that great end there was no peril to which he would not cheerfully expose himself. He was a good Irish patriot—always ready to sacrifice his all for the good of his native land.

THOMAS MARKEY.—Lieutenant at the formation of the Irish legion the 7th of December, 1803. Captain in April, 1804. Captain aide-de-camp to the Minister of War, the Duke of Feltre, 1810. Chef de bataillon, aide-de-camp, 1812. Gros major, or lieutenant-colonel commanding the depot of a French regiment at Brest in 1814. Put on half pay, 1815; re-employed in 1823, and again on half pay after the Spanish campaign till 1833, when he obtained the maximum pension of retreat. Decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and with the cross of Saint Louis, Markey retired to Fontainebleau, where he ended his days peacefully on the 6th of April, 1854, at the advanced age of 84 years.

Few Irish patriots suffered more than Thomas

Markey. At Drogheda in 1798 he was tried by a court-martial and condemned to death; he was on the point of being executed, when a respite came, and his punishment was then commuted to transportation for life. He was bound with chains, thrown on board the convict ship in Howth Harbour, where he suffered all kinds of indignities for several months; he was removed to Kilmainham Jail, and became the fellow prisoner of Emmet, Arthur O'Connor, MacNeven, Hugh Ware, etc. At the peace of Amiens in 1802 he was allowed to expatriate himself for ever. He went to reside at Bordeaux, where he met General Napper Tandy, with whom he would form many schemes for the independence of Ireland. Tandy died in 1803 and bequeathed to Markey his sword of honour, which the latter prized as the greatest gift that could be bestowed on him. Markey was handsome and graceful, middle sized; he was witty in conversation, with the manners of a highly well bred man in society. He was extremely hospitable, and did the honours of his table like a true Irisrman.

PAT GALLAGHER.—Lieutenant the 7th December, 1803. Captain, 22nd March, 1804. The expedition to Ireland not taking place, he went to reside at Bordeaux with his wife and children. Pat Gallagher was one of the brave and faithful men who often, at the risk of their lives, guarded and escorted poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald through the streets of Dublin in 1798. He escaped to Paris the same year, and there he met many of his former friends.

JAMES JOSEPH MACDONALD.—Captain in 1803. He resigned and went to Cadiz in 1805. He was one of the Irish gentlemen of influence who first joined General Humbert at Killala in August, 1798, and the Commander-in-Chief of the small French army appointed him general to command the Irish insurgents. He could not have chosen a braver or a more honourable

man than MacDonald. He was a barrister, and a man of very distinguished manners.

Grègoire.—A Frenchman. Captain and quartermaster of the Irish Legion. He was taken prisoner by the English army at the capitulation of Flushing in August, 1809, and returned to France after the peace of 1814.

PATRICK SAINT-LEGER.—Surgeon-major to the Irish legion at its foundation the 7th December, 1803. Knowing well his profession, he rendered great service for several years, till he fell a victim to the Walcheren fever in 1809. Young Saint-Leger made the best studies possible at Paris, under the guidance of his able father, Dr. Saint-Leger; he was of great use to the Irish officers on account of his perfect knowledge of French, English, and German. Besides this, he was the best of comrades.

EDMUND SAINT-LEGER.—Sous-lieutenant, the 7th December, 1803. Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1804. Captain, 16th December, 1808. Chef de bataillon du corps royal d'état-major, 1826; decorated with the cross of Chevalier de la Lègion d'Honneur, the 18th of June, 1813. Chevalier de Saint Louis, 1824. Saint-Leger served with the greatest distinction in all the campaigns with the Irish regiment in Spain and Germany till 1814, when he was appointed captain on the staff of General Maison, who had the command of the first corps of the French army, then making head against the allies marching on Paris. After the restoration of the Bourbons, General Maison commanded the military division at Paris, and St. Leger continued to be one of his confidential staff officers, and he was on the point of obtaining the promtion he had so well merited, when Napoleon landing, drove king and ministers away. He, however, remained at his post, and did not think of "deserting to Ghent." Had he remained in Paris after

the loss of the battle of Waterloo, there was no kind of favour that would not have been offered to him; but no, the brave St. Leger had true Irish blood in his veins, he could not wait to witness the triumphant entrance of Wellington and Blucher; he preferred marching with the army of the Loire and sharing in all its misfortunes and humiliations after the second restoration of the Bourbons, rather than lend himself to such time-serving baseness. His honourable conduct on that memorable occasion could not be pardoned by the ruling party. Poor St. Leger died at Paris in 1831, but he did not enjoy any of the happy results of the revolution of July, 1830.

JOHN GIBBONS.—Lieutenant, 7th December, 1803. His health was impaired by his long and severe sufferings hiding in the Mayo mountains after General Humbert's capitulation, and before he could escape to France. This, with the loss of his property, he could not bear up against, and died at Antwerp, 1807.

AUSTEN GIBBONS.—Lieutenant at the formation of the Legion, the 7th December, 1803. He retired on reform pay in 1806. Gibbons left Ireland after General Humbert capitulated in 1798. He was bred to the sea, and had commanded merchant ships.

PAUL MURRAY.—Sub-lieutenant, 7th December, 1803. Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1804. Captain in 1809. Murray made the campaigns and sieges with the Irish regiment in Spain and Portugal with distinction in the years 1809-10, and -11. He retired on a small pension in 1814. In the Hundred Days in 1815 he was re-employed and joined the Irish regiment at Montreuil-sur-Mer. He remained with it till it was disbanded in September, 1815. He then retired to Dunkirk, where he ended his long career in 1853. Paul Murray took an active, spirited and honourable part in the insurrection in Ireland in 1798, for which he had to abandon his

friends and country. No officer was ever better liked by his comrades than Murray; he was truth and honour in every transaction through life.

MILES BYRNE.—Sous-lieutenant at the formation of the Irish legion, 7th December, 1803. Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1804. Captain, 16th December, 1808. Chef de bataillon, 4th September, 1830. Titres et décorations: Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, le 18 Juin, 1813. Chevalier de l'ordre Royal et Militaire de Saint-Louis, le 23 Mai, 1825. Officier de la Legion d'Honneur, 13 Novembre, 1832. Naturalisè français le 20 août, 1817, par lettres de dèclaration de naturalité du même jour, 33 years' service, 17 campaigns, those in Ireland comprised.[1]

The following circumstances impeded the advancement of M. Byrne. Being with his regiment in garrison at Antwerp, when that town was besieged in 1814, and the communication intercepted with the War Office at Paris, he was prevented receiving his brevet of chef de bataillon. Captain O'Reilly, who happened to be at Paris, got his commission; they were proposed the same day for that rank, on the field of battle at Goldberg in Silesia, the 23rd of August, 1813. Then the changes and re-organization of the army after the restoration of the Bourbons caused more delay, though the Minister of War, Marshal Soult, endeavoured to repair the injustice, by his letter of the 13th of February, 1815, to M. Byrne, promising that the first place vacant in any of the four foreign regiments should be for him; but the Hundred Days, and the second Restoration

[1] The above is an extract from the registers of the 56th regiment of the line, the last in which Miles Byrne had served; signed by the members of the council of administration of the 56th regiment of the line at Courbevoie, the 6th June, 1835. All taken from the War Office, which classes as campaigns, "Insurrection d'Irelande 1798 et sa présence aux diverses armées françaises en Hollande Espagne, Portugal, Allemagne, Morée, etc."

finally put an end to further hopes. In September, 1815, the Irish regiment was disbanded; the officers were placed on half pay, and whilst in that situation could not obtain promotion. Notwithstanding M. Byrne was a naturalized Frenchman, and though he had friends in the War Office, he could not get employed before 1828. Thus his military career was stopped for more than twelve years. After the revolution of 1830 he ascertained that it was to the English influence with Charles the Tenth's government, to prevent certain Irish officers from being employed, amongst whom he had the honour of being comprised, that he owed his failure in his long military career.

PATRICK POWELL.—Lieutenant, the 7th of December, 1803. Retired on reformed pay in 1808. Powell was one of the first to join General Humbert at Killala in August 1798, and after long hiding in the mountains he escaped to France.

TERENCE O'REILLY.—Lieutenant, January, 1804. Captain, 1810. Chef de bataillon, March, 1814. Decorated with the Cross of Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur in 1809, after the siege of Flushing, where he, with Commandant Lawless, saved the eagle of the Irish regiment, and escaped from the English to Antwerp. O'Reilly commanded a company of voltigeurs of the Irish regiment at the battles of Wurschen, in Saxony, and Goldberg, in Silesia; and afterwards a Grenadiers' company, with bravery and distinction. In the Hundred Days, he was attached to the staff of General . . . . . , and after the battle of Waterloo, and the second restoration, he retired on half pay to the town of Evreux, where he finished his days quietly. O'Reilly was a well informed officer and a good comrade.

THOMAS REED.—Lieutenant, 7th December, 1803. He retired on reform pay in 1806. Reed took an active part in the politics of the north of Ireland, for which

he had to abandon his home and escape to France in 1798. Fortunately for him, he brought with him a small sum of money, the interest of which sufficed for his frugal habits of living. He was more than fifty years of age.

JOHN ALLEN.—Sous-lieutenant in December, 1803. Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1804. Captain, the 16th December, 1808. Chef de bataillon, March, 1814. Decorated with the Cross of Chevalier de la Lègion d'Honneur after the siege of Astorga, April, 1810. He retired on half pay after the Irish regiment was disbanded in September, 1815, to the town of Tours, where he spent several years, and afterwards to Caen in Normandy, where he terminated his honourable career on the 10th of February, 1855.

Allen's brilliant services are often mentioned in the narrative of the campaigns of the Irish officers, though not so often as they might have been; for in every instance he showed himself a man of the greatest energy of character, of the most undaunted bravery, and of the highest principles of honour. His political career was equally honourable, for no Irish patriot ever detested their English task masters more than he did, nor was ever more ready to sacrifice life, and all that is dear to man, to shake off their oppressive yoke. Allen's imprisonment in the Tower of London, his trial at Maidstone along with Arthur O'Connor, 1798, and his escape from Dublin in 1803 after the unlucky attempt of the ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmet, cannot be forgotten if the history of Ireland, of that melancholy period, be ever published.

JOHN CUMMINS.—Sous-lieutenant in December, 1803. Lieutenant, 22nd March, 1804. Retired on reformed pay in 1806. Cummins had been one of the State prisoners in Dublin, who was allowed to expatriate himself in 1802. He went to reside at Cadiz, from whence he came to join the Irish legion at Morlaix in 1803.

J. MORISON.—Lieutenant at the formation of the Legion in December, 1803. Died at Flushing in 1808. His health was broken down from his various sufferings and many wounds. He came to France in 1796, and volunteered as a private soldier in a French regiment of the line, with which he made several campaigns in Italy, and was raised to the rank of sous-lieutenant; wounded at the battle of Marengo, he remained a long time in the hospital before he recovered. He was a brave soldier, and simple as a child in his manners.

JOHN MACHENRY.—Lieutenant, 7th December, 1803. He died at the hospital of Landernau, 1805, of an operation in his knee. He was one of those brave northern patriots who had to abandon their homes in 1797.

THE IRISH COLLEGE.

Having mentioned some of the distinguished men who studied at the Irish College, I shall relate all I know about that excellent establishment.

When I came to Paris it was struggling and beginning to recover from the effects of the Revolution. The property purchased in France by the Irish families at home, whether in the funds or in land, for the support of the seminaries abroad, to educate the unfortunate Catholic children who were deprived of this blessing in their native land, was greatly diminshed, as were all such funded properties at that period. The Concordat made by the First Consul with Rome, had the best effect on the station held by the Irish College; for from being a mere boarding school under the name of "Le cheval vert" (or "Green Horse"), it ultimately resumed the title of a college. When I came to Paris in 1803, a Mr. MacDermot conducted the school of the "Cheval Vert," no doubt with great order. He had a handsome country house and park, and a good deal of land at

Montrouge. I recollect being invited out there with some of my comrades in 1814 to breakfast with Thomas Burgess, who lodged in the mansion till MacDermot's executors had the whole concern sold to the Society of Jesuits, who built there their college on a great scale.

The uniting the property and revenues of the different seminaries in France with that of the Irish College at Paris, at first met with considerable difficulty, and it was only in 1806 that the venerable and worthy Abbé Walsh, then the superior of the Irish College, obtained from the Emperor Napoleon the following decree, which finally settled the matter.

Napoleone Magno, Francorum Imperatore, rege Italiae, exiit decretum his conceptum verbis :

"La réunion en un seul et même établissement des diverses institutions d'hommes fondées en France et dans les pays réunis à son territoire, en faveur des Catholiques Irlandais, Anglais et Ecossais, . . . est définitivement confirmée."

Then the revenues or rents of the seminaries of Bordeaux, Nantes, Douai, Louvain, and the Scotch and English at Paris were received by the administration of the Irish College, Rue des Irlandais, at Paris.[1] Abbè Walsh was the superior, and he was well seconded by the Abbé MacNalty, the *économe*, or steward and manager of the establishment. The Irishmen's sons who got bourses in the college at this period, were sure to receive an excellent education, as the masters and professors were men of erudition, and high learning; besides, the Irish students had the advantage of following the high classes at the Lycée Napoléon, "Henry IV," then in high repute for its able professors; and its being adjacent to the Irish College, proved a great ad-

[1] When the Scotch and English had their seminaries separated from the Irish College, their revenues being so small, they got a few bourses in the French colleges equal to the amount of their revenues.

vantage to the sons of the exiles of Erin. I well recollect many of the fine fellows who were educated there: the MacMahons, MacCannas, MacSheehys, Delanys, Blackwells, St. Legers, Swantons, Walls, O'Briens, Barkers, Corbets, Glashens, O'Morins, O'Maras, Smiths, etc.

The Irish College continued to be much favoured by the Government and its superior, Abbé Walsh, was much liked and esteemed by the students and their parents. When I passed through Paris in 1812, I visited young Barker and others at the Irish College; they told me they were well fed and well taken care of. All was going on well, till the disasters brought upon France by the invasion of foreign armies in 1814. Then the college, after the restoration of the Bourbons, had to undergo many changes, like all such establishments; the Irish Catholic Bishops claiming the right to appoint the superior of the college, the professors, etc., in short to resume the power they had previous to the revolution, all of which they readily obtained. A parish priest in the neighbourhood of Dublin, Father Long, was sent by the Irish Catholic Bishops to preside over the college as superior and administrator. But the landing of Napoleon from the Isle of Elba in March, 1815, and the retreat of the Bourbons from France, threw Father Long and the Bishops completely out of power.

An Irishman by birth, Mr. Ferris, who had been in orders in France, and who had made the campaigns in the army of Condé with distinction as captain quartermaster when allowed to return to Paris, had studied law and soon became well known to the Emperor's government. He obtained the situation of Superior of the Irish College in the Hundred Days, till the loss of the battle of Waterloo brought back Father Long to resume his functions at the head of the Irish College, with more influence than he enjoyed the first time;

having through the Primate of Ireland, Dr. Curtis, obtained the patronage of the Duke of Wellington. Encouraged no doubt by this mighty man, the Irish Catholic Bishops endeavoured to get all the property belonging to Irish seminaries in France transferred to Ireland, to be annexed to Maynooth College. Mr. Ferris on learning this, had a very able protest drawn up, and had it signed by the Irish officers in the French service, and had it printed and published. He proved that to have property transferred would be a violation of the testators' intentions, when they vested money in the French funds and in land, to be employed for the education of Catholic children coming from Ireland. After great exertions on the part of Ferris with the French Government, shewing the bad policy of any compromise, the Bishops were obliged to renounce their scheme of having the property transferred from France to Ireland, and to content themselves as before with the privilege of sending from their respective dioceses those who had a right to bourses on the college.

It appeared strange to see the Bishops attempting such a transfer before they had any hopes of Catholic emancipation. To be sure it was one way of shewing their devotion to their task masters, to deprive the Irish rebel and exile of the means of having his son well educated in France, in the event of another war between the two countries.

It was to be regretted that Dr. Murray took such an active part in endeavouring to effect this transfer of the Irish property. He should have known that the French Government could never consent to such a measure. He seemed greatly distressed that General Lawless should have signed Ferris' paper, and he got the General's sisters to write to him on the subject. I recollect waiting on Dr. Murray in 1818 at the Irish College, to leave him letters and a parcel from Ireland,

and of meeting there Dr. Curtis, then Catholic Primate of all Ireland, whom I knew in Spain in 1811 at Salamanca, as superior of the Irish College there. He was much changed; from being a tall, portly man, he was quite bent and broken. It was said of him, that he had rendered great service to the Duke of Wellington in Spain, and that he had gained for himself a reputation not quite in accordance with the dignity of an Irish Catholic clergyman.

Mr. Ferris was rich and cared little about the emoluments of superior of the Irish College. His ambition was, to show to Father Long and the Irish Bishops, that he had more influence with the French Government than they had; and indeed he soon gave them a proof of it, by getting himself once more appointed superior of the college and having Father Long sent back to resume his duties as a parish priest in the neighbourhood of Dublin. This time (1819), Mr. Ferris though superior, was under the control of a *bureau gratuit*, or commission, named by the Minister of Public Instruction, composed as follows: Hely d'Oyssel, Councillor of State, President; Marshal Macdonald, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour; Lally Tollendal, a peer of France; Lieutenant-General Count O'Mahony, and Dr. MacMahon, Physician to the Irish College. The *bureau gratuit*, or commission, assembled once a week at Ferris' apartment, Rue des Postes, where he was splendidly lodged in that part which belonged to the English College. Poor Francis Plowden had at the same time a small apartment on the third storey in the same house, and was receiving from the Irish College, as Professor of English, twelve hundred francs a year, though he gave no lessons. This sum of money was the principal means he had to support himself, though he had many rich relatives in England at that time, and he was often in very distressed circumstances, till his

daughter, Miss Plowden, came to live with him and took both him and his son-in-law, the Earl of Dundonald and his child, to reside at Bellevue, where Mr. Plowden and Lord Dundonald died in 1830 and 1831.

The members of the *bureau gratuit* relied much on Dr. MacMahon's information; as he had studied at the Irish College, they were generally guided by his advice, and took their decisions accordingly. Ferris not always agreeing with the commission, had one day an altercation with the president, Hely d'Oyssel. The latter having made use of insulting language to him, Mr. Ferris asked me to be his second along with a French officer, a friend of his; I could not refuse, although I thought it quite impossible for him to hold a pistol an instant in his hand, on account of the palsy with which he was afflicted. I therefore endeavoured to dissuade him from sending a message to Mr. Hely d'Oyssel, mentioning the advantage the latter would have. "Never mind," he replied, "I shall rest my pistol on my left arm, and let my antagonist do the same." He then gave me the challenge to read calling on Mr. Hely d'Oyssel to meet him in the morning, and that he should be accompanied by two friends who would arrange all matters, and fix the rendezvous with his seconds.

This letter was written in the most gentlemanlike style, as indeed every letter Mr. Ferris dictated was. The answer to this challenge was in terms more insulting than the verbal insult which had caused it. Mr. Hely d'Oyssel added, that if he could discover the addresses of the *spadassins*, his seconds, he would have them forthwith sent sixty leagues from Paris. Mr. Ferris immediately wrote to him, that they were, Count MacNamara, Deputy Governor of the Pages of His Majesty Louis XVIII, and Lieutenant-General Count O'Mahony. He apprised these gentlemen of the use he had made of their names, rank, titles, etc., and told

his antagonist that he dared not speak to them on the matter, and added, that a coward who is afraid to fight, is always the most vindictive and dangerous as an enemy.

Mr. Ferris resigned his situation of superior to the Irish College, and went to live in the Rue des Filles du Calvaire and kept his carriage. He purchased a handsome country house and land near Soissons, where he ended his days peaceably many years after, 1828.

The Abbé Carney, who was born in Ireland and had studied at the Irish College in Paris, was appointed superior of it in 1822, to replace Mr. Ferris, and he being on the most friendly terms with Dr. MacMahon, as indeed he was with everyone who knew him, for he was disinterested, amiable and obliging to his friends, the college became again well organized, and the Minister of Public Instruction being satisfied that under the administration of Abbé Carney, aided by Dr. MacMahon, everything would go on well, he therefore thought the *bureau gratuit* might cease its functions.

Abbé Carney got a worthy Irishman, who had been a fellow student with him and Dr. MacMahon to be appointed *économe*, or steward to the college. Mr. Billy Walsh, though a layman, had his apartment in the college; becoming old, he preferred that situation to that of Professor of English, and from his knowledge of the way colleges dealt with the furnishers of provisions, he rendered great service to the Irish seminary, where he ended his days in 1827.

The Abbé Carney was allied to one of the first families of France, the Castelbajacs, and one of the members of that family, Lieutenant-General the Marquis de Castelbajac, felt the deepest gratitude to him for the services he had rendered to some of the females of his family during the days of terror of the Revolution; and indeed Abbé Carney would often relate the

sort of service he had performed. When the esplanade or Champ-de-Mars of the military school was ordered to be made by the population of Paris, both men and women went there to work, to dig and wheel the earth. Abbé Carney assisted the ladies of his acquaintance to perform their task, and thereby obtained for them in the evening a civic card, signed by one of the representatives of the people, which at that critical period was one of the causes of saving them from persecution. By showing this card to the patrols and frequent domicile inspectors, they escaped being arrested as suspected persons.

Abbé Carney was temperate, and cared little about what he had to eat or drink himself, though generous and hospitable to his guests, whom he used to entertain whilst at table with many amusing anecdotes, as well as with good cheer; he was always gay and good-humoured, never speaking harshly of anyone. He was low in stature, well-made, with a very agreeable, benevolent countenance, though not handsome. He had very little to live on before he became superior of the Irish College, and still with that little, he was ever endeavouring to be useful to his friends and countrymen. I met him one day, with rather a large parcel under his arm; he told me it was a pair of his pantaloons he was taking to a poor exile of Erin. He hoped it would fit him, for he was to present him at ten o'clock to a French family, where he expected to have him placed as tutor or preceptor.

Another day, when he was at the head of the college, I asked him if he knew a Mr. Quin, a gentleman who had emigrated, and was now residing at Paris. "To be sure I do," he replied, "we were school fellows, comrades, and great friends; he comes often to see me." I then mentioned a young gentleman, a friend of mine, in London, who wished to have an introduction to Mr.

Quin's son, the editor of the *New Times*. "Oh! you shall have it without delay." And he immediately wrote a long letter to Mr. Quin, his friend, the father of the editor, and told me to go at once and hand it to him. Seeing it contained three close written pages, I read it with attention, but exclaimed: "Abbé Carney, how could you think of me being the bearer of such a letter, so full of flattering things about myself?" He took the letter from me, saying: "It contains nothing that is not well known; however, as it shocks your modesty, although letters of this nature are generally left open, I shall seal mine." On which he put the Irish "Erin go bragh" in a mass of green wax.

Such was the kindness of his nature, that he never seemed happy but when occupied in rendering service to his friends. The Reverend Dean Ryan being on his way to Rome in 1823, stopped a few days at the Irish College with Abbé Carney, who introduced him to his namesake and countrywoman Miss Ryan. This lady kept the great boarding school in the Rue du Harley, Faubourg St. Antoine. She was elderly and feeble, though still retaining her former vivacity. She felt highly flattered and honoured by Dean Ryan's visit, and invited him in the most pressing manner to make her house his hotel, when he should be returning from Rome. She showed him his apartment, the chapel, etc. He at once accepted this kind invitation, and availed himself of it shortly after, when he had terminated his mission at Rome, and he spent three weeks or a month, agreeably enough, at the Rue du Harley, before returning to Ireland.

The year after, 1824, Miss Ryan died, and named Dean Ryan her executor, leaving to him her splendid house and concerns in the Rue du Harley, and fifteen thousand francs per annum, with large sums in the funds, which Dean Ryan was entrusted with, to be appro-

priated to the use of certain convents in Ireland. He came to Paris at once and took possession of his new acquisition, and I recollect being at a great dinner party he gave in the autumn, 1824, as a house-warming on the occasion. We were more than thirty at table: William Murphy, of Mount Merrion, Mr. Sarjeant and his sons, General Lynch, Colonel de Montmorency Morris, Counsellor MacCabe, and his brothers, etc., etc. We spent a jovial evening, returning "quietly," as Irishmen, half seas over, to our homes at midnight.

Poor Abbé Carney did not long enjoy his situation as superior of the Irish seminary. After a few days illness he died in 1825, much regretted by all who knew him. His funeral service was celebrated in the chapel of the college, where were assembled a great concourse of his countrymen, with numbers of the French nobility; the Castelbajac family attended and were anxious to have the religious ceremony executed with all the pomp of the Roman Catholic Church. Ladies were allowed to be present in the gallery of the Chapel, and a special permission was obtained to have him buried in the vault of the chapel, and after making three rounds of the college courtyard, in the most solemn manner, the procession returned to the chapel, when the coffin was descended into the vault; and there the remains of the worthy Abbé Carney lie, enclosed in a double coffin, a lead one inside.

The Reverend Dean Ryan was proposed by some of the Irish Bishops to succeed Abbé Carney, as superior of the Irish College. The Grand Master of the University and Minister of Public Instruction, on their recommendation, appointed him Superior of the Irish College in 1825; Abbé Langan, préfet of studies; Abbé Lynch, économe or steward; the Reverend Mr. O'Higgins, one of the professors, only remained a short

time; he went to Rome, and when he returned to Ireland, was named Bishop of Ardagh.

Dean Ryan had very pleasing manners; he was well-looking, amiable, and hospitable. Still with all these qualities, and the purest intentions for the good of the college, he was unable to make things go on there as he desired. He, however, persevered during the year 1826, when the Minister of Public Instruction thought it advisable to have an Irish clergyman who had studied in France, at the head of the administration of the Irish seminary. Father Magrath, a parish priest of the County of Waterford, who had received his education when young, at the Irish College, was appointed superior of it in 1827. The Reverend P. MacSweeny, who was advantageously known as a professor at both Carlow and Maynooth Colleges, was named préfet of studies, in the place of Abbé Langan. Things soon resumed a better aspect, and the worthy Dr. MacMahon was delighted to meet once more his old friend and school fellow Father Magrath; the latter confided the management of the establishment at once to his préfet of studies, whom he knew had the capacity and talents fit for the undertaking. One day I dined at the college with Father Magrath, in company with his countryman Mr. Rivers; by their conversation I could plainly see that he longed to be back again in his parish, and very shortly after, he did return to resume his functions of parish priest. He had the satisfaction to see his préfet of studies, the Reverend Dr. MacSweeney appointed in his place, superior and adminstrator of the Irish College. This learned and distinguished clergyman governed it for a period of twenty-two years, during which time by his judicious administration, he augmented the revenues, and purchased at Arceuil a country house and domain for the college, where the students went on Thursdays, and in vacation time resided there day and night

The Minister of Public Instruction being well pleased with the judicious changes made in the administration of the Irish College by the Reverend Dr. MacSweeny, had him named knight of the Legion of Honour, the 25th of April, 1847. (See the "Annuaire de la Légion d'Honneur," page 464.)

In the month of June, 1847, I met Dr. MacSweeny at the waters of Vichy. He was suffering much from a rheumatic complaint. He hurried back to Paris, to have the young students prepared for the general examination, previous to the vacation. I asked him if he had not good professors at the college, in whom he could confide; he replied he had; that ever since Abbé O'Loughlan was named préfet of studies, he was quite sure all would be well conducted during his absence. I was truly glad to hear him speak in such high terms of the worthy Abbé O'Loughlan for whom I had a sincere friendship.

Dr. MacSweeny had the charge of the administration of the Irish College in the most precarious and unsafe times for such places; viz., during the revolution of July, 1830, and afterwards at the revolution of February, 1848, and then during the cruel insurrection of June the same year, when such numbers were killed and wounded in the streets adjacent to the college, and entrenchments, barricades, etc., thrown up all round the premises, particularly at the end of the Rue des Irlandais, leading into the Rue des Postes. Still the college was respected by all parties; the insurgents at one time during the action, wished to make use of the windows to fire out on the troops. They were, however, dissuaded from this plan by Abbé O'Loughlan and the professors telling them a seminary should be neutral and sacred, etc. Dr. MacSweeny got over the crisis of the two revolutions and kept everything safe for the advantage of the college; the Irish students going on tranquilly, as if nothing had occurred.

In the month of December, 1849, Dr. MacSweeny feeling his health getting daily more impaired, asked permission to be allowed to retire. The Minister requested him to remain at the head of the college till another superior was appointed. He then granted him a retiring pension of five thousand francs a year, the largest that ever was given to anyone from the revenues of the Irish establishment. It was a rare thing for a pension to be obtained, as it required long services. It required in the other administrations of the university, thirty years at least to have a right, and then the pensions, comparatively speaking, were very inferior to Dr. MacSweeny's. The following is the decree inserted in the *Bulletin des Lois*:—

BULLETIN DES LOIS DE DE LA REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE.

Partie supplémentaire.

No. 104.

No. 2617.—Décret qui accorde une pension à M. l'abbé MacSweeny, administrateur des fondations irlandaises en France.

Du 31 *Décembre* 1849.

LE PRESIDENT DE LA REPUBLIQUE,

Vu la demande formée par M. l'abbé MacSweeny, administrateur des fondations irlandaises en France, tendant à obtenir une pension comme rémunération des services qu'il a rendus en cette qualité;

Vu l'article 10 de l'ordonnance du 17 décembre 1818, qui dispose que des pensions pourront être accordées aux administrateurs des fondation britanniques après trente ans de service effectif;

Considérant que M. l'abbé MacSweeny, quoique ne réunissant que vingt-deux années de service, a contracté des infirmités dans l'exercice de ses fonctions; que ces infirmités ont été constatées, et qu'elles ne lui permettent plus de rester chargé de la direction du collège irlandais de Paris;

Attendu, d'ailleurs, que cet administrateur a, par sa bonne gestion, augmenté, d'une manière notable les revenus de l'établissement confié à ses soins, et qu'il est juste de reconnaître par une pension l'importance de ses services.

Sur le rapport du ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes.

Décrétè :

Art. 1er. Une pension annuelle et viagère de cinq mille francs, imputable sur la totalité des revenus des fondations irlandaises établies en France, est accordée à M. l'abbé MacSweeny, administrateur de ces fondations.

Art. 2. Cette pension commencera à courir du 1er janvier 1850 ; elle sera payable au commencement de chaque trimestre comme les dépenses du personnel du collège irlandais de Paris.

Art. 3. Le ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes, est chargé de l'exécution du présent décret.

Fait à l'Elysée-National, le 31 décembre 1849.

Signé : LOUIS-NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Le ministre de l'instruction publique et des cultes.

Signé : E. PARIEU.

In 1850 the Reverend Dr. Miley was appointed superior of the Irish seminary at Paris, and a French clergyman, L'Abbé Cœur, was named at the same time the administrator of the college or seminary, with Dr. Miley; each having his separate functions to perform.

DR. MACNEVEN.

In November, 1803, Dr. MacNeven, wishing to complete as much as possible the materials he was collecting for the history of the Irish insurrection of 1798, before we received orders to march to the coast, used to have each of us in turn at his lodgings, Rue de Bussy, to hear him read over what he had already written, to make corrections, and to furnish him with other notes, if we recollected anything new, to illustrate what we had already given. Hugh Ware, Parrot, and MacDermot on the County of Kildare's insurrection; Fitzhenry, Paul Murray, and I on the County of Wexford, and County of Wicklow battles and fighting; Councillor James Joseph MacDonald, Captain Murphy, O'Malley, the Gibbons, Father Gannon, Powell, etc., for the account of General Humbert's expedition, landing, and capitulation.

Dr. MacNeven's time was so well regulated that he could get through a great deal of business in a short

time. He lived near the medical college, and attended the public lectures there, and though knowing he would soon have his commission as captain in the French army, or perhaps a higher rank, he did not neglect improving himself in his medical profession which he liked.

He liked walking, and whilst enjoying this bodily exercise, he would be continually asking questions and taking notes. I recollect our last walk together at Paris; he appointed me to call on him one Sunday morning early. We went first to the Jardin des Plantës, where he wanted to see one of the professors of botany, and when he had finished his business with this gentleman, we crossed over the river in a boat, where the bridge of Austerlitz was built some years later; then passed by the place where stood the famous Bastille, demolished in 1789. Dr. MacNeven wanted to visit the country house of the Jesuits at Père Lachaise, and to make some enquiries of the inmates. Seeing me look with surprise, as we passed through this cemetery or burying ground (for it was the first time I had been there), at the way the coffins were piled one over another in a long deep trench about seven feet wide, and badly covered at the surface, he asked me how we buried our dead during the rebellion? I told him that although we could not procure coffins, at least we had them better covered than they were there, in that ditch before us. I spoke to him of an eminent physician with whom he had been acquainted, Mr. Barney Murray, of Gorey. This gentleman, though more than eighty years of age, would ride to our camps to have everything buried which he thought might cause infection, such as skins of animals, etc., and on account of this conduct, he was afterwards imprisoned as a rebel chief, and narrowly escaped being put to death.

Dr. MacNeven observed that too much care could not be taken to prevent pestilence; that it was disgust-

ing to see great churches in populous cities made burying grounds; that every time a vault was opened, a plague might be caused. "The Directory did well," he continued, "to put an end to having churchyards burying grounds in Paris, and this high ground stands well for a cemetery, if there were more care taken to have the dead properly covered, as you said, and it costs nothing to be buried in this open trench. However, separately a grave costs two pounds and is liable to be dug up again after five years. A grave of six feet by three, to purchase the ground for ever, costs more than twenty pounds; which would you prefer?" "The two-pounds one, provided the lease could be renewed," I answered. He laughed, and we went on to look at one or two tombstones or monuments, the only ones then erected at Père Lachaise. Some twenty years later, it became a city of aristocratic monuments. In December, 1824, I had the melancholy commission from poor Mrs. Lawless, to purchase ground for two graves, one for her husband, General Lawless, who died on the 25th December, 1824, and the other for herself, beside it, where she was buried the 25th of August, 1854. We left this city of the dead to walk to the hill of Montmartre. Arriving there, the people were coming out of the church, when I said: "I fear we are not in time for Mass; but perhaps there will be another." Dr. MacNeven then asked me how we did for Mass in the insurrection. I told him we had to do without it, as all our chapels where Mass was celebrated on Sundays, had been burned by the Orangemen, and the priests all hiding, with the exception of Father Roche, Father Kearns, and the two Fathers Murphy, and these four brave martyrs had no means of celebrating Mass, their vestments or sacerdotal garments being all destroyed. Father John Murphy had escaped to a wood, from whence he saw his chapel and

dwelling house burned to the ground, robes and everything else he possessed. Though these patriotic clergymen could not say Mass, they preached openly and boldly and hourly, to our fighting men, the necessity of the strictest obedience to their chiefs and leaders, to avoid cruel reprisals and revenge, which could only tend to tarnish our just cause, and on no account ever to profane places of worship, no matter of what religious persuasion they belonged to; to observe respect to the female sex, etc. I remarked to Dr. MacNeven how punctually the orders of these priests were adhered to; that no Protestant church was desecrated or burned, nor was there one instance of females being molested. "Well," he said, "what a pity it is that their memories should be calumniated by that vile bigot Sir Richard Musgrave. He being a prostitute for hire, nothing better could be expected from an historian of his stamp. So we will speak no more of Lord Castlereagh's hirelings and tools."

I have said this was the last day I walked with Dr. MacNeven at Paris, and I may add, the last time we spoke of the affairs of Ireland of 1798 and 1803, as a few days after appeared in the *Moniteur* the decree for the organization of the Irish Legion; our occupations became changed, and more important; to me the time spent with Dr. MacNeven I felt to have been useful to me in every stage of life; he gave me advice on almost everything which might occur, and no one was more capable of giving wise council than he was; on temperance, in our way of living, dress, etc. He said to me one day: "You seem to take care of your teeth; don't show them too much when you laugh, not like a certain friend of ours." I knew he meant Captain Sweeny, who had the most beautiful teeth I ever saw. Dr. MacNeven was rather under the middle size, extremely well-made and strong, with a fine chest,

broad shoulders, superb head, and a manly expressive countenance. He was in every sense of the word a perfect gentleman, both by education and manners. His courage morally and physically was often tried; indeed he was bravery itself; his acquirements would have soon prepared him to become one of the first statesmen Ireland could produce, had she had the good fortune to be free and independent.

I have read with interest some of Dr. MacNeven's works, such as his "Travels in Switzerland," "Pieces of Irish History," published at New York in 1807, his letters on the state of Ireland, during the reign of O'Connell there, and his controversy on many points with this agitator. It is evident Dr. MacNeven residing in a free country like America, would have published the materials he collected to write the history of Ireland during the period from 1795 down to 1804, had he thought it would have been productive of any good to his native land; the probable cause of his not publishing them was, that he scorned to be thought a mere book maker, or a money speculator, wishing to make out a livelihood.

Though one should avoid speaking of unmeaning quarrels and duels, still when they occur at the moment that the dearest interests of one's country are at stake, and tend to retard political advantages on the point of being obtained, it is due to truth and justice to mention them; therefore I must enter into some details respecting a duel which was thought would take place between Dr. MacNeven and General Arthur O'Connor, when the former resigned in August, 1804, his commission of captain in the Irish Legion, to go and reside at New York in North America.

The Legion was in garrison in the town of Carhaix, department of Finisterre, in the month of May, 1804, when the First Consul Buonaparte was proclaimed

Emperor of the French. The troops of the garrison, with the civil and military authorities, were assembled in the Place d'Armes, the oath or *serment* was read, when all present raised their right hand, saying *Je jure*, "I swear." Then one hundred cannon shots were fired; illuminations at night finished this ceremony. Next day the Mayor and his *adjoints* met at the municipality or town house, Adjutant-General MacSheehy and Captain Thomas Corbet, in order to sign the procès-verbal, or report to be forwarded to the Home Department and the War Minister at Paris, of the unanimous manner in which the ceremony terminated. Captain Corbet being there as member of the Council of Administration to sign the procès-verbal, thought fit to remark that an officer did not hold up his hand and swear, and he named Captain Sweeny. General MacSheehy on returning to his house had the wickedness to send for Captain Sweeny, and to tell him what Corbet had been saying of him at the municipality, on which Sweeny came to the field where all the officers were assembled for exercise. He asked Corbet if he had made use of such expressions. Corbet replied he had no account to render to him of what took place at the municipality; on which Sweeny struck him such a blow on the face that Corbet fell to the ground, and I had to grasp Sweeny in my arms and pull him away, being quite close to him at the time, or probably he would have continued his attack. They were both immediately placed under forced arrest, with sentinels at their doors. When Marshal Augereau heard of this unfortunate dispute, he sent off from Brest the chief of the staff of his army, General Donzeleau, to make an enquiry about the affair; he was accompanied by General Arthur O'Connor.

The enquiry finished, the corps of Irish officers, in their splendid full uniform, paid a visit to the generals

before they set out for Brest. General O'Connor made a speech in English, in which Captain MacNeven thought there were allusions to himself which the general would not have made, only for the difference of their military rank.

It was the first and only time that the Irish officers of the Legion paid a visit *en corps* to General O'Connor. As they were not under his orders in any manner, it was not required. He remained at Brest, attached to the staff of the army, whilst they were learning the artillery and infantry exercise in the towns adjacent to Brest.

At the end of July, 1804, the Irish Legion was ordered from Carhaix to go to be in garrison at Lesneven, a small town five leagues from Brest. A few days after its arrival there, the commander of it received a despatch from the General-in-Chief, Marshal Augereau, informing him that the arrest of Captains Corbet and Sweeny was raised, to apprize them of this decision, and to return to them their swords forthwith. Those officers chose seconds, went to the field and fought with pistols. Both were wounded. Captain Corbet died of his wound the same night; Captain Sweeny had the ball extracted from his wound, and he soon recovered. Captain MacNeven was his second, and Captain Ware was Corbet's.

Shortly after this unfortunate duel, Captain MacNeven sent in his resignation to the War Minister, Berthier, and as soon as it was accepted, he wrote a challenge to General Arthur O'Connor, then at Brest, in which he mentioned that he would remain a month at Bordeaux before sailing for America, inviting him to fix a rendezvous, etc. He wrote two copies of this challenge, one of them for Marshal Augereau, the other for General Donzeleau, chief of the staff of the army. MacNeven wished that three officers of his comrades

should read those letters, seal them, and put them into the post office box. As I was one of the three officers, I feel I owe to my country to mention all these circumstances, of two men whose great sacrifices and imprisonment and long sufferings for the sake of freedom endeared them so much to the Irish people. It is to be regretted that their personal animosity should have been made known so publicly to the French Government, as it tended not to the advantage of the Irish exiles who continued to serve in the French army at that period.

William James MacNeven's commission of captain in the service of France, was dated 7th December, 1803. He resigned in August, 1804, to go to reside at New York, United States of America. Died 1842 or 1843.

Arthur O'Connor's commission of General of Division in the French service was dated the 24th of February, 1804. He received the full appointments or pay of a general disponible, not in command, till 1815, when he got a retiring pension of six thousand francs a year, which he enjoyed until his death on the 25th of April, 1852.

I have mentioned before in this narrative of having met Irishmen in Paris, who had come from the United States, as citizens of that great Republic. One of them, Mr. HARRISON, was from the North of Ireland, and a friend of William Lawless and John Tennant of Belfast; and as I was a good deal with these gentlemen, I became acquainted with Mr. Harrison, and I must say I always found him very good-natured and obliging. Holding a high rank in the mysteries of Freemasonry, his French acquaintance was considerable. Previous to the departure of his Irish friends from Paris, to join the legion at Morlaix, Mr. Harrison gave them a grand dinner, to which he invited also several of his French

friends. I recollect when we were going from the drawing-room into the dining-room, Mr. Harrison told his guests that one-half of the table would be served with an Irish dinner, and the other with a French one. The French gentlemen were placed at the Irish half of the table, at the head of which sat Mr. Harrison, with Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet on his right hand and a French Councillor of State on his left. John Tennant sat at the foot of the table. This end was to be served in the French way, and was occupied by the Irish guests. Pat Gallagher, seeing nothing but soup and some small "plats" of "hors d'œuvres," and the other end covered with large joints and dishes, such as hams, chickens, etc., exclaimed he hoped our friend Harrison was not going to make us dine on frogs, to show off his wit. This caused much laughter, and when explained to the French gentlemen, they entered into the joke and enjoyed it. Whenever a piece of game was served at our end, Mr. Harrison would ask if the frogs were dressed to our liking. At the head of the room stood entwined a large green flag, with a golden harp in the centre, without the crown, and *Erin go bragh* written also in gold letters. The tri-coloured drapeau and the "Star-spangled Banner" on each side of the green flag of Erin, had for us exiles a delightful effect; we felt happy and grateful to Harrison for his kind and generous entertainment.

After the Restoration of the Bourbons, when I resided at Paris on half pay, I was certain to meet Mr. Harrison any day between twelve and two o'clock, at breakfast, or reading the newspapers, at the Café de la Rotonde, Palais Royal. He had the reputation of knowing how to buy and to sell French stock, and liked to be thought rich. He had his oddities. He used frequently to go to fashionable places of resort, such as Epsom races and afterwards return cheerfully to Paris

and resume his former way of living. He asked me one day to dine with him, and gave me a rendezvous to meet him on the terrace of the Tuilleries Garden at four o'clock. It was in winter, yet he said, he should like to take a little walk before dinner, to sharpen the appetite; we went outside the barriere de l'Etoile, there he went to the restaurant of the *Veau qui tette*; he saw the eatables on the kitchen table ready to be cooked; he ordered soup, filet de bœuf sauté, a roast fowl, etc., to be prepared in an hour when we should return. After walking for half an hour on the avenue of Saint Cloud we came back and found our table prepared in a room with a good fire. I certainly enjoyed not only the good fare, but the repose, for I had been more than two hours on my legs without resting. A tremendous storm and rain came on, so we were weatherbound till nine at night, as there was no possibility of getting a coach. When the rain ceased we walked through the mud to the Café de Minerve, near the French theatre, and after taking two tumblers of brandy punch, we separated. Next day I saw him at his reception room, as he would call the Café de la Rotonde, looking fresh and healthy. "Don't you think," he said, "I could have made campaigns with you?" "Yes," I replied, "provided we could bivouac every night as we did the last." He laughed heartily, and was quite vain of having made, as he said, one campaign with me. He was always gay and good-humoured.

In the spring of 1828, Mr. William Tennant, of Belfast, the fellow-prisoner and friend of Arthur O'Connor, and Thomas Addis Emmet, and the brother of Commandant Tennant, with two of his daughters, was stopping at Paris. I was invited one day to dinner by Mr. Tennant, to meet Mr. Harrison. The latter began a long story about some service he said I had rendered to Mr. Tennant's nephew in 1826, when he was on his way to

Greece, with a young man of the name of Emerson. I replied, rather displeased, that it was no great service to go with him to buy his sword, pistols, etc. "Never mind, Mr. Byrne," said Mr. Tennant, "Robert wrote to me at the time of the whole transaction." Harrison then asked me, with a great laugh, "if I had chosen Mr. Emerson's arms?" I knew he was going to Greece as the correspondent of some English newspaper, and very likely as such rendered service to the unfortunate Greeks, then fighting for their independence. Mr. Emerson married the youngest daughter of William Tennant, and added this name to his own. He has since been a member of the House of Commons in London, and Governor of the Island of Ceylon.

I never was at a loss to learn something of the great men, and great doings going on in the north of Ireland, or in the United States of America whilst Harrison lived. One day walking with Mrs. Byrne in the Champ-Elysées, we stopped to speak to him, when he exclaimed: "You don't congratulate me, sir, on the nomination of my cousin Harrison to the presidency of the United States!" Poor Harrison! He died lonely indeed, at Paris, in a miserable lodging in the Rue Montmartre. Although possessed of a good deal of property, he had neither friend nor relation near him at the time. But such is the way old bachelors are doomed to end their days, when they become too secluded in their habits from their families. Harrison not liking female relatives to be about him, lest they might interfere with his eccentric manner of living, did not enjoy the comforts which from his wealth he was entitled to.

In December, 1803, before leaving Paris to join the Irish legion, I paid a farewell visit to Thomas Addis Emmet and his family. Mrs. GALLAGHER, staying with

Mrs. Emmet, I took leave of her also. This lady was handsome and highly accomplished, and worthy of her patriotic husband. I had the pleasure of dining with them at Bordeaux in 1812, when I was returning from Spain, and I was happy indeed to see them so prosperous; he was in the shipbroking trade, and he was carrying on a vast business with the Americans. Their children were growing up very handsome. Poor Gallagher's health was then delicate. He died at Bordeaux the following year, much regretted by his countrymen and friends. To his last moment, he spoke of Lord Edward Fitzgerald with the greatest veneration.

My next visit (in December, 1803) was to Mr. Hampden Evans and his family. His son, young Hampden, and my fellow traveller from Bordeaux, returned there, and married a young French lady. It was only some years after that he got a commission in the Irish regiment. I was then far from thinking that I should have at a later period, the honour of being so well acquainted with two of his sisters, Mary (Mrs. Lawless), and Nancy (Mrs. Putland).

Miss EVANS having married an officer, one of my friends and comrades, it was natural that I should be on good terms with her, on account of her husband, William Lawless, whose military career I had witnessed, but there were other reasons which made her a favourite with all the Irish exiles. Having a good fortune, on returning to Ireland she would be sure of being well married there, but one of those exiles pleased her; she loved him secretly, he did not even suspect it, never having paid her more attention than he did to her sisters, and probably Miss Evans's secret would never have been known to her family, but for the siege of Flushing by the English, in August, 1809. At the news of this town being taken, the destruction of the Irish battalion defending it, and its Commander, William Lawless,

being killed, etc., etc. Mary Evans fell sick, and for more than six weeks her life was despaired of, and nothing could cheer her.

Mrs. Tone being in the habit of going to Mr. Hampden Evans's house, and being on the most intimate terms with the young ladies, his daughters, might have suspected something of Miss Evans's secret, but this secret was only divulged when she heard the man she loved was no more. She then told her mother, saying, life to her now was not worth preserving, and wondering how Mrs. Tone could have survived the death of her heroic husband: to be sure, she would add, her three children must be brought up worthy of such a father. Hearing continually everyone who came to her father's house speaking with admiration of the achievements of Theobald Wolfe Tone and of the purity of his character, she gloried in the hope and flattered herself that the man she loved so dearly would one day quite surpass him, when their country would be free.

When the news of Commandant Lawless's miraculous escape from Flushing to Antwerp, with the eagle and the colours of the regiment, arrived at Paris, Mr. Evans begged his friend John Sweetman to come to the house, when his daughter would be allowed by the doctor to receive visits, in order to prepare her by degrees, to learn the joyful news, lest a sudden communication of it might be injurious to her; he also prayed Mr. Sweetman to prevent Commandant Lawless (in the event of his getting leave of absence to come to Paris), calling at his house before he had had an interview with him. That evening at tea, Mr. Sweetman, as usual, was asked the news of the day, Miss Evans lying on the sofa, and listening to the conversation. He said that it was reported in some of the newspapers that officers believed to have been killed at Flushing had escaped to Antwerp, their names not being given. On the following day he

was more explicit, and then the conversation was changed to some other topic. The next evening Sweetman came to tell them that a Lieutenant O'Reilly, of the Irish regiment, was one of those who arrived at Antwerp. "Then," said Miss Evans, "perhaps Mr. Lawless is not dead." The whole family expressed their opinion that as he and Lieutenant O'Reilly were great friends, they probably escaped together, and that it would be known next day at the War Office.

Mr. Sweetman promised to go there in the morning to enquire, and to call in the evening as usual, when he hoped to have good news to tell them. Mr. Lawless was already arrived, but very ill and confined to bed, not from the effects of his wound, now nearly well, but with an attack of the Flushing fever, when Mr. Hampden Evans called to see him. Their interview was of an affecting nature. He told Mr. Lawless how his friends in Ireland were endeavouring to obtain him permission to return there with his family, and as his daughter Mary was attached to him he consented to their marriage. Matters on this head were soon agreed to between them, and then Miss Evans was allowed to read all the newspapers containing the orders of the day of the army at Antwerp, giving an account of Commandant Lawless's arrival there, with the colours and eagle of the Irish regiment; of his brilliant conduct during the siege of Flushing, his miraculous escape from thence, etc., etc.

I was in Spain at this period. After consulting my own notes and correspondence, besides a mass of letters put at my disposition by General Lawless's son and by our mutual friend, Arthur Barker (these letters having belonged to their families), I find, that it was in the month of November, 1809, that Commandant Lawless arrived in Paris, after his escape from the Island of Walcheren, and I also find by these letters that the Emperor Napoleon was glad to receive one of those

brave soldiers who at the head of his battalion fought so bravely against Pitt's brother (General Lord Chatham), with his thirty thousand seamen and forty thousand of the best land troops that England could produce, whilst he, Napoleon, was far away with his grand army at Wagram, etc. He was also greatly pleased that Commandant Lawless had saved the eagle he had given to the regiment, and that it had not fallen into the hands of the English, and he named him immediately knight of the Legion of Honour, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Irish regiment, and the year after, full Colonel of it, in place of Daniel O'Meara, put on half-pay. The regiment being composed of four battalions and a depot, was in garrison. The first battalion in the Island of Gorée, Tennant Commandant. The second battalion at Bergen-op-Zoom, Dillon Commandant. The third battalion at Wilhemstadt on the Meuse, Ware Commandant. The fourth battalion at Bois-le-Duc, Hayne chief of it. The depot in the same town, J. J. Mahony major of it. The above were the stations of the battalion at Bergen-op-Zoom, Dillon Commandant. The March, 1812, and there I met Mrs. Lawless for the first time after her marriage, eight years and four months having intervened since I saw her at Paris in December, 1803.

At General Lawless's death, on the 25th December, 1824, Mrs. Lawless purchased ground at Père Lachaise, for two graves beside each other, with a double head-stone. One was inscribed to General Lawless and the other unlettered, as could be so seen down to 1854. The following article is from the *Nation* newspaper, Dublin, 2nd September, 1854:—

Mrs. Lawless, widow of General Lawless, of the Irish legion died at her residence in Paris, Rue de la Ferme des Mathurins, on Wednesday night, the 23rd August, 1854. Mrs. Lawless was born in Ireland, but was early in life an exile from her native land,

with her father, Hampden Evans, Esq., of Portran, the friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and of Thomas Addis Emmet and one of the distinguished band of Irsh patriots of 1798, who devoted life and fortune to the independence of Ireland. Mrs. Lawless was worthy of her illustrious husband and father, possessing a very sound understanding, and being ever actuated by the purest and noblest sentiments. Throughout life she showed the most tender and affectionate nature towards her husband and children, and to all connected with her.

Mr. Hampden Evans's two other daughters were married after they returned to Ireland. Nancy, to Mr. George Putland, a worthy gentleman, with a large fortune. Their Dublin residence in Lower Mount street, soon became well known for the charitable fancy balls and other splendid entertainments given there, as well as for the annual distribution of articles of clothing and covering for the poor. At their country mansion of Bray their benevolence and bounty was still greater: the widows and orphans of the unfortunate men lost at sea, and belonging to that neighbourhood, were sure to get pensions from Mrs. Putland. Indeed, this amiable lady identified herself with every liberal and generous manifestation for the good of her native land. After the Restoration of the Bourbons, she and her husband came to France to visit her sister and General Lawless at their country house near Tours, and for many years Mr. and Mrs. Putland were in the habit of spending the winter at Paris, when General Lawless and his family came also there to be near them. I was living then at Paris on half pay, and I found it very agreeable to meet these amiable families, as well as many of my old comrades and friends, whom I was sure to see at their houses. Mrs. Putland gave very splendid entertainments and saw some of the best French society, as well as ditinguished persons of other nations. Paris being then so much frequented by foreigners of the highest station, Mrs. Putland's hôtel, Place Vendôme, became one of those greatly considered

on account of the guests received, such as Lafayette, Lord Cloncurry, and the patriots of their stamp of every other country.

In 1822, a young and valued friend of mine, Dr. Halliday, went with Mr. and Mrs. Putland as their physician to Rome and a tour on the continent, and through this gentleman I learned many acts of their generous bounty and their sympathy for the persecuted patriots wherever they passed.

I shall mention one circumstance which will show Mrs. Putland's warm Irish, patriotic feelings. Knowing that she was well acquainted with General Lafayette's family, and that Mr. Gustave de Beaumont, son-in-law to Mr. George Lafayette, had just published his work on Ireland in 1839, in which I observed the omission of the names of the principal Protestant and Catholic leaders, martyrs, during our struggles in 1798, I asked Mrs. Putland to be kind enough to show Mr. de Beaumont some notes I had felt it my duty to make on his book, on account of the incorrect information he had received in Ireland; she readily took charge of my notes for M. de Beaumont and accompanied them with a letter from herself in which she expressed to him her regret that he had omitted her father's name amongst the patriots of 1798. This letter showed her fine feelings, and how worthy she was of being the daughter of Hampden Evans.

Mrs. Putland gave a large dinner party at her hôtel, Place Vendôme, to which Mrs. Byrne and I were invited, to meet Monsieur and Madame de Beaumont, to whom Mrs. Putland introduced us. I must say I was quite satisfied and pleased with M. de Beaumont's frank manner, telling me at once that he thought I ought to publish anything I found not correct in his book on Ireland, etc. I had agreed in consequence with a printer to publish a certain number of copies of my notes, when I saw M. de Beaumont's name as one of the candidates

to be a member of the French Academy, and as one of his claims to this honour was his recent "admirable work," *L'Irlande Sociale Politique et Religieuse*, I felt it was not the time to publish any criticism upon it. Besides he was the first French gentleman of station who for a long time had written on the sufferings of Ireland under her task masters, in such bold, eloquent language.

I will here give a copy of Mrs. Putland's letter, and follow it by my notes on M. de Beaumont's book.

PARIS, *le 6 Fevrier*, 1840.

MA CHÈRE DAME,

Un grand admirateur de monsieur de Beaumont, le colonel Byrne, ayant appris qu'il préparait une nouvelle édition de son bel ouvrage sur l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse, m'a prié de lui faire passer quelques observations que lui a suggérées la lecture d'un ouvrage d'un ordre tellement supérieur et plein de vérités. Mais monsieur le colonel ayant pris part lui-même à la lutte entre le gouvernement anglais et la partie libérale de l'Irlande, a été à meme de savoir bien des circonstances oubliées ou inconnues à ceux qui n'avaient pas les mêmes avantages, ou les mêmes intêrets à connaître la vérité. Moi, fille de Hampden Evans, qui, bien que protestant, a risqué sa vie et une belle position dans la cause de son pays, je n'aime pas à voir son nom oublié et sans l'honneur qu'un tel dévouement mérite.

Je vous prie de croire à ma haute considération.

Votre dévouée,

A. D. PUTLAND.

A madame de Beaumont.

Translation of Mrs. Putland's letter:—

MY DEAR MADAME,

A great admirer of Monsieur de Beaumont, Colonel Byrne, having learnt that he was preparing a new edition of his excellent work on the social, political and religious state of Ireland, has begged me to forward to him some observations which have occurred to him on reading a work of so superior a style and so full of truth. But Colonel Byrne having himself borne a part in the struggle between the English Government and the liberal party

in Ireland, has been able to know well many circumstances forgotten, or unknown to those who had not the same advantages or interest in knowing the truth. I, a daughter of Hampden Evans, who though a Protestant, hazarded his life and a high position in the cause of his country, do not like to see his name forgotten and without the honour that such devotion merits.

I pray you to believe how sincerely,

I am yours,

A. D. PUTLAND.

To Madame de Beaumont.

NOTES ON M. DE BEAUMONT'S WORK "L'IRLANDE SOCIALE, POLITIQUE ET RELIGIEUSE."

The increased importance which Ireland has of late years acquired in the politics of Europe, as well as the intrinsic merit of Monsieur Gustave de Beaumont's most excellent work entitled "l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse," has induced one deeply interested in the subject, to make the following observations on a few mistakes which M. de Beaumont has been led into. These observations are not written from any desire to cavil at what M. de Beaumont has written in so good a spirit, but rather to aid him in diffusing a more general knowledge of the question amongst his countrymen, already so well inclined towards Ireland.

As the insurrection in Ireland in 1798 is connected with all that has occurred in that country since that period, a knowledge of many of the details is necessary, in order to understand the history of Ireland anterior to its union with Great Britain, as well as to understand its condition since that union took place.

M. de Beaumont does no justice to the many distinguished Irish Protestants who sacrificed their lives and fortunes in the cause of the independence of their country. To those not acquainted with the history of the insurrection of 1798, a perusal of his work would convey the idea that none but the poorest and most miserable peasantry of Ireland were engaged in the efforts made at that time to shake off the yoke of England; and also, that they, after calling in the aid of France, had shrunk from the danger, and had not dared to face the English forces when the moment came for the stand to be made. The facts are very different and well known to all those who have studied the history of Ireland during that period.

The colour given by M. de Beaumont to this insurrection, representing it as a mere revolt of ignorant, wretched peasants, is not only erroneous, but if viewed in that manner, one cannot comprehend how Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and Mr. Wolfe Tone came to take a part in it; for M. de Beaumont cannot avoid mentioning these two illustrious patriots in making allusion to the insurrection.

The United Irishmen who rose against the English Government, had at their head a great number of enlightened men, both Catholics and Protestants, and of great wealth, who occupied a distinguished rank in society. Amongst many others I could cite, I shall confine myself to naming some of the most remarkable.

PROTESTANTS.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.	Thomas Addis Emmet.
Arthur O'Connor.	Napper Tandy.
Bagenal Harvey.	The two Sheares.
Cornelius Grogan.	Sam Neilson.
Hampden Evans.	Councillor Sampson.
Tennant of Belfast.	Chambers.
Hamilton Rowan.	Mat Dowling.
J. Russell.	Captain Perry (Anthony).
W. Hamilton.	Wolfe Tone.
W. Corbett.	Robert Grahame.
T. Corbett.	Captain Keogh.
Edward Hudson.	Robert Byers.
Hugh Wilson.	S. Kennedy.
Robert Hunter.	Robert Hunter.
Sir Simon Butler, Bart.	Robert Orr.
John Russell.	Hugh Grimes.
Thomas Wright.	William Keans.
William Levington Webb.	James Burnside.
William Hamilton.	James Greer.
Richard Kirwan.	Rowley Osborne.
Sir Deane Swift, Bart.	Samuel Turner.
William Weir.	William Sims.
Thomas Bacon.	John Robb.
George Cumming.	James Hope.
Joseph Cuthbert.	Reverend W. Steele Dickson.

PROTESTANTS—*continued.*

Doctor Drennan.
W. Putenham MacCabe.
Henry Haslett.
William Sinclair.
T. Sinclair.
Robert MacGee, M.D.
Israel Milliken.
Gilbert MacHirain.
John Colclough.
Reverend Mr. Jackson.
Henry Munroe.
Teeling.
Sir Edward William Crosbie, Bart.
Henry Hughes.
Nicholas Gray.
William Young.
MacCracken.
Robert Simms.
Reverend William Sinclair.
Doctor MacDonnell.
Reverend William Porter.
Reverend Mr. Barber.
Reverend Mr. Mahon.
Reverend Mr. Birch.
Reverend Mr. Ward.
Reverend Mr. Smith.
Reverend Mr. Stevelly.
Reverend Mr. MacNeill.
Reverend Mr. Simpson.
Arthur MacMahon.
D. B. Warden.
Oliver Bond.
John Tennant.
Mr. Lowry.
Doctor Dickson of Portaferry.
Reverend Mr. Porter.
Reverend Mr. Simpson.
Reverend Mr. Sinclair.
Reverend Mr. Willy.
Reverend Mr. Hull.
Reverend Mr. Glandy.

And above thirty more Presbyterian ministers, all equally respectable by their abilities and for the consideration they enjoyed in the country.

CATHOLICS.

Garret Byrne (Ballymanus).
William Byrne do.
William Michael Byrne (Newtownmountkennedy).
Esmond Kyan.
Fitzgerald (County Wexford).
Edward Roche.
Michael Redmond.
P. Redmond.
William Lawless.
Edward Kennedy.
James Farrell.
Edward O'Reilly.
Mat Byrne (of Reveillor).
Doctor Esmond.
J. Devereux (General).
M. Aylmer.
Ledwidge.
O'Sullivan.
Dillon.
John Sweetman.
Ferdinand O'Donnell.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—Brother of the Duke of Leinster, accompanied by Arthur O'Connor, had an interview with General Hoche at Basle in Switzerland in the spring of 1796. Returned to Ireland, he was one of

the principal organisers of the system of the United Irishmen, and having been bred a soldier, was to have the command.

In the spring of 1798, having been denounced before all was ready for the general rising, he was obliged to hide, but was betrayed and discovered by Reynolds[1] (a United Irishman), to the agents of Government. He attempted to defend himself, and shot two of the policemen who had come to seize him, but being wounded in the struggle died a few days after in prison of his wounds. Lord Camden, the Viceroy, refused to let his brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, see him when dying.

Bagenal Harvey.—A gentleman of large landed property from £5,000 to £6,000 a year in the county of Wexford. He commanded the insurgents at the battle of Ross, and was afterwards taken prisoner and executed in the town of Wexford.

Cornelius Grogan.—A gentleman of more than £11,000 a year in the County of Wexford. A most benevolent, excellent man. He was executed at Wexford and his property confiscated.

Arthur O'Connor.—A member of the Irish Parliament in 1795. He made that year the finest speech that ever had been heard in Parliament, in favour of Catholic Emancipation, for which he was disinherited by his uncle, Lord Longueville. He was one of the most active in organising the United Irish. In endeavouring to get to France, in 1798, he was taken prisoner in England, and was tried at Maidstone, along with Allen, Quigley, and others; being there acquitted, he was brought back to Dublin on another charge and sent a prisoner to Fort George in Scotland, where he remained till the peace of Amiens in 1802. He was only liberated

[1] Reynolds of course gave information of the meeting at Bond's house where many of the Executive were arrested, but not Lord Edward.—S. G.

on condition of expatriating himself for ever. On coming to France in 1802, he was named by the First Consul a Lieutenant-General and appointed to command the Irish in the expedition to Ireland in 1803. He married the only daughter of the Marquis Condorcet.

Hampden Evans.—One of the patriotic volunteers of 1780, possessed a large fortune of 8,000 liv. sterl. or 10,000 liv. sterl. per annum. Father of a numerous family, he was one of the most active from the first commencement of the system of the United Irish, and took a leading part in it, offering to sacrifice his life and the greater part of his fortune in the cause of his country. He was sent a prisoner to Fort George and liberated at the same time and on the same terms as Arthur O'Connor. He came to Paris where he brought up his family.

Thomas Addis Emmet.—One of the first lawyers in Dublin and one of the most virtuous and most patriotic of men. He was a member of the Irish Directory with Lord Edward Fitzgerald and was arrested in 1798. He was sent to Fort George. Liberated and expatriated in 1802 like the other prisoners of Fort George. He was chosen by the Irish in Paris in 1803 to be the agent from the provisional Government of Ireland to the First Consul and French Government, which situation he held till 1805, when, finding there was no prospect of an expedition to Ireland, he got his passports and went to America, where the Congress passed a decree, by which, contrary to the usual term of ten years, he received his naturalisation twenty-four hours after landing there. He rose to great eminence as a lawyer in his newly adopted country and died at New York.

Napper Tandy.—A wealthy man in Dublin. He was one of the first and most active of the United Irish. He escaped early to France, where he got the rank of General of Brigade. He embarked three times in the different

expeditions for Ireland. The last time, the vessel in which he was was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. He went to Hamburg, where he was given up by the Senate to the English. He was kept a prisoner at Dublin until 1802; it was in consequence of the Senate of Hamburgh thus violating the laws of neutrality and giving up to the English Government Napper Tandy, Colonel Blackwell, William Corbet, and Harvey Morris. that Napoleon in 1800 levied so high a fine on the town of Hamburgh, after taking Hanover. He threatened to put several of his English prisoners to death if the English Government dared to execute these Irish gentlemen.

The Two Sheares.—Two brothers. One of them a lawyer in high repute at Dublin. Curran made a great speech in their defence at their trial. They were both executed at Dubln in 1798.

Hamilton Rowan.—A man of very large property. A volunteer of 1780, and one of the first and most active in organising the United Irishmen. He made his escape in a remarkable way to the continent. He lived to return to his country and see Catholic Emancipation carried, sitting under the gallery of the House of Commons in London the night the Bill was passed in the spring of 1829.

William Hamilton.—A Councillor, now in America.

Thomas Russell.—A prisoner at Fort George, an exile, and returning to Ireland in 1803, and being engaged in Robert Emmet's affairs, he was tried at Dublin, then taken to the North and put to death. He had been originally an officer in the army.

William Corbet.—Now a general in the French service. He was one of those given up a prisoner to the English by the Senate of Hamburg, in violation of the laws of neutrality in 1798. He escaped in a wonderful manner from the jail at Kilmainham, near Dublin.

Captain Perry.—A gentleman of fortune in the County of Wexford. A very fine character, brave and

patriotic. He was taken a prisoner before the insurrection of 1798 broke out. His hair was cut off, and a hot pitch cap put on his head by the soldiers of the North Cork militia. He was released out of the prison of Gorey, when the town was taken by the insurgents, and made their general. He retained the command through the different actions. When all was over, he was taken prisoner with a priest of the name of Kearns, and both were executed without any trial.

FURTHER LIST OF CATHOLIC LEADERS

Sutton.
Sweeny.
J. Hay (of Wexford).
John Cormick.
Hugh Ware.
John Allen.
Quigley.
Murt Murney.
Joseph MacDonald.
John Gibbons.
Austen O'Mally.
Pat MacCann.
Val Derry.
Peter Finnerty.
John MacCann.
Thomas Doorley.
Doctor McaNevin.
W. Barker
George Looney
T. Markey.
Tony MacCann.
T. Burgess.
Francis Breen.
Furlong.
John Kelly.
Nicholas Murphy.
Thomas Cloney.
Thomas Braughall.
Edward Lewens.
Garrett Grahame.
Philip O'Neill.
E. Tennet.
Richard MacCormick.
John Keogh.
Edward Byrne (of Mullynahach).
P. Murray.
Thomas Murray.
Reverend Quigley (executed at Maidstone).
Reverend Kearns (executed at Kildare).
Reverend John Murphy (executed at Tullow).
W. Murphy.
J. Doyle.
D. Kervin.
Robert Carthy.
P. Byrne.
Reverend Philip Roche (executed at Wexford).
Reverend Michael Murphy (killed at the Battle of Arklow).
Reverend John Redmond (executed at Gorey).
Charles Teeling.
Bartholomew Teeling.
Bernard Mahon.
Reverend F. Kavanagh.
Reverend MacStafford.
Reverend H. O'Keon.
Reverend M. Prendergast.
Reverend Mr. Harrold.
Reverend Dennis Taaffe.

NOTES.

All these Protestant and Catholic gentlemen, and a great many more, equally respectable, were either killed in fighting against the English troops, or executed by the English Government after the insurrection was suppressed, or put into prison or obliged to expatriate themselves. Many are yet living in France and America, in which countries they have distinguished themselves in various professions, and have received the honours and rewards due to their merit. It is not just in an author to seek to throw a veil over the history of efforts made by virtuous and patriotic men in the cause of the independence of their country; and it is not easy to comprehend how M. de Beaumont could do it, he who is evidently the advocate of liberty, and apparently disposed to do justice to the oppressed Irish. One can only attribute it to his aversion to a part of the Irish aristocracy, on account of their conduct towards their unfortunate country, and particularly those of them who live out of Ireland, and who have no sort of sympathy with the Irish people, although possessing property in Ireland. Amongst those who took a part in the insurrection of 1798 there were a great number of Catholic gentlemen, holding land as farmers, but descended from those who had been deprived of their property in land, at the time of the Reformation, and under Cromwell, and above all under William III, merely because they were Catholics. They were allowed to take leases of land for 21 and 31 years, but never to buy it before the year 1782.

There were also amongst those who joined the insurrection of 1798 many rich merchants, lawyers, advocates,

doctors of medicine, both Catholic and Protestant, and some Protestant dissenting ministers. In short, a great many men who were held in high esteem and consideration either on account of their wealth, or their families, character, talents, or their enlightened opinions.

M. de Beaumont might have found all these particulars in the *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*; and if he had read the *History of the Rebellion in the County of Wexford*, by Mr. Hay, he would have seen what class of men acted then against the British Government. The work published by Dr. MacNeven at New York in the year 1807, and written conjointly by him and Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet (and which he does not appear tc have consulted), would have shown him the wise and patriotic views of these able men, and he would have conceived a higher opinion of the chiefs or leaders of the national movement in 1798. M. de Beaumont would not have passed over so slightingly the events of that epoch; they merited certainly a higher place in the history of the political state of Ireland. In fine, it was the men of 1798 who prepared Catholic Emancipation and parliamentary reform, and all which has been obtained by the Catholic Association, or that future associations will obtain; and though these men have been despoiled of all they possessed in the land of their birth, and have been separated from all they cherished most in it, still they have the consolation of knowing, that the efforts that they made to free their country from oppression have not been made in vain.

M. de Beaumont says[1]: "That at all times Ireland has been the object, or weak point of England, to be attacked by her enemies. That when republican France struggled against the European coalition, of which

[1] See p. 327 of the second volume of M. Gustave de Beaumont's work, *l'Irlande sociale, politique et religieuse*.—F. B.

England was the soul, she could imagine no better way of resisting it, than by transporting an army into Ireland; and that with this view, she made in less than two years, three succesive expeditions. Certainly these divers attempts at invasion have not been successful, and Ireland has always responded so badly to the attempts of the foreigner, that she has no right to be reckoned as an auxiliary on whom the enemies of England can count with certainty."

Here are the facts. Neither the French Directory nor the Consular Government kept the promises made to the Irish patriots, who only asked for ten thousand men, and forty thousand stand of arms. Disappointed by General Hoche and his army not landing in December, 1796, as they expected, and reduced to despair by the persecution of the English Government, whom their appeal to France had irritated more and more against them, they began an insurrection, which was but partial. The general insurrection which was projected in 1798 after the definitive system of the "United Irish" had been organized, failed because Lord Edward Fitzgerald and several other chiefs were betrayed or arrested. The insurrection only broke out in three or four counties, such as Wexford, Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. The County of Wexford alone sustained for a long time the shock of the whole British force, and won the victory on many striking occasions. If General Humbert had landed with his thousand Frenchmen, in the month of June, 1798, when the patriots of the County of Wexford were still under arms, instead of landing in the month of August, when they were dispersed and discouraged, all Ireland would have risen; that which she wanted was a rallying point; her independence would have been immediately proclaimed, and every shadow of an English Government or Orange faction have been annihilated or forced to surrender.

Although General Humbert had landed too late, and when the spirit of the United Irish was quite broken, still as he advanced into the country, he found the people everywhere ready to join him; but they were without arms, and he had not brought those which had been promised them. Humbert surrendered to Lord Cornwallis, who was at the head of 30,000 men; and the unfortunate Irish who had followed Humbert, were left on the field abandoned to the mercy of the English. Many of the Irish patriots were immediately shot, and many were transported or hung.

England was obliged during the war with France, to keep constantly more than 40,000 men in Ireland, or on the coast of Great Britain watching the movements of that country; and as she could have employed these troops more advantageously on the continent, Ireland aided France more efficaciously, though indirectly, in her war with England.

Had M. de Beaumont read General Foy's observations on the insurrection of Ireland, perhaps he would have formed a different opinion. In the second book of the first volume of General Foy's works, published by his widow, are the following observations.

England had also a Vendée ready to break out: that was Ireland, oppressed as it was under the double weight of political and religious oppression. The annals of that country, from the day it was invaded by its neighbour at the end of the twelfth century, are a long recital of expropriations and massacres. Towards the close of the year 1796 a fleet and an army under the command of General Hoche, were sent by the Executive Directory of France, to free the unfortunate Irish. The ships were scattered by a storm, a few showed themselves on the west of Ireland, but none ever attempted a landing.

The year following the treaty of Campo Formio re-established peace on the Continent. The French troops were collected in great bodies on the coasts of the ocean and the Mediterranean; and the different French armies took the names of the countries they were destined to invade.

Almost the whole force of France, divided into several corps, and

commanded by the most illustrious general of the Republic, Buonaparte, made a part of the army of England.

Mr. Pitt who then directed the councils of our enemies, availed himself of these circumstances to rouse the military spirit of the people of England. The alarms which our threats had awakened were all at once dissipated when it was known at London to what point the armament from Toulon was directed. If Buonaparte and his brave soldiers had landed in Ireland, instead of being transported into Egypt, other fortunes would have awaited the world. But romance was preferred to history. Ireland expected us—Ireland which clings to us, and which resembles the French character by the ardent and impressionable genius of her people and by hatred for the common enemy.

Althongh neglected by their allies, the Irish took up arms in the month of May, 1798. The insurrection had been foreseen. The island was covered with English troops of the line and militia devoted to the Government: they fought with cruelty in an unjust war. The commanders did nothing but sack and decimate.

No succour came from abroad to the united Irish. Of various incomplete expeditions sent out from the ports of France, one only reached its destination, and then it came too late. It was composed of a thousand men a sort of forlorn hope, commanded by Humbert, an ignorant but intrepid soldier, who had the rank of General of Brigade.

M. de Beaumont speaks of the vicious and depraved character of the Irish, as a fact never to be doubted,[1] and on what grounds does he support such an accusation? Does he cite a single fact to support it? No. For the most simple comparison between the criminal statistics of Ireland and those of France and of England would have convinced him that there are infinitely more crimes committed in France and in England than in Ireland.

M. de Beaumont says, the Irish are lazy, idle, etc. But this is rather a vague accusation, and quite without foundation. The Irish labour very diligently in England and Scotland, in the United States and elsewhere, and we have never heard it said that they refused to work

[1] See the sixth chapter of the first volume.

in Ireland, when the Government or individuals gave them employment.

To show that the Irish are not more disposed to crime, cruelty and violence than the French or the English, one has only to consult the statistics of crime to be found in the annals of the courts of justice in the three countries. But the regard shown by the insurgents to women of all ranks during the insurrection of 1798, and their respect for the Protestant churches, are convincing proofs in favour of the national character. They gave themselves up to no reprisals, although their churches and chapels were demolished by the English troops.

In page 350 of the first volume of M. de Beaumont's work, there is the following passage, speaking of the Irishman: "He has notoriously a sort of invincible aversion to truth. Between truth and falsehood, though he may be quite disinterested, one may reckon on his preferring the lie." It is not necessary to contradict such an assertion. It suffices to appeal to the human heart to refute it.

Purity of morals between the sexes is a virtue that the Irish possess in a high degree, which is acknowledged by M. de Beaumont, and even by the bitterest enemies of the Irish nation. As the virtues go hand in hand, it is impossible for a people who are distinguished by the exercise of one, not to possess others; and when one thinks of the sentiments of honour and tenderness which animate those who practise this virtue, they ought not to be regarded or spoken of as a people without virtue or principle.

CHAPTER X.

As I have already mentioned the names of some of the Irish exiles I met in Paris in 1803, I must also speak of the brave Irish patriots with whom I became acquainted after the peace of 1815.

I met at Tours, in 1816, Mr. John Luby,[1] of Summer Hill, Dublin; he was residing there with his wife and children, and his house soon became an agreeable rendezvous for Ware, Allen, Hayne and myself. Indeed it could not be otherwise, as all our opinions and sympathies harmonized with each others; besides, Mr. Luby's brother George, who had had to escape to America, had been the companion of William Aylmer and Hugh Ware in the insurrection of 1798; and Mrs. Luby's brother, was John Cormick, at whose house in Thomas Street, Dublin, Lord Edward Fitzgerald frequently met his numerous friends. Mr. Cormick escaped to the United States, where he settled, and never was allowed to return, though he was led to expect that a permission would be given him, in 1822, to go to Ireland for a few days on family affairs; I met him at Paris in company at that period with General Lawless and Edward Lewens; both these gentlemen seemed satisfied with the account Mr. Cormick gave them about the way he effected his escape to America, etc.

In 1818 Mr. John Luby left Tours and came with his family to reside at Paris, and as I had permission from

[1] Byrne spells his name Lubé, and I presume this form was adopted by Mr. Luby after he settled in France.—S. G.

the Minister of War to stop there until I was employed, I again found Mr. Luby and his amiable wife endeavouring to make their house agreeable to the Irish who frequented at that period the French capital. I saw at their evening parties many persons of great celebrity afterwards; such as young Balzac, Counsellor Lalor Shiel, Counsellor Denis Luby, the companion of the great John Philpot Curran; he was Mr. Luby's eldest son. With him I spent many agreeable days, he was so entertaining, and full of anecdotes on Irish affairs.

I recollect meeting Mr. Luby one morning in the spring of 1818 in the Luxembourg garden; he told me he was going to Dublin for a short time on business, and that he wished to wait on the Reverend Dr. Murray, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, who was then stopping at the Irish College at Paris, to take charge of his commissions for Ireland. I accompanied Mr. Luby to the college, as I had some small parcels to give to his Lordship, which were committed to my care by his friends in Ireland. We met at the college in company with Dr. Murray, the Catholic Primate of all Ireland, the Reverend Dr. Curtis, whom I knew in Spain in 1810 at Salamanca, where he was superior of the Irish College ere he became the stipendary of the English General Wellington, and, as they say in Ireland, disgraced his cloth. We did not renew our acquaintance. I found him, from being a tall, splendid-looking man, as he was when I saw him, now completely broken down and stooping.

I always remember the morning of the 13th of February, 1820. Mr. Luby was very busy seeing to the coach office two Irish ladies who were returning to Dublin, when he heard of the assassination of the Duke of Berry; he feared the coach might be delayed in consequence. Mr. Luby resided at the hôtel of the Duke de Clarence in the Rue Grenelle-Saint-Germain, just

near my lodgings in the Rue des Saints-Pères, so that we met frequently, which to me, at that dull period for French half-pay officers, was indeed a great pleasure.

A good Irish patriot, Mr. Parks, had, like John Cormick, to go and seek a home in some of the cheap back settlements of the United States of America, where he had to live with his wife and two children, a son and a daughter, on very limited means, for several years, till a near relation bequeated to him a large fortune. He then came with his family to live in Paris, and through our mutual friend Mr. Warden, the American Consul, we became acquainted, which was to me another source of pleasure, as Mr. Parks was one of the frankest and best of men. He used to delight in giving a description of the frugal way he had to live in America, and his own occupations there, cutting wood, making the fire, getting the kettle boiled for tea, before his wife got up in the morning.

Mr. Parks occupied an hôtel in the Rue Vaugirard which belonged to M. Boulay (de la Meurthe) one of the last faithful ministers of Napoleon; and as his family kept an apartment for themselves, where they generally resided in winter, they were very much at the balls and evening parties given by Mr. Parks and his amiable family, where I saw a great deal of the best French society. I there became acquainted with Colonel Simon Laurier, who was one of the many victims of the re-action and persecution carried on against the half-pay officers after the second abdication of Napoleon; he was cashiered and deprived of course of his half-pay; he, however, did not despond; he betook himself to a species of commerce, which, with everything else, tended to bring to light the injustice of the Bourbon government. He allowed wine merchants to put his name over their shops, and retail and sell wine for the benefit of

Colonel Simon Laurier. He was assisted in this undertaking by the high-minded, independent patriots of the day, particularly so by the worthy Laffitte. I met, in 1834, being in garrison with the 56th regiment at Nantes, Colonel Simon Laurier, who was then commanding the department. Of course we had many a pleasant chat about our friends at Paris, and the great changes that had taken place there in the interval. He was witty, and amiable in his manners. He got promoted soon after to the rank of general of brigade.

An Irish family of which I had heard much, as possessing all the sentiments of true patriots, arrived in Paris in 1820—Mr. John Prat Winter, of the County of Meath, at whose house Sir Francis Burdett stopped, during the memorable trial of Roger O'Connor at Trim. Mr. Winter came to Paris with his large family, consisting of his wife, five sons and four daughters. They first took up their abode at a boarding house, No. 30 Rue Cassette, until he had his house, No. 17, Boulevard des Invalides furnished, where he resided for several years, and where he received some of the best French and foreign society.

Mr. Winter's sons were well educated, distinguished young men, and real Irishmen. Arthur, the second son, like all the family, longed to see Ireland well governed, and independent, but seeing no chance at that period of her shaking off the English yoke, he wished to go and fight with the Greeks, and aid them to obtain their independence. His father had subscribed largely to their sacred cause, as he was the friend of Lord Byron. He readily consented to allow his brave young son to proceed to Greece and join Lord Byron at his head quarters at Missolonghi, where he was appointed one of the principal staff officers. After the lamented death of Lord Byron, young Winter joined the Greek army in the

mountains and shared with them all their miseries, dangers and glories, for nearly two years, till from fatigue, a bad wound, and sickness, he finished his honourable career in a village called Gastonni on the road from Pyrgos to Patras; and as I had the command of the former town and district for a short time in 1828, I learned all the sad tidings about my dear friend young Winter, which brought to my mind the affliction of his family in Paris, when they heard of his death. His poor father used to take such pleasure in reading to me his son's letters from Greece, and his sanguine hopes of success in the noble cause he was fighting for; and though the melancholy death of Lord Byron threw a damp over him, still he did not despair. Such was his Irish fortitude to bear up against adversity; and few indeed of the vast number of "Philhellenes" who fought for Grecian freedom, had made greater sacrifices to obtain it than he had done, abandoning his family and home, where he could enjoy every comfort, except that of seeing his own country as she ought to be, "great, glorious, and free."

Every member of Mr. Winter's family that I had the pleasure of meeting at his house, was, like himself, truly Irish; his brother, though a clergyman of the Church of England, wished a perfect tolerance and equality between every religions persuasion, and consequently an end put to the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, which he would say was the worst of despotisms. His sister, Miss Winter, was highly educated, liberal and strong-minded. She had an independent fortune of her own, and made a good use of it. She, with her nephew, John Winter, spent a long time at Rome; he was studying the fine arts, and succeeded in painting.

Mr. Winter being appointed guardian to two orphan boys, sons of his cousin, of eight and nine years of age, had them brought over to Paris to make part of his

family, and he had them sent to a French day-school. One evening that the eldest of these boys was sitting beside me, on a sofa, I asked him how he got on at the school with the French lads. "Oh!" he replied, "very well, for if they were to look angry at me, Bill would soon knock them down." I then asked him what profession his brother Bill was intended for. "Oh!" he said, "I am to have a fortune, and I shall be rich enough to make Bill a Captain Rock."

The children being sent to bed, Mr. Winter wished to know the conversation I had had with young Bumford. When I repeated it, he exclaimed: "That's John's teaching," meaning his butler, who had been one of the insurgents of 1798. When I added "John Prat's?" there was a general laugh. "Oh! no, Mr. Byrne," said Mr. Winter, "I don't want to make Captain Rocks of the boys, but I trust I shall be able to have them well educated in their own country, without sending either of them to Oxford or Cambridge; and once of age, they will judge for themselves the part they will have to act as Irish citizens and patriots." *Captain Rock* had just been published (1824). Young Bumford not only saw all the family enchanted with it, but he had to be reader for the servants who could not read, so it was not wonderful at his age, that he hoped for the renown of the Rocks for his brother, who though younger, was much stronger and stouter made than he was.

Some months before Mr. Winter left Paris, he sold his furniture and gave up his house on the Boulevard des Invalides, and hired a handsome furnished apartment in a more central part of the town, the Rue Godot de Mauroi, a street near what was to be the Temple of Glory, now the church of the Madeleine. Mr. Winter continued as usual to receive a great deal of choice company at his new residence, and he made with his amiable family, many agreeable excursions to the

country in the neighbourhood of Paris. To one of these I was invited, not as a partner, but as a guest. We were fourteen in number, two coaches, twelve inside, and two outside. We spent the first day at Mortfontaine, the beautiful mansion of King Joseph Buonaparte. We saw the fleet of ships on the lakes, the groves, the gardens, etc. This residence belonged, or was then occupied by Mr. Schickler, a Prussian gentleman, who kept it in the greatest order, quite superior to what it was in the king's time. Mr. Schickler being immensely rich, he spared no expense on his establishment. I never saw anything to equal his stables, the mangers of which were white Italian marble. And the same luxury was lavished on every other part of the concerns. When we arrived, Mr. Schickler was busy getting his fleet ready to sail, but he postponed his voyage until our visit was over, and showed us the greatest attention and politeness whilst it lasted.

Our second day's excursion was to Ermenonville, once the residence of the celebrated Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and where the proprietor of the vast domain and château, Mr. Girardin, spared no expense to perpetuate the remembrance of the philosopher; throughout what is called the desert, are slabs of stone bestrewed, half covered with moss, on which are inscribed lines from Rousseau's various works; and although Mr. Winter was not a great admirer of his, still he spent the first day visiting them, as he wished to explain to us many incidents and curious anecdotes to which these inscriptions referred. We thus passed the morning in the desert, and the evening gaily at the hotel "Jean Jacques," where we had right good fare.

Next morning we went to visit the small island in the lake, where Rousseau had chosen his final abode. The monument was simple, with appropriate inscriptions, and carefully preserved though his remains were trans-

ferred to the Pantheon at Paris, to be placed in that temple beside Voltaire, Mirabeau, etc. "Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante." We then took a drive through the beautiful forest of Ermenonville; it being the after season, and the trees beginning to lose their verdure, we saw many artists taking sketches and studying the autumnal tints.

Mr. Winter returned with his family to Ireland in 1827, leaving amongst his wide circle of friends and acquaintances at Paris, a great blank, for he was indeed much esteemed, and much regretted by them all. He was fond of an intercourse with young people of literary pursuits, and I recollect meeting Mr. Salvandy frequently at his house.

Mr. Winter published a work on the best way of educating and governing the Irish people. His style was pure and refined. He did not agree with some Catholics who were anxious to have Mass celebrated in the language that the people could understand. He thought it better to make no change. Would to God all the Protestant gentlemen in Ireland were patriots as John Prat Winter was!

Mr. William Murphy, of Mount Merrion, better known as Billy Murphy of Smithfield, Dublin, was one of those brave Irish patriots who was appointed by the United Irish organization to have co-operated in the County of Kildare with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, William Aylmer, Hugh Ware, etc., in the rising of 1798. Poor Lord Edward having met with his cruel and untimely end, Mr. William Murphy effected his escape to Lisbon, where he took refuge till the bloodthirsty executions, tortures, imprisonments, etc., had in some degree abated; then he ventured to return to his native land, and resume his station in Dublin as a salesmaster and a merchant. By his talents and industry he soon realized

a great fortune, carrying on all with the utmost assiduity and honour in his commercial transactions. He became the close friend of the immortal Henry Grattan, and of the truly sincere patriot Lord Cloncurry, and took an active and an influential part in the politics of that period with those statesmen.

Although I had often spent agreeable evenings at Mount Merrion with Mr. Murphy and his amiable family, it was only at Paris, in 1824, that I could properly appreciate his worth and talents, and the immense services he might have rendered to Ireland as one of her senators, had she been independent and able to make her own laws. It being Mr. Murphy's first visit to Paris, he had much to see, and as I was unemployed at the time, we were together almost every day seeing sights. He took handsome lodgings in the Rue Saint Honoré, near the Church of the Assumption. He brought his daughters, Margaret and Fanny, from the Sacré-Cœur, where they had been for their education, to join their mother, and their eldest sister Katherine, and their brother John, so they were a party of six: four ladies and two gentlemen. One Saturday I brought them tickets to go next day, Sunday, to the King's Chapel, to hear High Mass, and where all the royal family were to be present. Gentlemen not being admitted into the chapel in pantaloons, and Mr. Murphy not having brought his ball dress from Ireland, he had to get silk small clothes made up in haste for the ceremony at the chapel; they were so badly made that all the young folks, as well as he himself, laughed at his appearance. However they were all well placed in the chapel, and were pleased with the sight. As the palace of the Tuileries could only be visited when the King drove out, Mr. Murphy and his family availed themselves one day of his Majesty's absence to see everything. It was the last time Louis XVIII left the Tuileries alive; he died on the 16th of September, 1824.

One day Mr. Murphy told me, that if a tract of marshy, waste land, or a lake (such as Mrs. Doyle Lawless had purchased near Carcassonne in the south), was for sale, in any part of France, he would buy it, provided it was susceptible of improvement, and that he had commissioned his friend Mr. Donovan to be on the look out, as he resided a good deal in France. On my asking if there were not waste lands in Ireland. "Oh!" he replied, "thousands of acres susceptible of becoming the finest land; but what security have we, unemancipated Catholic serfs, to make such purchases in Ireland? We have no Buonaparte there to encourage and protect us, as Mrs. Lawless had at Carcassonne." He added, that Lord Cloncurry and he had often spoken of the great blessing it would be to the poor Irish to have the waste lands cultivated. But their plans and schemes on the matter could be of no avail, till a law was enacted on the subject; and he feared that the English and Scotch members in the House of Commons would never pass such a one. And it was that fear which made it grievous to think that a nation of so many millions of inhabitants were deprived of the right of making their own laws.

In every conversation I had with Mr. Murphy on the state of Ireland, I learned something new from him of her wants, and the possible remedies for these great evils; and indeed I was much struck with his simple, bold language, sound opinions, and noble sentiments in speaking over all these matters. It made me think what a useful member he would have been in an Irish Parliament. The splendid fortune which he realized for his family, is a proof that he would have been adequate to fill the situation of financial minister, or Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer.

Mr. Murphy regretted that there was no good history of Ireland, and said that the antiquaries could not agree

as to the origin of the pillar towers. He wished to buy MacGeoghegan's history, published in French in 1758, but strange to say, we could not get it, although before the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, it was to be had at many of the old book shops. My friend Abbé Lynch, who was arranging the library of the Irish College, gave me a copy, which I got bound in two volumes, and sent it by my young friend James Power to Mr. Murphy in 1826. It was the second edition of MacGeoghegan's *History of Ireland.*

One Sunday we went to see M. Denon's Museum of Natural History and Egyptian Antiquities on the Quai Voltaire. Though none were admitted without a permission signed by the Oriental antiquarian himself, still all the rooms were crowded. Mr. Murphy being interested in the Egyptian collection, wished me to ask M. Denon for explanations. I told him as Miss Fanny spoke such good French she would be sure to get all the information he desired: she was then about twelve years of age, and very handsome. The moment she spoke to M. Denon, he was so struck with her beauty and manner, that he made her take his arm, and conducted us through every part of the museum, explaining everything to Mr. Murphy, in the most amiable way possible; so that all the attention and honours were paid to our party, thanks to Miss Fanny's knowledge of French.

Mr. Murphy returned to Ireland and left Miss Fanny at a boarding-school in England. Mrs. Murphy, John, and the two young ladies, Katherine and Margaret, went to spend the winter at Tours, but they saw the great funeral procession of Louis XVIII going to Saint-Denis, before leaving Paris; and the next year, 1825, in the month of June, they witnessed the grand entrance of Charles X coming from Rheims, after being anointed and crowned there, going to Notre Dame, where the *Te Deum* and a great ceremony took place.

They returned in the autumn of 1825 to Ireland for Miss Murphy's marriage to Mr. Johnstone. When John was married he came to reside in Paris (Rue Monsieur), for some time. I recollect spending the evening in his company the day before I set out for Greece in 1828, at a dinner party given by our worthy friend, Colonel de Montmorency Morris. We saw a great deal of William and James Murphy every time they were in Paris. I must say better or more unassuming young men I never knew.

I have often mentioned how my military career was stopped by being placed on half pay in 1816, and remaining in that situation until 1828 before I got employed, the law being that no officer could obtain promotion but those present with their regiments. As I was allowed to reside at Paris during that long period, I had thus an opportunity, not only of spending my time advantageously, following the public lectures at the French colleges, but of knowing what was going on in unfortunate Ireland, and of becoming acquainted with many of her best citizens, who were continually visiting the capital of France, after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. This in some degree compensated for the loss I sustained in not getting the advancement I was entitled to in the French army. According to regulation, then, one-half of the captains were promoted to the senior rank by seniority, and as I was at the top of the list, I should soon have been named lieutenant-colonel.

I was very glad to meet Dr. Drumgold; he was on his way back from Rome, where he had been sent in 1819, by a Catholic Committee that occasionally met in Dublin, to regulate matters with the Holy See. His mission was much spoken of at that time, on account of the

altercation his co-partner, the Wexford Friar, Father Hayes, had with the Pope's Prime Minister, Cardinal Gonsalvi. The latter had the Reverend Mr. Hayes arrested and put into prison, for having used some intemperate language, as he said; however, as Father Hayes, though educated at Rome, was not a Roman subject, he soon got out of prison.

Dr. Drumgold gained great notoriety without, he assured me, ever having merited it. The Irish Orangemen used to drink his health after "the glorious, pious and immortal memory," as the man who let the cat out of the bag, meaning the treatment reserved for them the moment the Protestant ascendancy was put down.

Dr. Drumgold was not only a well-bred and well-educated man, but exceedingly tolerant and humane. He was no doubt a staunch, good Roman Catholic, ready any day to die for his religion and country. He lodged at a boarding-house, Rue Cassette, No. 36; as I lived close by, we were much together, and followed the public lectures at different colleges, but more particularly those at the Collège du Plessis, on account of the eminent professors employed there, Thénard, Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Lacretelle, etc. The last, one day in his lecture, was praising Queen Elizabeth beyond measure, as the greatest of potentates, without making the slightest allusion to her cruelties and turpitudes towards her Irish subjects. Dr. Drumgold thought fit to write to him in consequence of this omission, and gave him long extracts from every history that had been published on the way Ireland had been governed during that long and infernal reign of the virgin Queen Elizabeth, etc. Nothing could be more candid and admirable than Monsieur Lacretelle at his next lecture. After reading, as was his custom, the notes which he had received in the interval, he dwelt particularly on the one concerning Ireland, and added that he had not terminated Queen

Elizabeth's reign. It will suffice to state, that ere he finished she was painted out worse, if possible, than Cromwell, for her monstrous, cold-blooded murders in Ireland. Dr. Drumgold came then away satisfied, and saying, what all who attended Monsieur Lacretelle's lectures thought, that he was one of the best and most impartial of lecturers, both on ancient and modern history.

Mr. Lewens being desirous that his friend Dr. Drumgold should hear to advantage the eloquent divine, the Bishop of Hermopolis, the Abbé de Frayssinous, at one of his Conferences, then so much followed at the Church of Saint Sulpice, had places one Sunday kept for us near the pulpit. On leaving the church, Lewens said: "Well, Doctor, I hope you are pleased with all you have heard." "Quite the contrary," was the reply, "I did not expect to find a pulpit profaned with the name of Louis XIV. It is too bad to be mixing up such men with religion. I feared Mademoiselle de la Vallière and all his other mistresses would have been mentioned also." Lewens could not get him to change his severe remarks, or to think more favourably of the conference. Such was Drumgold's honesty and frankness, and profound knowledge of history. He said he had formed his judgment and would stick by it.

I called one morning on Dr. Drumgold, and found him greatly distressed, indeed shedding tears. He was reading a letter from his sister. He said: "She is not dead to be sure, but she is so to me, for she is going into a convent. I am the cause of all," he exclaimed, "by staying away so long from home, where we lived so happily together." Not being married, the separation was more distressing to him. This was the worthy Drumgold, whom the Irish Orangemen painted out as a cruel fanatic, capable of having them all murdered.

Dr. Drumgold had been to visit General Lawless,

Colonel Ware, and Allen at Tours, and he spoke with delight of the agreeable time he spent with those brave "exiles from Erin." At General Lawless's country house, Rochefouret, near Tours, there was a large room with three beds; Lawless used to quit his own to spend the night in that room and have a real chat with such guests as Drumgold, Allen, etc. Dr. Drumgold thought Allen was a man of such firmness of character that he would have been fit to fill the highest situation in Ireland.

Dr. Drumgold returned to Ireland by Brussels in the winter of 1820 and 1821. I gave him a letter of introduction to my friend the Reverend Mr. Cowan, who belonged to the cathedral church of that city. This worthy priest introduced him to some of the first families of the place, from all of whom he received the greatest attention and kindness, during the three weeks he remained there.

Before he left Brussels, he wrote me a long letter on the political state of the country, and often have I since remarked the justness of his views, and observations. Castlereagh and Wellington, he said, think they have secured the peace of the world, by making Holland a great kingdom for the Prince of Orange. They little thought, he added, that the Belgians detest the Dutch yoke, if possible, more than the Irish do the English one, and will avail themselves of any occasion to shake it off, even to become French, if no other alternative is left them. Such were Dr. Drumgold's opinions at that dark, desponding period, when the despots of the Holy Alliance were in all their might, using every stratagem in their power to oblige the people everywhere to relinquish all hopes of having any participation in the government of their country.

Poor Father Hayes did not long enjoy the notoriety

he acquired at Rome with Dr. Drumgold. He returned to Wexford to see his family, and endeavour to recover his health, which was much impaired. He came to Paris for medical advice; two of his sisters accompanied him, and a few days after their arrival he expired at his lodgings in the Rue de Beaune, sitting in his chair, conversing to the last moment with his friends, and not suffering the least pain. The good, worthy Dr. Halliday, who attended him, had the funeral arrangements and church service all properly done. He was interred in the burying ground of Père Lachaise, with the usual ceremonies. From the little I saw of Mr. Hayes, he appeared to me a very amiable man, with very pleasing manners; and though in the last stage of a decline, his conversation was very animated and very bold, when speaking of the poor Irish. He was considered highly educated and well-informed on everything respecting the government, or rather the misgovernment of Ireland under her foreign rulers. What a pity it is that such men are called away prematurely. He was only thirty-three years of age when he died.

Mr. Harvey, proprietor of the Dublin newspaper, the *Freeman's Journal*, one of the best organs and advocates of the Catholic rights and interests published in Ireland, came to Paris on the death of his uncle, Colonel O'Kelly, which took place in that city in 1818. Mr. Harvey, and his only child, Miss Harvey, inherited large fortunes, bequeathed to them by this relative. Mr. Harvey came to Paris upon business, and for the education of his daughter. I was much with him, and I must say that I learnt much from him on Irish politics, he being the editor of a newspaper so widely circulated and so much read; having correspondents in every part of the country he knew well the political feeling of the true lovers of Irish freedom, and he often told me curious

anecdotes of their schemes and plans to force an intolerant and bigoted English Parliament to grant a Catholic Relief Bill. One of these lovers of freedom prepared with Mr. Harvey, in his private study, an article for the *Freeman's Journal*. A few days after, at a great meeting, he heard this article spoken of in a very unbecoming manner, as he thought, by the person at whose instigation it was written. He thought he owed it to himself, as well as to the interest of the newspaper which he directed not to let such unfair criticisms pass unnoticed, and in consequence he asked a friend, Alderman MacKenny, to require an explanation. This gentleman said: "My dear Harvey, you are a young editor, and if you wish to forward the views of those men, who think everything they say necessary for obtaining the smallest concession from the British Government, you must expect sometimes to hear unpleasant language." Mr. Harvey's rejoinder was that he was sorry liberty could not be gained without such sacrifices.

Mr. Harvey passed several years on the continent, particularly in Italy and France; in the latter country he resided a good deal at Paris and Versailles. In both places he saw some of the first society, and gave many splendid entertainments. Miss Harvey, being handsome and highly accomplished, had of course many suitors, and offers of marriage from many of the first nobility of France, dukes, counts, etc. Such titles would no doubt have been tempting to a young lady, not professing the fine patriotic Irish feelings of Miss Harvey; but to her they were of no value in comparison of being the wife of young Henry Grattan, the son of the immortal Grattan of 1782. This decision on her part gladdened the heart of her father beyond measure. He said he had all his wishes realized in seeing his daughter united to the son of the great champion of Irish freedom. Mr. Harvey returned to Dublin in 1827,

but he did not live to enjoy the happiness of seeing his beloved daughter's marriage, which only took place after his demise.

An Irish gentleman, Alderman MacKenny, came to spend some time at Paris with his family; he was a staunch Irish patriot and had acquired the sympathy and esteem of the Catholic population of the city of Dublin, for he was one of the first Protestant Lord Mayors who ventured to check the insolence of the Orangemen, and to prevent them, on the anniversaries of the first and twelfth of July, from degrading and disgracing themselves by intoxication and all kinds of ruffianly conduct towards those citizens who did not wear the Orange colours. He was abused by those fellows for not giving the festival toast of the "glorious, pious and immortal memory," when he presided as Lord Mayor; as it had always been given by his predecessors, his omitting it was a crime never to be forgotten or forgiven by them.

I saw Alderman MacKenny with great pleasure. He was frank and kind in his manners. Through him I learned a great deal about the political state of Ireland. Being on the most friendly terms with O'Connell and Shiel, he frequently spoke to me of their vast talents, their disinterestedness, and the great services that might be expected from their exertions to force the English Parliament to concede a real emancipation, and by which the tithes, minister's money, and other evils would be abolished. These were Mr. MacKenny's opinions in 1825.

Two or three years later, when he returned to Paris, I found him less sanguine on many points, though he allowed it would be gaining a great advantage to have Catholic members sitting in a British House of Parliament. He feared, however, that their numbers never would be sufficient to obtain justice for Ireland. He told

me he completely coincided with Lord Cloncurry and other of his friends, in thinking that nothing short of the Irish having the power of making their own local laws could avail to remove the existing evils; still he hoped a Catholic Relief Bill might be granted, because it would afford an opportunity to Irish orators to expose to the world the grievous state of their unfortunate country.

Alderman MacKenny speaking one day of O'Connell's too violent language in his speeches, said that he had a serious conversation with Shiel on the subject, and that they were obliged to agree, that as John Bull was continually throwing dirt at them, it required a person to fling it back, and that no doubt that task had been well performed. Mr. MacKenny was very impartial, and regretted much that the political state of parties needed such reprisals.

Mr. Richard Dillon was a Dublin gentleman who prided himself on having been the fellow State prisoner, in the noble cause of Ireland's freedom, with such patriots as Hampden Evans, Thomas Addis Emmet, Dr. MacNeven, Arthur O'Connor, etc. Living near Oliver Bond's house in Bridge Street, and hearing on the 12th of March, 1798, that his friend was in distress, he went in to see him, when he was arrested and brought off to prison, with the provincial delegates, William Michael Byrne, etc.; although he had nothing whatever to do with the meeting to be held on that memorable day, when the perfidy of the notorious informer, Reynolds, came first to light, that monster who betrayed and sold his fellow-man and his country to the foreigner for lucre. Reynolds obtained high situations and emoluments from the British Government, and lived on the continent with his family in the greatest luxury, on the blood-money paid him in advance.

Mr. Dillon resided many years at Paris, with his

daughter and their family; when they went to live at Dijon, he preferred remaining at Paris, to enjoy the society he could not find in a provincial town. Although more than seventy years of age, he was very cheerful, indeed quite like a man of thirty. He was very hospitable and generous, and availed himself of every occasion to procure amusement for his friends. On one of these he wished to treat me to a St. Patrick's Day dinner, got up in honour of Ireland's great poet, Thomas Moore. It took place at the *Cadran Bleu* on the boulevards, and was presided over by Wellesley Pole Long, nephew to the Duke of Wellington. I did not accept Mr. Dillon's kind invitation, because I thought a French officer on half-pay, who had fought against the English in Ireland in 1798, and in Spain and Portugal in 1809-10 and 11, would not feel it very agreeable to be listening to the speeches and toasts, laudatory of the heroes of Waterloo, though I should have been delighted to have heard the author of the beautiful verses:—

> There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet!

That country (the Vale of Avoca) was the home of my dear mother's ancestors, the Grahams, and her birthplace, where I, when a youngster spent many happy days, roaming on the banks of the Avoca, and in the cherry orchard of the Wooden Bridge, etc.

The St. Patrick's Day dinner went off pretty well, with choice toasts from the chair, and many gay songs, appropriate to the occasion, sung by Erin's great bard. The company, however, broke up rather early, that is to say, the Chairman, Thomas Moore, and several others retired. But the majority remained at the table to finish the great festival, as it ought to be celebrated on such a day. Another chairman and another croupier were named, and drinking in bumpers was resumed in honour of distinguished Irishmen, when a young man (the son of

Mr. Thomas Warren of Dublin, and Mr. Dillon's great friend), heard a name that did not please him, and turned down his glass and said that he hoped they were not going to add Reynolds the informer to those already informer. On which a cry was heard of "Put the fellow out!" Warren jumped up, and defied the cowardly scoundrel to repeat the cry. A patrole of French soldiers was called in, and Warren was conducted to the Guard-house. He not being in uniform, handed his card to the officer in command. On it was written, "Lieutenant Thomas Warren, Garde du Corps" (King's Body-guards). This officer hastened back to the *Cadran Bleu* with Warren to endeavour to discover the foreign scamp who had had the audacity to offend one of his Majesty's officers, but all had fled, except worthy Mr. Dillon, who waited with his carriage to bring his friend Warren home, and young Barron of Waterford.

Early next morning Warren came to ask me to be his second. He related to me all the particulars about the St. Patrick's Day dinner, but said as yet he could not tell me the name, nor the address of the man with whom he was to fight the duel; he hoped, however, that our friend Mr. Dillon would be able to inform us; so we drove off at once to the Boulevard Montparnasse, to the residence of Mr. Dillon. Though this gentleman agreed with all the account given by Warren of the "row," and of the cry, "Put the fellow out!" he could not say who the person was that had uttered it. Mr. Warren had then no other alternative but to get the following article published in Galignani's newspaper:—

The gentleman who made use of the expression, "Put the fellow out!" at the St. Patrick's Day dinner, is respectfully invited to send his address to Lieutenant Warren, hôtel des Gardes du Corps, Quai d'Orsay, the 18th March, 1820.

The editor of the newspaper refusing to insert the article. Warren left several copies of it in the reading

room at Galignani's; those with other copies he distributed amongst the officers of the garrison, his comrades, sufficed to make all Paris hear shortly of the row at the *Cadran Bleu* on the Boulevards, and how it terminated.

At a family dinner, where Abbé Powell and I were the only guests, Mr. Dillon was speaking of the dangerous position of the State prisoners in 1798. His son-in-law not agreeing with him on everything, he exclaimed, "John Boylen, you were doing your duty as a 'loyal subject,' in the merchant corps of yeomanry, as Daniel O'Connell was doing his, in the Lawyer's corps, escorting poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald from Thomas Street to the prison of Newgate, whilst we, the prisoners at Kilmainham Jail, expected every moment to be butchered by the hired assassins of the Castle." A bow of assent being given to all he said, Mr. Dillon resumed his good humour and filling two small glasses with brandy, said: "Come, Abbé Powell, as we should say in Ireland, let us take a drop of the 'creature' after our fish"—not a morsel of which composed the dinner, and it happened to be a day of abstinence. The Abbé lodging at the Irish College, went away early. Mrs. Boylen wanting to apologise for not having fish, on account of living so far from a market, made her father enjoy his joke the more.

Mr. Dillon one morning showed me a nice green dress coat, which his tailor had just brought him home. We dined the Sunday after at Mr. Frank Thorp's, Rue de la Paix, No. 11. I could see that the dinner party was mostly Irish, as Mr. Dillon shook hands with them all on entering the drawing-room; he then sat down beside a lady to whom he said: "Mrs. Butler, knowing I should have the pleasure of meeting you here at dinner, I put on my best green coat. Oh! the sweet, lovely colour, so cherished in our own dear little Island,

green Erin, beyond the seas," etc. On asking my friend, Dr. Halliday who the lady was, to whom Mr. Dillon was paying such court, he replied: "She is the daughter of the notorious Hunter Gowan, but as he had fourteen daughters, she may be one of those who did not approve of their father's cold-blooded murders, house burnings, etc., and other outrages committed by him in the county of Wexford previous to the insurrection of 1798."

Mr. Dillon was a good patriot, with a great deal of Irish humour. After spending many years away from his native country, he returned there to terminate his long and honourable career, with his daughter and numerous grand-children, at an advanced age.

Mr. Frank Thorp realized a handsome fortune in Ireland, as an exchange broker at Dublin. After the restoration of the Bourbons he came to reside in Paris (Rue de la Paix, No. 11), in 1815. He bought into the French 5 per cent. stock or funds, when they were very low, to the extent of fifty thousand pounds sterling; and when those funds rose above par, he used to say, "Well, my fortune is doubled without any trouble; the least I can do is to have some people occasionally to dine with me from the country where I made it." And indeed he was most hospitable, and gave very splendid entertainments, both at dinner and in the evening. When we happened to meet in our walks he frequently begged me, if I had no other engagement, to come and share their family dinner, which were very sociable and pleasant; the party consisted of Mr. Frank Thorp, his wife, her sister Mrs. Todrich, Dr. Todrich his step-son and brother-in-law, and our good friend Dr. Halliday. The ladies were very kind and amiable in their manners, and I was very happy at these little dinners. Besides, Dr. Halliday was one of my best friends and one of the

truest Irish patriots I almost ever knew. He was an accomplished, gentlemanly young man, a great linguist, speaking and writing French and Italian like a well-educated native of France and Italy. The French physicians allowed that Dr. Halliday had the great advantage of having been received at Edinburgh as well as at Paris, doctor of the faculty of both these universities where he took out his degree, and where he made the most profound studies. He was quite at the head of his profession, when it pleased God to call him away from this world to a better, when in the prime of life, not forty years of age.

His love of Irish freedom equalled that of Robert Emmet, or any of his contemporaries. He used to read to me sometimes extracts from a manuscript he intended one day publishing on Ireland's wants, and the remedies to be sought for from a foreign parliament. The composition was beautiful, breathing the bold aspirations of a people seeking their rights and determined to be free; but his health became so impaired that he could not finish it. His brother who published the Irish grammar, would have rendered service as a linguist, but he died young also.

There was no sacrifice, pecuniary or otherwise, that Dr. Halliday was not ready to make to forward the interests of his native land. In 1833 Sir Jonah Barrington wishing to get printed and published in English at Paris, his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, and not being very flush of cash, Dr. Halliday brought him to stay in his house, No. 11, Rue de la Paix, and paid a person to aid him in having the manuscript copied and prepared for the press. The volume was soon printed and published. Dr. Halliday paid all the expense. He hoped that book might contribute to keep alive amongst the Irish, the love of their country and its independence; and though it did not contain many particulars

which occurred at the sad period of 1800, still it was well to have it, not on account of its being dedicated to Lord Plunket, the "father of the Hannibals," but because it might prove useful at some future time to historians telling the way the Irish got rid of their foreign yoke.

In 1836 Dr. Halliday was about asking permission from the Government at Paris, to establish there a small infirmary, where he could have a few beds, and treat at his own expense there, the poor Irish in Paris, who had no means themselves to pay for medical attendance and what was necessary for them in their sickness, in order to get cured. Before this plan could be accomplished, the poor fellow finished his own honourable and humane career, much lamented by his friends and acquaintances in France as well as in Ireland.

One circumstance I must mention, to show what a kind friend he was. When I received my appointment in August, 1828, to go upon General Maison's staff on the expedition to Greece, I wrote to those of my comrades in the provinces, whose commissions I had been in the habit of executing at Paris, that I was quitting that city for Morée. Dr. Daniel Halliday happened to be at Dieppe at the time; his reply was an affectionate letter, with an order on his banker for a thousand francs, thinking I might be in want of money for my outfit; and I recollect with pleasure how he, in 1835, assisted in getting my dear Fanny and me married, engaging Bishop Luscombe to come to marry us at the Embassy, etc. She only knew him for a short time, still she could well appreciate his great worth.

Dr. Todrich being one of the eminent physicians at Dublin, and a Member of the College of Surgeons there, had to go frequently to the mansions of the gentry in the country in his professional capacity, and from him I heard a great deal about one of my fellow-rebels of

Ninety-eight. Dr. Todrich was at Lord Powerscourt's in the country, the day the famous and brave Michael Dwyer surrendered himself to his Lordship, to be transported to Botany Bay, after his many marvellous escapes in the Wicklow mountains for five years; what was wonderful, and one may add, beautiful, he was not betrayed during that long period, though a great reward was offered for his discovery and detection. To the honour of the poor mountaineers, not one could be found to be bribed by British blood-money.

Baron Larrey, Napoleon's Surgeon-General, being intimate with Dr. Todrich, was often a guest at Mr. Frank Thorp's table. I recollect one day the company being greatly entertained with his simple relation of his own duties in the campaigns of the French army. Masséna, he said, being generally in command of a corps away from the Emperor's head-quarters, he was the only one of the marshals with whom he was not acquainted, till the battles of Essling and Wagram in 1809; then under difficult circumstances they became intimate. Great rafts of trees floated down the Danube by the enemy, carried away the bridges leading into an island where Masséna's army corps was placed. His communication with the Emperor's head-quarters being completely intercepted, he had to pass a terrible night in that island without provisions; the next morning Baron Larrey went to report to Marshal Masséna. He found him stretched on the ground, wrapt up in his mantle, "like a great bear," and with a beard of several days' growth. "Well, Doctor," he asked, "how are our poor wounded getting on?" "Tolerably well, Marshal," replied Larrey, "I have just had a good cup of bouillon distributed to each." "What," he exclaimed, "bouillon? could you let me have some?" A cup of it was brought him, which he drank off and never enquired what meat

it was made of. The next day when he met the Emperor, he thought he could not give too much praise of the care Dr. Larrey had taken of the wounded. Napoleon said with a smile. "Yes, Marshal, but my fine artillery horses made the soup you found so good, and my soldiers' cuirasses served as pots to boil it in."

Five years afterwards, one morning in 1814, going along the Quai Voltaire to the Hospital of la Charité, Rue des Saints Pères, to visit the sick and wounded there, Baron Larrey was accosted by a man in an old blue outside coat, whom he did not recognize. "How," said this person, "you don't recollect Masséna?" "Oh! Prince, you were always in uniform when I had the honour of being with you. I beg your pardon," replied Larrey. After some more conversation, Masséna invited him to a family dinner, which the doctor accepted with pleasure, as he was desirous of knowing the ladies as well as the young men of Masséna's family. However, the day of the dinner, he was surprised on entering the drawing-room, to see no ladies, but about thirty men, all in coloured clothes, wearing decorations and ribbons, some of them with one leg, others with one arm, etc. "Doctor," said Masséna, "I asked you to a family dinner; well, every one of us here was of the family in the island on the Danube, the night you procured to us all such good bouillon, and rendered also other services to several of those gentlemen. Allow me to present you, General, Colonel, etc.," continued the Marshal, till he named all the guests of the dinner party. Baron Larrey declared to us, it was one of the happiest days he ever spent, which we readily believed.

Though I frequently saw Baron Larrey at the grand army of Silesia in 1812, and though it was he who amputated our colonel, General Lawless, at Lowenberg on the Bober, the 21st of August, 1813, I never had any conversation with him till this day, and I must say, I was very glad to have made the acquaintance of so

remarkable and worthy a man; and I regret not having taken more notes of the many interesting anecdotes he told us of Napoleon, and all the French marshals and generals of his time. To hear accounts of valiant men is always agreeable, but it was doubly so then, when they were kept in the background and persecuted, as was the case after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815.

Remaining as I had to do, so many years on half pay, unemployed at Paris, I had often the melancholy duty of accompanying the funeral car of great warriors to their last abode at Père Lachaise and there to hear speeches and orations pronounced over their graves, by officers to whom their noble deeds were well known. General Thiébaud was affecting and eloquent over Marshal Masséna; and as I had the honour of serving in the army commanded by that great captain in Spain and Portugal, I indeed felt those speeches deeply—as I did those made some time later over General Foy, General Lawless, etc.

The evening as well as the dinner parties were always agreeable at Mr. Thorp's. Two or three card tables for écarté (then so much in vogue), were placed in the drawing-room, encircled by ladies and gentlemen betting on either side, and an animated conversation going on at the same time. One night poor Ireland was the theme. Some of the company remarking how absurd it was to be keeping up agitation continually in that country, Count Noé, a peer of France and chamberlain to Louis XVIII, took up the defence of the Irish. He said that he hoped no one could doubt his principles as a Royalist, and a lover of kingly government, but were he an Irishman, he would be an agitator, a rebel if necessary, to force the English to give the same laws to Ireland that she enjoyed herself, and to emancipate the Catholics there, and put them on a perfect equality

with the other inhabitants of Ireland. I must say I was much taken and pleased with Count Noé's frank and generous defence of my unfortunate country. Coming from a gentleman of his station, and one who had served many years in the British army, made it of still greater value than if it had been made by a person who did not know England so well as he did.

Amongst the ladies who I often met at Mr. Thorp's were Mrs. and Miss Wiseman, the mother and sister of a young man then studying for the Church at Rome, and who has since been appointed by his Holiness Cardinal of Westminster.

Mr. Thorp's country house when residing in Ireland, was near Booterstown Lane; the parish priest of that chapel, the Reverend Father Ryan, came to spend some time at Paris. He received the kindest attention from Mr. Thorp and his family; they considered him as one of their old friends, and thought they could never do enough to make his visit agreeable. He told me that though Mr. Frank Thorp was not a Catholic, he was always one of the first to subscribe largely to every charitable collection for the poor of his parish, and he used to say to him in Paris, "Reverend Doctor, though I am away from the green Island, you may count on me as if I were there, whenever you are in want of money for your poor." Many traits of the kind have I heard of Frank Thorp, from his acquaintances whom I met in Paris.

In 1826 Mr. James Power, his mother and sisters, came to France, and brought me a letter of introduction. They spent nearly a year at Paris and Versailles. A more worthy family could not be. I was much taken with James Power's good opinions. He often spoke to me of the honourable way his father had realized a very

large fortune, and of the great anxiety he felt himself that he should make a good use of it, when he came to inherit it. In the year 1827 Mr. John Power and a part of the family came to Paris. He was a man of good understanding and of no pretence; his only ambition then seemed to be, to be considered a good Irish citizen: at that time he was not thinking of being a baronet. He often regretted that the Catholic population of Dublin had no burying ground, like that of Père Lachaise at Paris. I went with him to get all possible information. On his return to Dublin he consulted with his friends there about purchasing ground there for the purpose, and contributed to carrying it out, as indeed he did all the charitable institutions of his country.

Mr. and Mrs. Dillon (of Dame Street, Dublin), and their two daughters, were at Paris at the same time that the family of the Powers were there. Mr. Dillon died soon after at Bellevue near Sèvres and his widow and daughters returned to Dublin. To the moment I started for Greece in 1828, I had the pleasure and advantage of meeting at Paris frequently, good Irish patriots, and thereby I acquired a knowledge of the political state of Ireland, and of the wish prevailing there of being emancipated. Through Mr. James Power I became acquainted with Mr. Cassidy of Monasterevan. This gentleman called on me the day I was leaving Paris for Greece. He was desirous to get a manuscript left with him by his wife's uncle, Judge Johnstone, printed and published at Paris. My friend Mr. Arthur Barker was kind enough to promise me that he would assist Mr. Cassidy and have all done to his mind. The book was a commentary on the Memoirs of Theobald Wolfe Tone, Major-General in the service of the Republic of France, in which the moral and physical force of Ireland is discussed and examined from authentic documents, by Colonel Philip Roche Fermoy.

CHAPTER XI.

NARRATIVE OF MY CAMPAIGNS IN GREECE.

NOTHING could surpass my joy when I got my commission on the 8th of August, 1828, to make part of a French army going to procure the independence of Greece; indeed it was nearly equal to what I felt on leaving Paris in 1803 for Brest, then hoping that I should accompany a French army destined to liberate Ireland from the English yoke. Alas! the poor Irish were not so fortunate as the Greeks were in 1828 to get rid of their task masters.

The English ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart, finding that Colonel Corbet and I were appointed on the staff of General Maison, the Commander-in-Chief of the French army going to Greece, waited on the Minister of War, General de Coux, to say that it would be "agreeable to his Government" if we were not employed. The minister told him we were naturalized Frenchmen, and only appointed in our turn by seniority, according to the law and military rules; besides, from our honourable service, we were well entitled to the appointments we had received. The minister was quite glad when Colonel O'Neill told him that we had left Paris for our destination, as he thought that the ambassador might go to speak to the King.

When Colonel Corbet and I arrived at Toulon, the first division with Generals Maison, Higonet, and Tiburce Sebastiani, had sailed. The second division comanded by General Schneider, with which we embarked, sailed a few days after. Our voyage, or passage,

was very tedious, on account of the vast number of transport vessels, more than sixty sail, carrying, and loaded with provisions, and escorted by war ships; all this for the unfortunate Greeks in the Morea, where nothing reigned but devastation.

Notwithstanding our long passage, we arrived off the coast of the Morea, nearly at the same time as the General-in-Chief with the first division. He gave orders immediately to land our little army, consisting of fifteen thousand men then. We soon knew the force of the enemy we had to meet in the field: it was, of course, composed of all the Turkish army, and an army of twenty-five or thirty thousand Egyptians, organized by European officers, and commanded by the famous Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Ali Pasha the viceroy of Egypt. General Maison had taken all the necessary measures to have made the Egyptian army prisoners of war; their want of discipline, not resembling anything like regular troops, would have rendered it an easy task. The infernal English diplomacy wished to lessen every chance which could gain honour and fame for the French army, and interfered. The three admirals, the French, Russian, and the English, took on themselves to allow Ibrahim Pasha to embark with all his army and return to Egypt, leaving all the strong places in the Morea in the possession of the Turks, viz.: Navarino, the citadel of Coron, Moden, Patras, etc.

Having had a letter from one of the chiefs at the War Office, Colonel O'Neill, to the Chief of the Staff of the French army, I was sure to be actively employed. The first of October, 1828, Colonel Trezell brought me despatches to take to General Schneider, who was embarked with his brigade and had orders to sail to Patras. The same day General Maison passed the review of the two other brigades and the regiment of cavalry. Ibrahim

Pasha wishing to see the review, having all his fine horses embarked for Egypt, I had to escort him from where he landed on the coast to the camp, more than a league; he seemed delighted with the review, particularly with the cavalry. It was remarked that he drank plenty of wine at breakfast.

The 2nd of October, 1828, I was ordered to go and take the command of the town and district of Pyrgos. I marched with a regiment of cavalry and a few companies of infantry, quite sufficient to open the road and beat any Turkish army we should meet. I had orders to correspond with the General-in-Chief at his camp at Navarino, and with General Schneider at Patras.

During the few days I commanded at Pyrgos, I learned many particulars respecting the brave young Arthur Winter. After Lord Byron's death at Missolonghi, he and many others of those brave Philhellenes, left the town and went to join the Greek army in the mountains. He received a wound there, but it was not of that that he died; he was suffering the greatest want and misery for a long time before. What a pity that such men should be under the rule of foreign tyrants, and not able to live in their native land!

General Schneider attacked the citadel of Patras and forced the Turkish garrison to capitulate and surrender forthwith. Those troops were "parked" for several days on the beach, waiting for transport vessels to take them to Smyrna. I was ordered to Patras and appointed a member of a sanitary commission which was to meet every day. Every precaution became necessary, for we risked losing more men by sickness than we did by fighting against the Turkish army.

General Maison had witnessed how the Irish regiment served in Silesia, in the campaign of 1813, for we were in the same corps with him, the 5th, and on the 21st of August, 1813, at Lowenberg on the Bober. He saw

Colonel Lawless have his leg carried away with a cannon ball, and ten minutes after he received a desperate wound in the breast himself. Again before Antwerp in 1814 he had the Irish regiment under his orders at the advanced posts before the town.

The Château de Morée, two leagues distance from Patras, was a fortress of the greatest importance to the Turkish Government, and had a garrison of seven thousand troops; General Maison summoned the Governor to surrender. He got an insolent answer, and of course decided at once to besiege the fortress. A camp of French troops was instantly organized before the place and a regular siege begun. The trenches were obliged to be opened at a great distance, on account of the country offering no hillocks to cover the approach. When the breach was made and practicable, the garrison surrendered at discretion, and their arms. pistols, sabres, yataghans, etc., were distributed amongst the French troops as trophies. General Maison appointed me to command the Château de Morée; a great honour indeed, as it was considered one of the first of the Turkish empire. It and the fort of Romelia on the other side of the gulf completely impeded the passage of ships into the gulf of Lepanto, for the cannon balls nearly carried across it, it is so narrow at that part.

Colonel Corbet had the command of the citadel of Navarino, and the advantage of seeing the ships of the line coming from France, sailing into the bay there, whilst I had that of witnessing the works, making and carrying out the fortification at the Château de Morée. Several companies of the sappers of the *génie* (engineers) were employed there augmenting and improving all the outworks; amongst the officers commanding these troops was the patriotic Cavaignac, who afterwards filled the high station of Chief of the Executive of the French Republic, under the Constituent Assembly in 1848.

The Greek admiral Miollis assembled his little fleet to

attack the fort of Romelia; he had a sixty-gun frigate made a present to him by the Americans of the United States. After a bombardment of two hours the fort capitulated, to the great joy of the poor Greeks; they had then the passage free without obstruction on either side, into the gulf of Lepanto.

The obstructions were to come now from the diplomacy. England did not wish to see Greece become a strong independent state, on account of her Ionian islands; nor did Russia, lest it might be an obstruction at a future day to her views and designs upon Constantinople. France was disinterested, and in every instance wished to see the Greeks allowed to govern themselves.

In 1829 Capo d'Istria decided to besiege the town of Lepanto by sea and land. The Palikars, or irregular Greek troops, evinced great courage; whilst the little fleet was bombarding the lower part of the town, they attacked the upper part which stood on a hill, and after hard fighting and great losses, they succeeded in getting possession of a part of the town, where they had to fortify themselves and kept open the communication with their camp.

The Turkish pasha finding he had no chance of reinforcements, consented to capitulate with Capo d'Istria's brother. I was anxious to visit the town, and went with a few of the officers from the Château de Morée. We found the venerable old pasha, the governor, much disgusted to be marched a prisoner of war from the town that had belonged for such a length of time to his ancestors, and to be escorted by Greek troops was humiliating indeed. The Turkish pride could put up with anything sooner than this last mortification.

A more judicious thing could not have been thought of than to have allowed the Greeks to have all the merit of taking Lepanto, for it caused a gloom to be cast over

the Turkish nation, whilst it elated and raised the spirits of the Greeks.

Capo d'Istria began to show the country his talents and aptitude to govern. He had such gracious manners that we were much taken with him. One day he came to visit the Château de Morée, I told him how I wished to present to him the officers employed there with me, and how much they all desired to have this honour. Without having the appearance of saying anything to flatter them, he paid them the greatest compliments. "It is not enough," he said, "to say you execute and obey the orders of your chiefs, you execute and obey the dictates of a good conscience; there is not one of you that is not doing more than he need, because it is for the sacred cause of liberty, and to aid the unfortunate Greeks to shake off the Turkish yoke; and now, gentlemen, allow me in their name, and in my own, to offer you our most grateful thanks."

Several of the first families of Patras were with him; they were accompanying him to the town of Lepanto. I had the garrison under arms when he was going away; we were on the beach, where a boat waited to take him to the frigate. He came and shook hands with all the officers, and embraced me in the most affectionate manner.

Capo d'Istria had already done a great deal with the little means he had, to encourage industry and good institutions; he had schools established in the poorest villages, and in less than a year every child of ten years of age could read and write. But the protecting powers, particularly England and Russia, wanted to fix the limits or boundaries of Greece before the enemy was driven out of the country. They could not agree; only they made it evident they were not disinterested in the aid they were furnishing to the unfortunate Greeks, when it was known that a position was created for the

husband of the Princess Charlotte of England, Prince Leopold, who announced his nomination to Capo d'Istria. The Greek Government then recommended him, on account of the great necessity of the country, to be sure to bring plenty of money with him, and to be decided to change his religion. Then he might rest satisfied he would be well received.

The President, Capo d'Istria, finding that Prince Leopold declined accepting the title of King of Greece, became more energetic and determined to make the Morea an independent State, with its own institutions, thinking the Greeks would soon learn to govern themselves without foreign aid. He took no heed of the war then going on between Russia and the Sultan, though he knew well that the Turkish garrison of Varna had to capitulate after a protracted siege of several months, and the Russian army was thought to be on its march to Constantinople. The President, wishing to raise a regular army, asked for a French general who would undertake the difficult task of organizing it. General Trezell accepted the mission and acquitted himself in the most disinterested manner, receiving no pay but what he got from France as a French officer. He not only organized and disciplined the battalions, but he lived amongst them, marching and countermarching. He formed a camp at the Piræus, where they learned the French manœuvres and evolutions of the line. The composition of the battalions as to the officers was excellent. The chiefs were men who distinguished themselves either with General Fabvier or other Greek leaders or chiefs during the war; and the other officers were young Greeks, equally well noted for their bravery.

The composition of those battalions was according to the French system. A "chef de bataillon," a captain adjutant-major, an adjutant sous-officier, formed the staff, eight companies to the battalion; a captain, lieu-

tenant, sous-lieutenant, to each company, with a serjeant-major and fourrier (quartermaster-serjeant), four serjeants, eight corporals, two drummers; all comprised with the private soldiers, amounted to one hundred in each company. At the head, the grenadier company, six centre companies, with the company of voltigeurs or light flank company. I have seen four of these battalions organized as above stated, and at exercise and manœuvring with precision as French troops. This proved the aptness of the Greeks to learn and improve themselves. The officers understanding, and I believe speaking, French, the instructors sent from the French regiments had less trouble in teaching them.

Thus whilst a regular army was rapidly progressing in its organization, to be able to defend a greater extent of territory than the Morea, the French Government spared no expense to have all the fortifications of the different towns and citadels repaired and extended, according to modern science; particularly the Château de Morée, where I commanded, and there my daily recreation, after the service and reports of the morning were concluded, was to accompany the officers of the "génie," who were charged with superintending the works going on in the different parts of the fortification.

I spent my time very agreeably besides. In my quality of governor of the castle, I had to do the honours and to receive the curious tourists and visitors, who generally consisted of the navy officers arriving at Patras, after some long voyage. They used to hire horses immediately, in order to go and visit everything worth seeing in the environs, and as the distance was only two leagues and a half, I was always sure to be favoured with the visits of these brave seafaring men.

The recent siege, when a Turkish garrison had to capitulate and surrender to the French General Maison, gave great celebrity to the Château de Morée. Three or four of those naval officers were visiting the place one

day, when one of them asked me if I had not been in garrison at Flushing in 1808. I said I was, on which he put out his hand and wished to know if I recollected him. "Oh, yes, I do; you are the young ensign who often dined beside me at Holder's Hotel on the quay, when you had permission to spend the day on shore; you belonged to the French ships of the line that were guarding the mouth of the river Scheldt." He was quite flattered by what I said, and although twenty years had elapsed, he still recollected the names of several officers of the Irish regiment, and was sorry to hear that Captains Dowdall, and MacCann and others, with whom he was acquainted, were killed at the siege of Flushing by the English in 1809.

He was captain of a frigate, and one of the first to be promoted, his companions told me. They also told me how very slow the advancement was in the French navy. Of course I told them it was equally so in the army.

I must say, that throughout my campaigns, the intercourse I have had with the navy officers has always been most agreeable, and from many of them I have received the greatest attention. Admiral Rosamel, during the short time he had the command of the fleet stationed at Navarino, showed me the greatest kindness.

On Marshal Maison returning to France, General Schneider got the command of the army of occupation left in Greece. General Higonet being a member of the Chamber of Deputies, returned to France, as did General Tiburce Sebastiani.

General Schneider established his headquarters at Modon. The lieutenant-colonel of the 58th regiment commanded at Patras, and I had to correspond with, and send by him, regular reports to headquarters.

General Trezell accepted the rank of major-general in the Greek service but not the emoluments of the situation: his French appointments quite sufficed, for he was a real soldier, who could live on very little and bear up

against privation better than military men in general. He cared little how or where he slept. I recollect one night he would not allow me to have a bed prepared for him; he wrapped himself up in his mantle and slept on the floor, and he was the first up in the morning, quite brisk and refreshed and ready for another march. To add to these qualities, his love of liberty and good institutions for his own country was the dream of his long career. He gloried in the participation he had in procuring the independence of Greece; to him the Greeks were indebted for the rapid military instruction they acquired in one year.

In the autumn of 1829, the fortifications of the château of Morée being completed by engineers, I got orders to receive a Greek garrison of the regular troops, to have them installed in the fortress, and to give up the arms and ammunition of every sort there, to the Greek commander, taking his receipt.

When I had all matters terminated with this officer, I took my leave of him and marched with the French garrison tp Patras, where we embarked for Coron. And now I must say, that never before did I execute a military order with greater pleasure. Gratifying indeed it was to an exile to have had the mission to give up this important fortress to the descendants of the heroes who so often fought on the shores of the gulf of Lepanto against the cruel Turks.

The weather being very fine, our voyage to Coron was like a sailing party of pleasure, in sight of the Islands every day. I was on board the frigate "Venus;" it was crowded with officers. The captain made me a very comfortable bed in his saloon, and not being troubled with seasickness, I enjoyed myself much. In passing the Isle of Ithaca, I was reminded of Ulysses and Telemachus.

When Coron was taken in October, 1828, the Turks

with their garrison evacuated the town. The poor Greek population that was living outside in huts under the walls of the place, were allowed by the French general to occupy the Turkish houses. Of course they took the best, so that the troops on landing were for some days before they were properly installed; but the officers of the *génie* soon had barracks prepared, and we found many advantages at Coron over the Château de Morée, as to provisions, and many other things, so that our sojourn at Coron was much more agreeable. I found it particularly so, as the brave 58th of the line, which was with me at the Château of Morée, completed the garrison of Coron. I had many friends amongst its officers such as de Selve, François, etc.

The church, which had been a mosque, was nicely cleaned and brushed up, and the Greek orthodox service was regularly performed there and was well attended.

On the fourth of November, 1829, the fête of Charles X, a great ceremony with High Mass, Te Deum, etc., was celebrated in this temple with all the usual Greek splendour, which indeed far surpasses the Roman Catholic Church for the gorgeous dresses, etc. Our chaplains being all absent or sick, we attended the fête in honour of Charles X in the Greek church.

General Schneider came to inspect the 58th regiment, and spent a few days at Coron before he returned to his headquarters at Modon. He told us we might expect to pass the winter at Coron, and that we ought to endeavour to spend our time as cheerfully as possible. It passed away. We took pleasant walks every evening after dinner, returning to a coffee house to take refreshments, play at some game, etc., till eleven o'clock. I availed myself of the little military duty I had to perform at Coron, to go and visit Sparta, Mistra, Messina and other ruins; but at that time the country was covered with modern as well as ancient ruins; nothing escaped the Turkish savages. All was a scene of deso-

lation wherever they had passed. I can never forget the sight of the poor Greek children, half-naked, sallying from behind the ruins of the burnt villages with little bits of white paper or white rags of some kind, on switches, to welcome us on our march from Navarino to Patras, in October, 1828. Indeed it was consoling to see the unfortunate inhabitants showing their gratitude to the French army in the best way they could. From Pyrgos a deputation of the people of the town met us near the river and brought pastiches and grapes for the soldiers. I was quite proud to see this, as I remained to command the town and district for some days, to encourage the inhabitants who were still away, to return to their houses. It was curious to see some of them having great difficulty to discover their own former dwellings, so levelled and ruined was every house and garden.

In the month of December, 1829, General Schneider received orders to return with the army of occupation to France, after he had seen that the Greeks had taken possession of their towns and strong places. They had then a regular government, with all the elements to have an army of their own, quite adequate to guard their frontiers against a Turkish invasion. The French troops were to be embarked at Navarino to return to France.

The 58th regiment left Coron and marched to Navarino. I remained at Coron with the *génie* and a company of artillery for ten days, waiting the arrival of a battalion of the Greek regular troops, to the chief of which I had orders to give up the place, as I had done at the Château of Morée, making an inventory of the arms, stores, etc.

Whilst we were waiting the arrival of the Greek troops to come and take possession of the town of Coron, a terrible explosion took place at Navarino; the lightning fell on the powder magazine of the citadel, blew

up the walls, and shattered and split open all the houses. On that which Colonel Corbet and his secretary occupied, some stones of several hundredweight fell; however, they had the good fortune to escape unhurt. The 1st battalion of the 54th regiment was embarked before the explosion took place; the 2nd battalion being still in the citadel, had a great number killed and wounded, as had the company of sappers and artillery. It was lamentable to see so many of those fine fellows with their legs and arms amputated. Were it after fighting a great battle, they would often say, it would be all fair to leave our members on the field there, but to lose them this way, is too bad.

When I gave up the town of Coron to the Greek commander, I marched with the French troops to Navarino, there to wait our turn to embark for France. Colonel Corbet had the goodness to have one of the houses in the citadel ready for me, and it being adjacent to his, I found myself quite comfortable. We dined together and took pleasant walks in the evenings, and expected to have still to stop ten or fifteen days before vessels sufficient to embark us all would be assembled in the bay of Navarino, when one night despatches for General Schneider came, with counter orders, not to embark any more troops, and that all those that had not yet sailed, should be landed and kept to assist the *génie* in having the citadel rebuilt, and the powder magazine made proof against bombs and lightning.

This counter order caused great disappointment to the officers and troops who expected to return to France. Colonel Corbet and I were glad to remain, knowing as we did that Greece then needed French aid and French protection more than at any other moment, in consequence of the party spirit fomenting through the country against the President Capo d'Istria.

CONCLUSION.

(WRITTEN BY MRS. BYRNE.)

MR. BYRNE was at Navarino when the revolution of July, 1830, took place at Paris, and it was there he received his commission as chef de bataillon of the 56th regiment of the French line, then in garrison at Grenoble.

He lost no time in sailing for France, and made a most agreeable voyage aboard a French ship of war, the captain of which, like almost all the French naval men he ever had intercourse with, he found a most gentlemanly, well-mannered man. As a superior officer coming as a passenger aboard a ship of war, he of course enjoyed many advantages and comforts.

When he joined the 56th regiment at Grenoble, it was commanded by Colonel Bugeaud, afterwards Marshal Bugeaud. From Grenoble the 56th went to Besançon, from Besançon to Dijon; and in 1832 it marched from Dijon to Brittany, where it was sent to help to put down the insurrection which had been got up by the Duchess de Berri and her partisans.

Mr. Byrne intended writing a very full account of his campaigns in Greece, and of the five years he passed in the 56th, of the Civil Wars in Brittany, etc. His intention unfortunately not having been completed, for he has left but 24 pages of manuscript regarding his services in Greece, there now remains to be told the

very great satisfaction he ever expressed which he had in serving in the 56th.

Amongst the superior officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Thierry (afterwards General Thierry), and Mr. Viaris were his great comrades. Their abilities and intelligence, their opinions and whole character, the services they had seen, all made their society a very great resource to him. He formed friendships, too, with several excellent men amongst the captains.

He was ever fond of the society of the young; the generous tone of their sentiments, their hopefulness of the future, were all in unison with his own feelings, and he found the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants of the 56th a very choice set of young men. Many of them have since risen very high in their profession.

The 56th on coming to Paris in 1835, was stationed at Courbevoie and Ruel, and while Mr. Byrne was at Courbevoie he gave in his resignation to Louis-Philippe. He was in perfect health, but seeing no prospect of war, he thought that after such a long military career and so many hard campaigns, he might retire with honour.

On leaving the 56th he was much affected by the expressions of regret of the lieutenants and sous-lieutenants, who came in a body to his apartment to bid him farewell and to invite him to a splendid dinner. There the many beautiful and affectionate and respectful speeches that were made in his honour quite overpowered him.

As he fixed on Paris for his home on retiring from active service, he had the pleasure of receiving his former brother officers frequently at his house there.

When at Nantes in 1832 he received the cross of officer of the Legion of Honour from Louis-Philippe. It was in 1813 that he was made a Chevalier (or knight) of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon I. In those days the number so distinguished was very limited.

Mr. Byrne being of a very social disposition, had much enjoyment in the society of his large circle of friends either living at Paris or coming there occasionally. It was very gratifying to him to find such old comrades in exile as Colonels Allen and Ware, preserving to their last days, the vigour of their minds and all their fresh feelings towards Ireland. When the 56th went from Dijon to Brittany, Colonel Ware met Mr. Byrne on the bridge at Tours, on the arrival of the troops there in boats. They had not met for several years; so, as the regiment was to be off in the morning, the two friends did not think of going to bed, but sat up all night enjoying each other's conversation.

Mr. Byrne had great pleasure in the society of women of cultivation of mind, who possessed also generous feelings towards the oppressed, as he himself had. But no guests were more welcome to his house, than intelligent, high-minded young Irishmen and Scotchmen.

His great friend and comrade Mr. Viaris on taking his retreat, came and settled in Paris, to be near his daughters, Mesdames Tourgueneff[1] and Vigogne. On his death in the summer of 1859, Mr. Byrne wrote the following article for one of the public journals:—

GAETANO VIARIS, of a noble family at Turin, was a young officer in a Piedmontese regiment at the time when his country was annexed to France (in September, 1802). Being desirous to follow up his military career under the great Napoleon, he took service in the 111th regiment composed of Italians; in which he soon arrived at the rank of captain. His regiment was attached to General Friant's division, and under that intrepid leader distinguished itself greatly at the Battles of Austerlitz (1805), Iena (1806), Friedland and Eylau (1807), and Essling and Wagram (1809). At the grand army the Emperor seeing the name of Captain Viaris so often in the orders of the day of his division, named him

[1] Wife of the famous Russian novelist.—S. G.

a Baron of the Empire. Napoleon announced this honour with that gracious familiarity of manner which he sometimes assumed in order to signify his especial favour. At a review of the regiment, after asking Viaris his name, he took hold of him by a button and said: "Monsieur Viaris, tu es baron, n'es-tu pas content?" "Ah yes! Sire," exclaimed the delighted Viaris, "and I hope I shall know how to die for your Majesty, to prove it." "Nay, rather endeavour to live to serve me," rejoined the Emperor. After the Battle of Iena, Viaris was decorated with the cross of chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He received the cross of officer of the Legion of Honour on the 30th of May, 1837. He prized these rewards of his merit as a soldier far beyond all hereditary titles.

At the Battle of Moscow, and in the retreat from Russia, the 111th regiment, ever in the thick of the fight, suffered dreadfully. In 1813, Viaris was placed on the staff of Marshal Davoust at Hambourg. Like Antwerp, that city was not evacuated by the French troops till after the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814.

The Emperor Napoleon, on his return from Elba, in March, 1815, appointed M. Viaris chef de bataillon in the Imperial Guard. He remained one of the last upon the field of Waterloo, and there he received the last of his many wounds.

He did not follow the Emperor to St. Helena, but went into exile in Switzerland, hoping to be able to organize some plan for the freedom of his native land. Piedmont having been detached from the French Empire, was under the yoke of the Holy Alliance, the worst of tyrannies. After some time he was compelled to leave Geneva, which was completely under the rod of Austria, and to seek a new place of exile. He repaired to Edinburgh, with his wife, an accomplished German lady, and their four children. There they met a most hospitable reception, and were treated with every respect and friendship.

In 1828, M. Viaris returned to France, and after the Revolution of July, 1830, he was appointed to the command of a battalion of the 56th regiment of the line. It was at Grenoble that he joined his regiment; and there he met an Irish exile in the service of France, who was returning from the Greek War of Independence, and who had just been appointed to command another battalion of the 56th. Between these two arose a friendship, made up of a sympathy of habits, feelings, and opinions, such as is known only to military comrades, and which never declined till poor Viaris was no more.

The French army now engaged in the glorious mission of liberating Italy, and chastising the tyrants who attempted to enslave Piedmont, ought to feel that they are paying a debt of honour, when they think of the torrents of blood shed by such

men as Viaris in the service of France. Oh! that he were alive now to rejoice in the triumph of the arms of France and Italy!

The military career of Viaris was quite arrested by the Restoration of 1815, yet, after the Revolution of 1830, he might have obtained rapid advancement had he availed himself of the influence of his friends who were well with the court. But he could not stoop to solicit court favour. His only ambition was to maintain his patriotic independence. And but a short time before his death he said to a friend, who gently upbraided him with his uncompromising attitude towards the court: "Were all to be acted over again, I would do as I have done."

Gaetano Viaris lived and died the pattern of a true soldier.

The son of Monsieur Viaris is now a colonel of artillery in the service of France and high on the staff in Africa.

Adolphe Danner, a lieutenant in the 56th under M. Byrne, distinguished himself greatly in the war of the Crimea, and received for that a decoration of rank in the Order of the Bath from the Queen of England. He is now a General of Brigade, and commanding at Perigueux.

The Baron E. Maire, the son of a distinguished officer who received his title of baron on the field of battle from the Emperor Napoleon, was a sous-lieutenant in M. Byrne's battalion of the 56th. He is now colonel of the 8th regiment of the line.

At the battle of Solferino in June, 1859, he received three gunshot wounds, besides several contusions from split shells. He had to command his regiment of which he was lieutenant-colonel, at that battle, his colonel having been disabled at the fight at Montebello. The battle of Solferino began at four in the morning; before mid-day, Colonel Maire saw eighteen officers fall quite near him. By five in the afternoon twenty-two were *hors de combat*. Colonel Maire wrote to Mr. Byrne in the

month of November from the hospital at Milan, where he had remained in consequence of his wounds, after the battle, and signed his letter, with much affection your "ex sous-lieutenant."

Another officer who distinguished himself in Italy, and in whom Mr. Byrne felt much interested was Colonel O'Malley, afterwards when in China, promoted to the rank of General. He is the son of his old brother officer in the Irish Legion, Captain Austin O'Malley. It was ever a gratification to Mr. Byrne to hear of the honours gained by his brother officers or their sons. He might be said to have a disposition for happiness to his last days as when starting into life. That which cast a cloud on his enjoyments was thinking of the melancholy condition of his poor fellow-countrymen in Ireland. It filled him with anger and with sorrow when he considered the rich produce of Ireland, her vast agricultural exports, the luxury in which the upper classes in Ireland live, and yet, the deplorable state of the great mass of the people, so completely without the common comforts of housing, clothing or food. He felt a devotedness of attachment to Ireland, which perhaps only an exile can comprehend. He saw that nature had done much for Ireland and her people, and that with wise and energetic and benevolent exertions on the part of the influential classes, the peasantry might be comfortable and happy, and the land of his birth and his affections "great, glorious and free."

On reading these Memoirs, it is imposible not to feel indignant at the injustice and persecution Ireland has suffered from England, and by which such a man as Miles Byrne was forced to throw himself into all the miseries of civil war. That war was not raised to sup-

port the claims of a pretender to the throne, or to aid one sect or faction against another, but it was the honest effort of virtuous, patriotic, high-minded men, having a deep stake in the country, to better its condition, and to throw off an oppressive government which has ever regarded Irishmen as aliens.

When these generous and patriotic men failed in their efforts to emancipate their native land, they were obliged to seek a home on a foreign shore. They found it, and likewise the honours they so well deserved.

On Friday, the 24th January, 1862, Mr. Byrne died at his house in the Rue Montaigne, Paris.

Throughout his life he enjoyed a course of good health, favoured by his very sober habits; thus he had none of the maladies of old age. He had had a cold, but only kept his bed the last two days; suffering nothing except a degree of weakness which he thought would go off with his cold. Preserving as he did, his usual cheerfulness, his clear, vigorous mind, his warm affections and lively interest in what was going on in the world, there appeared no cause for alarm.

That last Friday, my sister Mrs. Power having received letters from our niece Lady Lyell in London, and from her sisters at Florence, he was particularly anxious to hear their contents. He was much interested in hearing about America from Lady Lyell, as she wrote so much from what she had heard from her distinguished and valuable American friends at Boston and New York; the letters we had from Florence were equally interesting to him, as my brother and his family were living in very choice Italian society there.

From Mr. Byrne's earliest years, he regarded the government of the United States of America, as founded by Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, etc., with

the greatest admiration; and with veneration, for its giving a refuge, an asylum, to the oppressed and persecuted of other nations. He was greatly grieved at the civil war between the States of the North and the South, but he felt hopeful of the ultimate result, and had no fear of the union being broken up; on the contrary, he expected it would probably be stronger than ever, and also be purified from the blot of slavery. His aspirations after the emancipation and regeneration of Italy were equally ardent. His love of freedom and the well-being of his fellow-creatures was confined to no country or race, and he was ever ready and active to do good and to serve others.

Never was there a more affectionate friend or relation, feeling keenly and deeply the sorrow caused by the death of such friends as Colonel Ware and Colonel O'Neill. The tender interest he took in the children of his friends and relations showed his gentle nature; he knew how to talk to the young, and he used to speak with pride and gratification of the promise of future abilities, which he thought he saw in some of his young nephews, the sons of one of our nieces. Those now alive who knew him will remember well his fine tall manly figure and his sweet countenance beaming with benevolence. All his admirable qualities made his loss be felt the greater and more afflicting.

He was very cheerful and happy-looking all Friday; about eleven o'clock at night he appeared to be falling asleep,—but alas, life was gone!

He lies interred in the cemetery of Montmartre. He was followed to his grave by many mourning friends, who knew well how to appreciate his virtues and high qualities.

The inscription I have put upon his tomb tells the simple truth.

FANNY BYRNE.

ICI REPOSE

MILES BYRNE

CHEF DE BATAILLON AU SERVICE DE FRANCE,
OFFICIER DE LA LEGION D'HONNEUR,
CHEVALIER DE SAINT LOUIS.

NÉ A MONASEED, DANS LE COMTÉ DE
WEXFORD EN IRLANDE,
LE 20 MARS 1780,
MORT A PARIS
LE 24 JANVIER 1862.

DANS SA LONGUE CARRIERE
IL S'EST TOUJOURS DISTINGUÉ PAR LA DROITURE
ET LA LOYAUTE DE SON CARACTERE
ET PAR L'ELEVATION DE SES SENTIMENTS.

SINCEREMENT ATTACHE A L'IRLANDE
SON PAYS NATAL,
IL A FIDELEMENT SERVI LA FRANCE
SA PATRIE ADOPTIVE.

APPENDIX.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL MAIRE OF THE 8TH REGIMENT OF THE LINE TO MR. BYRNE.

MILAN, 5 *Novembre*, 1859.

MON BON ET CHER COMMANDANT,

Lorsque j'ai reçu votre aimable lettre du 2 Juin, qui ne m'est parvenue que le 15, les mouvements rapides que nous opérions dans la Lombardie me laissaient peu d'instants disponibles ; j'avais d'ailleurs la responsabilité du commandement du régiment depuis Montebello ou mon colonel avait été blessé. J'attendais donc le premier moment de répit pour vous écrire une lettre aussi longue que possible, quand la bataille de Solferino est arrivée sur les entrefaites. L'engagement avait commencé à quatre heures du matin ; vers le milieu de la journée j'avais déjà vu tomber autour de moi dix-huit officiers et je restai seul officier supérieur, blessé moi-même, mais pas assez grièvement pour abandonner encore la partie : à cinq heures du soir, le régiment avait vingt-deux officiers hors de combat, et j'avais pour ma part reçu trois coups de feu et deux éclats d'obus.

Malgré la gravité de mes blessures, je me suis tiré d'affaire. Après un séjour de quatre mois à l'ambulance, j'entre en convalescence et j'espère que l'usage des eaux l'année prochaine complètera ma guérison.

Je dois dire qu'on m'a indemnisé de mes blessures en me nommant colonel du 8e de ligne, quand j'avais à peine un an de grade de lieutenant-colonel. Je compte rentrer en France dans une huitaine de jours pour rejoindre mon nouveau régiment.

Il n'y a qu'une quinzaine de jours que je peux me permettre d'écrire, et je ne le fais encore qu'avec assez de difficultés, ce qui vous expliquera mon affreux grffonnage.

Je compte aller à Paris vers le mois de janvier quand je serai un peu plus consolidé, et je serai très-heureux de vous y voir ainsi que Madame Byrne, que je prie de vouloir bien agréer mes plus respectueux hommages. Et vous, mon bon et cher commandant, veuillez recevoir la nouvelle assurance des sentiments les plus affectueux et les plus dévoués de votre ex-sous-lieutenant.

Baron E. MAIRE.

P.S.—Si vous voyez Ferdinand Danner, soyez assez bon pour lui offrir mes bonnes amitiés.

E. M.

Upon Mr. Byrne's lamented death at Paris, on the 24th of January, 1862, there appeared in the *Union* (a Paris journal), the following article, written by an old brother officer, Lieutenant-Colonel MacSheehy.

NECROLOGIE.

Le 27 Janvier ont eu lieu à Saint-Philippe du Roule, les obsèques d'un de ces hommes héroïques dignes d'être cités en exemple aux générations présentes et futures. Le Chevalier Byrne, vaillant officier de notre ancienne armée, était un chef de bataillon en retraite, Chevalier de Saint-Louis, officier de la Légion d'honneur, l'un des derniers survivants de l'insurrection Irlandaise de 1798, à laquelle il prit une part glorieuse, notamment aux combats d'Oulard Hill et de Carigrew Hill.

Quand les forces si considérables envoyées d'Angleterre et commandées par Lord Cornwallis durent condamner l'Irlande à n'être plus qu'une province anglaise et que Robert Emmet voulut tenter un dernier effort pour délivrer sa patrie, en 1803, Byrne fut encore un des plus fermes et des plus actifs soutiens de cette nouvelle insurrection, qui échoua encore comme la précédente. On sait le sort qui attendait Robert Emmet. Son frère dut gagner l'Amérique, où il devint un avocat distingué.

Byrne put s'embarquer pour la France et mettre sou épée au service de sa nouvelle patrie d'adoption. Incorporé dans l'infanterie, il tint d'abord garnison en Bretagne et fit partie de cette légion Irlandaise qui, émule glorieuse de l'ancienne brigade de ce nom, fournit tant de braves soldats, dont les noms se trouvent encore dans tous les rangs de l'armée de sous-lieutenant jusqu'au Maréchal de France.

Byrne, après avoir gagné ses premiers grades à Landau, à Mayence, au camp de Boulogne, se distingua surtout en Espagne et en Portugal. En 1814, Carnot le mit à l'ordre du jour lors du siége d'Anvers. En 1828, il partait pour l'expédition de Grèce, et recut le commandement du château de Morée. Au retour, il fut nommé chef de bataillon au 56e de ligne : ce fut son dernier régiment ; aussi, un de ses anciens lieutenants, le Colonel Danner, en accompagnant les restes du vieux gentilhomme Irlandais à sa dernière demeure, a-t-il, d'une voix profondément émue, prononcé ces paroles :

Au bord de la tombe du digne Commandant Byrne, je viens représenter ses anciens compagnons d'armes, ceux surtout aut milieu desquels il avait atteint le terme de sa carrière militaire.

Il avait laissé parmi nous, avec le modèle de ses longs et honorables services, le souvenir bien plus rare des sentiments les plus élevés, du cœur le plus royal, le plus généreux.

C'est ce culte de haute estime et de vive affection dont nous l'avons entouré, de près ou de loin, dans sa noble vieillesse, que nous venons encore professer ici, dans les regrets que nous lui témoignons, et qui seront chez nous ineffaçables comme sa mémoire.

Au nom de tous vos anciens amis de l'armée, au nom de vo élèves du 56e régiment, adieu ! notre brave et excellent Commandant, adieu !

A DESCRIPTION OF MYLES BYRNE UNDER THE NAME OF COLONEL X——, BY J. M.

(From a letter to the *Irishman*, a Dublin Newspaper, dated Paris, 15th January, 1860.)

Many a stately old "militaire" is to be seen in the streets of Paris, with white moustache and the small red rosette on his breast; but there is one amongst those war-worn ancients whom I wish I could bring vividly before the eyes of your reader, for a reason which will presently appear. Walking on some of these bright winter days along the avenue of the Champs-Elysées, you may see a tall figure, the splendid ruin of a soldier d'élite, bearing himself still erect under the weight of eighty winters. Aged as he is, the impression which his aspect gives you is not that of a feeble venerableness. The grey eye is keen and proud; the thin face bronzed and worn by war and weather, and the whole bearing of that antique Roman head, give the idea, not of decrepitude but of a certain dashing gallantry. The features are very fine and delicately cut, with the undefinable thorough-bred look mobile and plastic to every impulse of feeling, of merriment, resentment, benignant kindliness, as they could have been even in the flush of his golden youth. For in truth he is of those rare beings who never grow old; and though he should fill up his century of years, he will not be venerable.

You perceive that he has the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour, and twined with the rosette of that order is the chocolate-coloured ribbon of the Saint-Helena medal—a decoration which our Anglo-Saxon brethren do not admire.

An old officer, then, of Napoleon-le-Grand. His rank is that of chef de bataillon, equivalent to that of colonel in the British service, and for all present purposes it will do well enough to call

him Colonel X——. He has marched over half Europe, and stood full often at the head of his regiment on the "rough edge of battle;" served in Spain, in Germany, in Greece, and at Flushing, so that I suppose he has well won his decorations and appointments.[1]

In all this there is nothing extraordinary. Five hundred French officers, now living, have done all this; and walk, when they so incline, in the Champs-Elysées, fine old heroes, too, with fire still glowing under the grey ashes that strew their heads, and a spirit of fight yet, in any stirring cause. Nevertheless, if you knew all, you would gaze still more earnestly on the face of Colonel X—— than on that of any of his compeers; for in truth he is the last link that connects our enlightened (but rather shabby) generation with yet older and more terrible scenes than those in which he won his crosses. Other and earlier memories cloud at times his clear grey eyes; and through and beyond the battle smoke and thunder of all Napoleon's fields, he has a vision of the pikemen of New Ross, and hears the fierce hurrah on Oulard Hill.

That is to say, this Colonel X——, before he served under Napoleon the First, served under Father John Murphy. He was but a youngster of eighteen, when an uncle and his son-in-law, gentlemen of Wexford county, were shot down in cold blood at their own doors by a detachment of the Ancient Britons lest they might have been perhaps implicated in the United Irish Society, or would, could, or should be thereafter implicated. Bands of the peasantry, whose houses had been burned down, were ranging the hills, and at length, in desperation, under Father Murphy and the tall youngster, now Colonel X—— they went to meet the Wexford Militia cavalry on their march, barricaded the road before them and behind, went in on them with pikes and forks—and one of the captains, one observer and one serjeant escaped alive to tell the tale that the rebels were "up."

Shortly after, on Oulard Hill, the insurgent stood ranged, with a common meering ditch in front, waiting the assault of several regiments advancing to attack them. The regiment of North Cork Militia led the assault and arrived first on the brow of the hill, when the light-limbed pikemen, with the same young X—— in their front, leaped the ditch, and swept down upon the North Cork in a tempest of steel.

The men were fresh, the pikes were thirsty; the soldiers would have run if they could, but these agile mountaineers, long of wind and unembarrassed by knapsack, were upon them in a few strides, and the North Cork Militia being suddenly abolished, disappeared from all army lists and muster "effectives" from that day.

[1] John Mitchel's hand is easily recognized.—S. G.

Throughout all the campaign of those few but bloody weeks, X—— had his share both in victory and in defeat. He and his men were beaten at Arklow; but on the other hand he had the gratification of destroying General Walpole's force.

Again, he unhappily missed the righteous sacrifice of Ballyellis, where those atrocious Ancient Britons, basest and bloodiest of Carhampton's banditti, were piked to the last bandit.

At Vinegar Hill, he led a band of pikemen, and through that long and disastrous day, helped to keep the last strong hold of the insurrection against a British army of twenty thousand men.

When all was lost, he joined Holt amongst the Wicklow mountains, and kept the banner of the cause flying to the last. In fact it was not until, by the failure of Emmet's attempt, Ireland was ruined and lost for that generation that he entered the French service in the Irish legion.

Here then is one of the "French colonels" who has somewhat to add to the account they keep open. He, as well as they, has the debt of Waterloo to balance; the stain and sting of Saint-Helena to wash out; and over and above, he throws into the debtor side of the book, Vinegar Hill to be atoned. Not that there is the slightest shade of malignity in the noble old man; nor so much as a vindictive feeling; but there stands the account open. He knows that a just God reigneth on the earth; as a Frenchman and as an Irishman, he feels that the balance must be struck; and, whenever the shifting scenes of diplomacy appear to open a prospect that a kind Providence is about to bring the hour of final settlement, even now—even in this his day—a flush burns on the ancient warrior's thin cheek, and the hand that has swayed the sword for two generations trembles like a maiden's.

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